Encounter

October 1976 50p

Conversations with

SPEER

JAMES P. O'DONNELL *interviews Hitler's personal architect, the released Nazi war criminal, and explores whether "prison chastens... and makes wise...."*

An End to

An Adventure

JOAN EVANS, *who edited the best-selling "psychic classic", explains why she is now withdrawing the book—the "mystery of the Trianon" has at last been solved....*

a special book section

Sociology & Ideas

David Martin

Dr Adorno's Bag of Tricks

Reviews by: JULIUS GOULD
DONALD G. MACRAE
D. D. RAPHAEL

and a long essay by

Ferdinand Mount

"Are All Men Brothers?"

Martin Amis

Story

Olaf Ihlau

Djilas Today

Peter Schmid

Letter from Ethiopia

Raymond Aron

Replies

Edited by Melvin J. Lasky & Anthony Thwaite

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DENTON'S DEATH *(story)* 3 *Martin Amis*
CONVERSATIONS WITH SPEER 6 *James P. O'Donnell*
THE DILUTION OF FRATERNITY 17 *Ferdinand Mount*
AN END TO *AN ADVENTURE* 33 *Joan Evans*
COLUMN 48 *R*

POETRY

John Loveday 5, *Christopher Levenson* 16, *Patricia Beer* 32, *Taufiq Rafat* 47, *Edward Lowbury* 52, *D. J. Enright* 53

NOTES & TOPICS

A WALK WITH MILOVAN DJILAS 54 *Olaf Ihlau*
LETTER FROM ETHIOPIA 58 *Peter Schmid*
AN INTERVIEW 62 *Raymond Aron*

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION: SOCIOLOGY & IDEAS

DR ADORNO'S BAG OF TRICKS 67 *David Martin*
FOUR CHEERS FOR PRAGMATISM 77 *Julius Gould*
KEEPING THE FAITHS 81 *Donald G. MacRae*
THEORY & PRACTICE 85 *D. D. Raphael*

DOCUMENTS

Djilas on Russia (Milovan Djilas) 56, *Heidegger, Amalrik (François Bondy)* 92

LETTERS 90

AUTHORS 96

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Martin Amis

Denton's Death

SUDDENLY DENTON realised that there would be three of them, that they would come after dark, that their leader would have his own key, and that they would be calm and deliberate, confident that they had all the time they needed to do what had to be done. He knew that they would be courtly, deferential, urbane—whatever state he happened to be in when they arrived—and that he would be allowed to make himself comfortable, perhaps even offered a cigarette to smoke first. He never seriously doubted that he would warm to and admire all three at once, and wish only that he could have been their friend. He knew that they used a machine. As if prompted by some special hindsight, Denton thought often and poignantly about the moment when the leader would consent to take his hand as the machine began to work. He knew that they were out there already, seeing people, making telephone calls; and he knew that they must be very expensive.

At first, he took a lively, even rather self-important interest in the question of who had hired the men and their machine. Who would bother to do this to him? There was his brother, a huge exhausted man whom Denton had never liked or disliked or felt close to or threatened by in any way: they had quarrelled recently over the allotment of their dead mother's goods, and Denton had in fact managed to secure a few worthless extras at his brother's expense; but this was just one more reason why his brother could never afford to do this to him. There was a man at the office whose life Denton had probably ruined: having bullied his friend into assisting him with a routine office theft, Denton told all to his superiors, claiming that he had used duplicity merely to test his colleague (Denton's firm not only dismissed the man—they also, to Denton's mild alarm, successfully prosecuted him for fraud); but someone whose life you could ruin so easily wouldn't have the determination to do this to him. And there were a few women still out on the edges of his life, women he had mistreated as thoroughly as he dared, all of whom had seemed to revel in his frustrations, thrill to his regrets, laugh at his losses: he had heard that one of them was about to marry somebody very rich, or at any rate somebody sufficiently rich to hire the three men; but she had never cared about him enough to want to do this to him.

Within a few days, however, the question of who had hired them abruptly ceased to concern Denton. He could muster no strong views on the subject; it was all done now, anyway. Denton moved slowly through the two rooms of his half-converted flatlet, becalmed, listless, his mind as vacant as the dust-whorled window panes and the shrilly pictureless walls. Nothing bored him any more. All day he wandered silently through the flat, not paying for it (no payment seemed to be seriously expected), not going to his office more than once or twice a week and then not at all (and no one there seemed to mind; they were tactful and remote like understanding relatives), and not thinking about who had hired the three men and their machine. He had a little money, enough for milk and certain elementary foods. Denton had been an anorexic in his youth because he hated the idea of becoming old and big. Now his stomach had rediscovered that ripe, sentimental tenseness, and he usually vomited briskly after taking solids.

He sat all day in his empty living-room, thinking about his childhood. It seemed to

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him that all his life he had been tumbling away from his happiness as a young boy, tumbling away to the insecurity and disappointment of his later years, when gradually, as if through some smug consensus, people stopped liking him and he stopped liking them. Whatever happened to me? thought Denton. Sometimes he would get a repeated image of himself at the age of six or seven, running for the school bus, a satchel clutched to his side, his face fresh and unanxious—and suddenly Denton would lean forward and sob huskily into his hands, and stand up after a while, and make tea perhaps, and gaze out at the complicated goings-on in the square, feeling drunk and wise. Denton thanked whoever had hired the three men to do this to him; never before had he felt so alive.

LATER STILL, his mind gave itself up entirely to the coming of the men and their machine, and his childhood vanished along with all the other bits of his life. Facelessly, Denton "rationalised" his kitchen supplies, importing a variety of dried milk and wide-spectrum baby foods, so that, if necessary, he should never have to leave the flat again. With the unsmiling dourness of an adolescent Denton decided to stop washing his clothes and to stop washing his body. Every morning subtracted clearness from the window panes; he left the dry, belching heaters on day and night; his two rooms became soupy and affectless, like derelict conservatories in summer thunder. Once, on an impulse, Denton jerked open the stiff living-room window. The outdoors tingled hatefully, as if the air were full of steel. He shut the window and returned to his chair by the fire, where he sat with no expression on his face until it was time to go to bed.

At night, exultant and wounding dreams thrilled and tormented him. He wept on scarlet beaches, the waves climbing in front of him until they hid the sun. He saw cities crumble, mountains slide away, continents crack. He steered a dying world out into the friendly heat of space. He held planets in his hands. Denton staggered down terminal arcades, watched by familiar, hooded figures in dark doorways. Little flying girls with jagged predatory teeth swung through the air towards him at impossible, meandering speed. He came across his younger self in distress and brought him food but an eagle stole it. Often Denton awoke stretched diagonally across the bed, his cheeks wet with exhausted tears.

When would they come? What would their machine be like? Denton thought about the arrival of the three men with the gentle hopelessness of a long-separated lover: the knock at his door, the peaceful and reassuring smiles, the bed, the request for a cigarette, the offer of the leader's hand, the machine. Denton imagined the moment as a painless mood-swing, a simple transference from one state to another, like waking up or going to sleep or suddenly realising something. Above all he relished the thought of that soothing handclasp as the machine started to work, a ladder-rung, a final handhold as life poured away and death began.

What would his death be like? Denton's mind saw emblem books, bestiaries. Nothing and a purple hum. Deceit. An abandoned playground. Hurtful dreams. Failure. The feeling that people want to get rid of you. The process of dying repeated for ever. "What will my death be like?" he thought—and knew at once, with abrupt certainty, that it would be just like his life: different in form, perhaps, but nothing new, the same balance of bearables, the same.

Late that night Denton opened his eyes and they were there. Two of them stood in the backlit doorway of his bedroom, their postures heavy with the task they had come to do. Behind them, next door, he could hear the third man preparing the machine; shadows filled the yellow ceiling. Denton sat up quickly, half-attempting to straighten his hair and clothes. "Is it you?" he asked.

"Yes", said the leader, "we're here again." He looked round the room. "And *aren't* you a dirty boy."

"Oh don't tell me that", said Denton, "—not now." He felt an onrush of shame and self-pity, saw himself as they saw him, an old tramp in a dirty room, afraid to die. Denton lapsed into tears as they moved forward—it seemed the only way left to express his defencelessness. "Nearly there", one of them called fruitily through the door. Then all three were upon him. They hauled him from his bed and pushed him into the living-room.

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They began to strap him with leather belts to an upright chair, handling him throughout like army doctors with a patient they knew to be difficult. It was all very fast. "A cigarette —please", said Denton. "We haven't got all night, you know", the leader whispered: "You do know that."

The machine was ready. It was a black box with a red light and two chromium switches; it made a faraway rumble; from the near side came a glistening, flesh-coloured tube, ending in what looked like a small pink gas-mask or a boxer's mouthpiece. "Open wide", said the leader. Denton struggled weakly. They held his nose. "Tomorrow it'll be a thing of the past", said the leader, "finished . . . in just . . . a couple of minutes." He parted Denton's clenched lips with his fingers. The soft mouthpiece slithered in over his front teeth— it seemed *alive*, searching out its own grip with knowing fleshy surfaces. A plunging, nauseous, inside-out suction began to gather within his chest, as if each corpuscle were being marshalled for abrupt and concerted movement. The hand! Denton stiffened. With hopeless anger he fought for the leader's attention, tumescing his eyes and squeezing thin final noises up from deep in his throat. As the pressure massed hugely inside his chest, he bent and flexed his wrists, straining hard against the leather bands. Something was tickling his heart with thick strong fingers. He was grappling with unconsciousness in dark water. He was dying alone. "All right", one of them said as his body slackened, "he's ready." Denton opened his eyes for the last time. The leader was staring closely at his face. Denton had no strength; he frowned sadly. The leader understood almost at once, smiling like the father of a nervous child. "Oh yes", he said. "About now Denton always likes a hand." Denton heard the second switch click and he felt a long rope being tugged out through his mouth.

The leader held his hand firmly as life poured away, and Denton's death began.

SUDDENLY DENTON realised that there would be three of them, that they would come after dark, that their leader would have his own key, and that they would be calm and deliberate, confident that they had all the time they needed to do what had to be done. At first, he took a lively, even rather self-important interest in the question of who had hired the men and their machine. Within a few days, however, the question of who had hired them abruptly ceased to concern Denton. He sat all day in his empty living-room, thinking about his childhood. Later still, his mind gave itself up entirely to the coming of the men and their machine, and his childhood vanished along with all the other bits of his life. At night, exultant and wounding dreams thrilled and tormented him. When would they come? What would his death be like? Late that night Denton opened his eyes and they were there, "Yes", said the leader, "we're here again." "Oh don't tell me that", said Denton, "—not now." The machine was ready. The leader held his hand firmly as life poured away, and Denton's death began.

Nendell's Inn

Portland, Oregon. The new motel.
We breakfast by a window, looking down
On water, ducks, grey willows.
They surprise. Sharp leaves flicker
A Norfolk sunlight, forty years
Beyond these vast horizons. Lives,
Remoter now than distance, time,
Alone can make them, move out there,
Voices under the water,
A face in the trees.

John Loveday

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James P. O'Donnell

Conversations with Speer

"Whatever ill-fame he has got in this world
Let a man lie in prison . . .
And he will emerge chastened, wise."

BENVENUTO CELLINI, *writing in the castle-dungeon of St Angelo's in Rome.*

ALBERT SPEER'S SPANDAU library card shows that he borrowed more than 5,000 books from the prison library (which had a tie-in with the larger Berlin libraries). Speer at one point remarks while reading Dante: "Boredom is the one hellish torture the poet forgot to describe."

Still, he had friendly conversations with the young soldier guards, American, British, French, Russian. One day, after Speer had complained about the monotony of the food during the Russian month, the Russian guard Muschin answered: "One time in Moscow our scientists were preparing an Arctic expedition. Included was a phonograph with a fifty-record kit. When our polar explorers came to listen to these discs in their tents, they discovered all fifty were the same recording. . . ."

There was a wall of silence between Albert Speer and the other six convicted war criminals. This form of "Coventry" had been going on since the Nuremberg jail days, when Hermann Goering denounced Speer to his fellow defendants as "the German Brutus." The curse stuck. The fallen Nazi paladins in Spandau continued to live in the past, regretting nothing but their own fall from power. Speer was not forgiven his testimony at Nuremberg, both on the grounds that he had deserted Hitler, and also that he had incriminated the Third Reich leadership. There is not one political conversation recorded where any of the other Spandau prisoners regret anything—except, of course, having lost the War. Once, in our conversations in Heidelberg, the talk turned to Baldur von Schirach.

SPEER: To your question about any cruel and unusual punishment in Spandau, I first answered No. But perhaps I should have mentioned the ordeal of spending 21 years with a completely fatuous, ageing German Youth Leader.

——*But you have your own critics, harsh on your own fatuities and worse faults of character, although they tend to ignore your self-criticism.*[1]

SPEER: My critics? Oh well, on this matter I have the hide of an armadillo. What I have written I have written. My life has had its strange ups-and-downs. In prison I came to read, in one of the books of Aldous Huxley, that "experience is not necessarily what happens to a man, it is what a man makes of what has happened to him." In this sense at least, I can speak as a man of some experience, *d'expérience brutale*. This right I believe I have. My kinder critics will say that I earned it the hard way—in prison. The less kind keep hinting that the only lesson the opportunist Speer learned in prison was how to write a best-seller debunking his former patron Hitler. Well, even if these latter were right, my two books can, I really believe, when read by men of good will, serve the useful purpose for which they were written. My motive was not to unmask Hitler. That man, by his historical actions, unmasked himself. . . .

When critics praise my books, of course it flatters me. No writer can be immune from the incense of praise. But I have learned, at my age, not to inhale. Writing a book is no easy job, and one cannot please everybody. I cannot make the phenomenon Hitler unhappen. I cannot re-live

[1] In his diary footnote for 24 August 1960: "There are many things in my past for which I could make a plausible excuse. To have been Hitler's architect, I could defend that. To have been active as the German Minister for War Production, I could justify perhaps that, too. A case might even be made—although I personally do not agree with that case—for the use of prisoners of war and other foreign labour in wartime. But I stand there naked, with no defence whatsoever, when a name like Eichmann falls. Never shall I overcome the shame of having been a leading member of a government that devoted its energies to the mass extermination of human beings."

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my youth and become someone else's architect. I cannot revise today my own Nuremberg testimony on my own role in the Third Reich. All that is history. What I can do today is warn.

I published my first book at the age of 65, an age when most men and women are retiring or retired. Anyone who thinks it is easy to become an author at 65 is welcome to try. In my days of power, when I was 34, it took me only eleven months to build the New Reich Chancellery, a crash-programme starting from scratch. The Fuehrer ordered it; I produced it. But it took me five long years, on my own, to put a book together. There are times, sitting behind the typewriter and that first blank sheet of paper, when I wish I had spent my regained freedom dawdling about. Perhaps I might have invented a new substitute for the zipper and lived off the patent. . . .

I HAPPENED TO BE VISITING Speer, six years ago, when he received in the mail the bound volume of his first book. (A minor event perhaps, except that it can only happen once in a writer's lifetime.)

——*That book, a small thing but your own, weighs perhaps two pounds. Tell me, how much did the blueprints to the* "Fuehrerpalast" *and all those monster buildings on Hitler's planned* "Avenue of Splendour" *weigh?*

SPEER: Oh, at least two tons. Sometimes I wonder where they are. A Russian once told me he had seen some of these blueprints in a Leningrad war museum.

LIKE ALL TECHNOCRATS, Speer still nurses the boyhood dream that he might have become an inventor, and comes up with gadget ideas about "a typewriter for taking shorthand." The zipper remark fell when he was explaining the embarrassment of his sudden new affluence. For the second time in his life, Speer is a fairly wealthy man. In the late 1930s, he asked for and got large fees as an architect (roughly, £5,000 a month, at least ten times as much annually as he was later to earn as a minister). As minister, Speer, for wartime patriotic reasons, never cashed his government pay-check.

Although he himself is silent on the matter, I have learned from the Macmillan Company—and the figures are confirmed by his German publishers—that Albert Speer, once all his basic living and working expenses are met, channels 80% of his royalties to a special charity. Both publishers have also agreed to contribute. This anonymous fund, in the United States, helps support former victims of the Nazi racial laws who are now living in homes for the elderly.

SPEER INVENTED A NUMBER of games. It all began, simply enough, in his first cell. Ever the architect, with a trained mathematical mind and a keen perceptual sense of space, he soon calculated that walking in a circle was a far better way to maximise cramped quarters than pacing back and forth like a tiger.

This continued in Spandau. One day, pushing the lawn-mower, Speer began to calculate that the resistance this machine offered was the equivalent of gravity resistance when a man climbs a hill 400 metres high. So now, in his mind's eye, Speer chose a familiar hill in the Black Forest, and started climbing: this while mowing 4,000 metres of lawn.

Still in the fun-and-games department, Speer in his early years in prison invented what he called the "Spandau Clock." By dividing the 24 hours of the day, and the 365¼ days in a year, by the length of his prison sentence, he came to such diary entries:

9 March 1963

"Today I calculated that, by equating my 21-year[2] sentence with a calendar year, then today I have reached the 27th of October. . . .

"Compared to the 24 hours of the day, then at the rate of 11 seconds a day, right now it is 19·58 hours and 8 seconds. This means the day is over, but evening and night are still before me."

In his busy days as Hitler's architect, Speer got by with six hours sleep a day. In 1947 he calculated, "If I manage to sleep twelve hours every day, it will in effect cut five years off my sentence." This plan was too clever; it led to sleepless nights.

In the evening, in his cell, to give some zest to his voluminous reading, he invented an "Imaginary Theatre." Instead of simply reading plays for content, as he had at first been doing—Schiller's *Don Carlos*, Goethe's *Iphigenia*, the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus—he now began casting them with actors and actresses he knew, in a familiar theatre. He imagined himself dressing, buying the programme, dining out after the show. He even wrote criticisms of the performance. Then, lights out.

By such elaborate "Coué" mental gymnastics and auto-suggestion, pathetic but probably necessary, what Speer was groping for was some kind of continuity in mental and physical activity, a link for example between daytime exercise and night-time reading. In a curious way, in the tenth year, he found it.

[2]Speer always includes the year spent in jail before his 20-year sentence in 1946.

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In the summer of 1954 Speer began to plot an imaginary hike from Berlin to his home in Heidelberg. This is a stretch of some 400 miles, and he knew just about every turn in the road along the way. But, pacing it out in the prison garden—6 miles or 45 laps per day around the oval garden walk—he soon had trouble keeping his mind on both the imaginary landscape and the real laps. So, he asked the languid Rudolf Hess, who was sitting on a nearby bench idly watching, to make markings in the sand for him. Instead, Hess strolled over to the vegetable plot, shucked several ripe string beans, and gave them to Speer:

> "Every lap, just switch one bean from your left to your right pocket, Herr Speer, and you will have it made. . . ."

Speer did, counting the beans each evening. He did not reach Heidelberg quite on schedule, for he was delayed three weeks by knee trouble. This did not daunt him. Soon he was planning an "Imaginary Trip Around the World." This turned out to be one of the most fascinating literary junkets since Gulliver's Travels. To prepare for this voyage, Speer now directed most of his reading to boning up on the roads, topography, history, architecture, bird-life and fauna, flora, cuisine, prevailing weather and other details about all the lands he intended to traverse. His intention was to make each mile visible along the way—to meet the people, smell the smells, taste the exotic food, drink the local wine. All this while pacing round and round—2,000 miles a year. This must have meant a ton of beans. All in the Spandau garden, under the Berlin sky.

Only the relatively short European lap of this great adventure of the road was familiar to him—from Heidelberg to Vienna. Then on to Budapest, through the Iron Gate, down the Danube to the Black Sea, to Istanbul, "where I mistook the Bosporus for the Golden Horn."

By the third year, pacemaker Speer had already crossed into Asia, passing through Turkey and Iran, Isfahan, Benares, Calcutta. (A special note[3] on Peking: "I fled the Imperial City; its architecture revealed to me what *parvenus* we Nazis were.") By 1960 he had reach Vladivostok. From time to time the curious Hess joined Speer, for a lap or two, in this mad pacing. He was astonished to hear one day: "Look Hess, water. We are approaching the Bering Strait!"

SPEER: Actually, I had miscalculated at this point by several kilometres. That evening I discovered in my cell that, at the moment I was speaking to Hess, we both were one kilometre *beyond* the shoreline."

——*On an ice-floe?*

SPEER: No, here I had to take a boat.

PRISONER No 5 in Spandau had walked from Europe across Asia. He was now in North America. Fairbanks, Vancouver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Mexicali. In the mountains just north of Mexico City the trek ended, abruptly.

——*Why Mexico City?*

SPEER: Simple. It was now late in September 1966. Next day, at midnight, I was released from Spandau Prison. I had walked 31,816 kilometres (about 20,000 miles).

Speer, in a despairing note toward the end of the diary (1964), began to ask himself if any of this really helped:

> "To keep from being obsessed by boredom, I lost myself in other obsessions. To keep physically trim and fit, I ended up with circulatory problems. Whereas Hess, who sat on the bench long hours and took little exercise, was as trim and healthy as a man half his age."

Most readers will feel that Speer's ingenious "survival kit" did help. On the other hand, Speer, the Spandau gardener, never sets foot these days into his own garden in Heidelberg: "Too much gardening is stultifying. I just can't look a peony in the face again."

Nuremberg Scenes

IN OCTOBER 1945, at Nuremberg, indicted as a major war criminal by the International Military Tribunal along with 21 other defendants, Albert Speer had to answer criminal charges related to his use and abuse of slave labour in the War-time armaments factories. The Soviet prosecutor General Rudenko demanded the death sentence; the American, British and French prosecutors, however, recognising "distinctly mitigating circumstances", advocated a lighter sentence. The verdict read twenty years.

At Nuremberg Speer did not, as has so often been reported, plead guilty as charged. What he did plead was personal responsibility for all his official actions as a Minister of the Reich. This is what set him apart from the other double-talking defendants. And this is precisely where the spiritual drama of the man began to attract special attention, both inside and outside that courtroom.

[3]Speer was keeping his diary on available scraps of random prison paper, including toilet tissues. As he remarked: "Fortunately no clever warden has yet turned his idle mind to getting a patent on *black* toilet paper. . . ."

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To those of us who were present in the packed Nuremberg courtroom press-box, the high point in the Speer testimony came one sultry day in June 1946, in the eighth month of the long trial. Lord Geoffrey Lawrence, the Presiding Chief Justice, had asked defendant Speer if he still saw himself as a personal friend of Adolf Hitler. Speer corrected him with a confusing nuance:

> "No. But I suppose that if the man Adolf Hitler had been capable of true friendship, I, Albert Speer, might have become his closest friend."

With rogues like Hermann Goering brazenly testifying that his relationship with the Fuehrer was purely professional, that he really hardly knew the fellow except in much earlier days, Speer's candour baffled everybody present. Frankness, at political trials, is seldom its own reward. It was a full quarter-of-a-century later before I got to ask Speer what he really meant by describing Hitler's "curious emptiness, a hole in the place where the heart should be. . . ."

One bleak day in the Nuremberg courtroom, during the testimony of Field Marshal Keitel, I began idly fiddling with the simultaneous-translation switch. The defendants of course were all speaking in German, the prosecution in the languages of the conquerors. The now familiar electronic device, supplied by the US Navy, was new at the time. It did not always function too well. In my head-set, I soon became aware that while the defendant was speaking on one frequency, the voice of the prosecutor had been switched to another. It thus resembled a dialogue of deaf mutes.

This technical flaw was soon remedied, yet I recall it, even today, since it had a certain symbolic meaning relating to the larger aspects of the trial itself. From the point of view of the prosecution, as seen in the terms of the grand indictment, the 21 men in the dock were there as the major ministers, or instruments, of a criminal government. All, for example, were charged with being active participants in "a common conspiracy to wage aggressive war" in their capacities as ministers, generals, admirals, diplomats, financiers, industrialists. This, after all, was precisely why these particular defendants had been singled out. This concept fitted the Russian view easily enough. As Marxist-Leninists, they perforce saw National Socialism as, primarily, a capitalist conspiracy. But this also, at the time, was the prevailing Western conception, summed up in the phrase "Collective Guilt."

This was something of an over-simplification. Thus, when Konstantin von Neurath testified that as Hitler's first Foreign Minister he had been reduced to "an errand boy", when General Jodl remarked that he had had more authority as "a Prussian first lieutenant" than when he became Hitler's closest military advisor, when both Hjalmar Schacht and Walter Funk swore that as Finance and Economics Ministers they drafted budgets without knowing the final figures, it all sounded quite preposterous.

The often hapless defendants, mendacious enough on other points, were here speaking the astonishing truth. They could, in fact, have perhaps aided their own defence if they had told more of this kind of unvarnished truth about the Third Reich. During the entire War, Hitler never once convoked a single meeting of his cabinet. Indeed, there was no war cabinet, only the Fuehrer's Supreme Headquarters, located at one time or another in some fifteen giant bunkers, plus Berchtesgaden. Slowly, it dawned on those of us following the Nuremberg proceedings that what Adolf Hitler had been running could not really be called a government, in any meaningful, traditional sense. What Hitler had been running was a court.

IT WAS THIS STRANGE STORY that Albert Speer had started to unfold, haltingly, and with little or no help from his fellow-defendants in the dock. Hermann Goering, who had now become the dominating voice among the defendants, took quite another line. With misplaced pride in a role he had never played, proclaiming a loyalty to Hitler that was pure theatricality, Goering tried to bluff and bluster his way into the history books: "Cheer up, my fellow-defendants, in fifty years we shall be national heroes again, and our bones will be enshrined in a great mausoleum. . . ."

Three defendants (Schacht, von Papen, Hans Fritzsche) were acquitted. Eleven received death-sentences. Seven got prison terms ranging from life (Rudolf Hess) to ten years (Admiral Doenitz). Speer was sentenced to twenty years. The favourable impression he had made on several of the judges and even on the prosecution (Justice Robert Jackson) availed little.

But Speer was never completely forgotten as he now vanished behind prison walls. Perhaps the first of the post-1945 scholars to catch the significance of the Speer Nuremberg testimony was the then young officer, Hugh Trevor-Roper, today Regius Professor of History at Oxford. In his 1947 classic *The Last Days of Hitler*, Trevor-Roper based his portrait primarily on the available Speer interrogations. He then made the flat statement that turned out to be a quite accurate prophecy:

> "If Albert Speer ever emerges from behind the brick walls of Spandau prison, his memoirs will surely be the only ones really worth reading."

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Speer tells how each prisoner had been taken up, alone, to hear his sentence. They were transported, under armed guard, in an elevator which led directly from the ground floor of the Nuremberg jail into the courtroom. All Speer can remember of his emotions when he heard his own sentence was a blurred vision of the crowded courtroom. The only face he registered was that of his hard-working, over-optimistic attorney, Dr Flaechsner—and it registered shock. Now Speer was quickly led back into the prison. He was ordered to move his prison kit and cot up one flight. (The ground floor was reserved for death-cell candidates.) On the spiral wrought-iron staircase, he met Rudolf Hess, once the Fuehrer's deputy. He asked: "What was your sentence, Herr Hess?"

Hess gazed at him with a faraway look, that wild-eyed, loon-like expression he had worn for long months in the courtroom. "I have no idea. The death sentence, I suppose. I wasn't listening."

Play-acting, bravado, double-talk? There was to be twenty long years of this ambivalence, conversations between Hess and Speer. And one will never be sure what is going on in Hess's mind, with its alternate bursts of canny lucidity and sheer dottiness. (Colonel Bird, one of the American prison directors, once told me: "Hess is the kind of weird character who sometimes even forgets that he has amnesia. . . .")

Crime of Punishment

THE DAY AFTER the Nuremberg hangings Speer, along with Rudolf Hess and Baldur von Schirach, was ordered to clean up the cells of the hanged men. Speer noted (as Kipling would have) that Colonel-General Jodl had neatly made his bed, cadet-style.

Nor did these multiple hangings go off quite as smoothly as the official hangman, US Army Master-Sergeant Wood, so loudly assured us in the press at Nuremberg over his coffee and brandy. There was a good deal of blood slopped on the floor. The bucket-brigade of Speer, Schirach and Hess was now ordered to scrub the floor clean. Hess, kneeling before one of the clotted puddles, suddenly stood up, snapped to attention, and gave the stiff-armed *Heil Hitler* salute.

——If it were any other lost cause in this world, Hess, in his adamant pose, might possibly rate as a martyr, as the Nazi prisoner of Chillon. Won't Hess get angry at you for reporting this Quixotic stunt?

SPEER: As I know him, Hess in his odd way would get wildly angry if I had *not* reported it. It is part of the stubborn loyalty stance that keeps this wretched, pathetic old man going.[4]

——Modern jurists and penologists will no doubt be interested in what you have to say about both capital punishment and the length of prison terms. First, you come out flatly against capital punishment, then later you state you feel strongly that any jail-sentence over ten years is excessive.

SPEER: Yes, that is right.

——The average reader might thus come to the conclusion that you feel a man like Hermann Goering—or for that matter Hitler himself, Goebbels and Bormann, had they still been alive to stand trial—should have been sentenced at Nuremberg to a maximum sentence of ten years. Such a sentence would have produced a worldwide uproar then.

SPEER: Yes indeed, although it is really two separate questions. You make it difficult for me by envisaging an Adolf Hitler taking the stand in his own defence, with Goebbels at his side. Let me therefore answer the two questions as you posed them.

First, I am against capital punishment, even for common-law murderers, because it puts the state itself in defiance of the commandment "Thou Shalt not kill." Legal murder is still murder. One cannot burke the logic of that. Civilised society, if we are not to lapse back to the old law of tooth-and-claw, must find a better deterrent. Sceptics who scoff at this as a moral or soft-headed stance forget where politics divorced from morality can lead.

What I wrote about the length of prison terms is this. When a defendant receives a sentence of less than death, or less than life imprisonment, then the rehabilitation of the prisoner, his return to society, is obviously one of the motives of the sentencing judge. The judge is speaking for society. Here I was not so much thinking of my own case, but rather I was drawing general social conclusions based on my own jail experience. All penal servitude in excess of ten years is counter-productive. It can so utterly crush the inmate that it destroys any hope or chance that he can again become a useful citizen—for society, for his family, for himself. The temptation to end it all with suicide is very strong.

Sentenced to 20 years at the age of 41, I was able to emerge, by the most rigid of self-imposed disciplines, as something less than a broken man.

[4]Rudolf Hess is today 82. He has been confined since 1941, 35 years.

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But take the case of Baron von Neurath. He received a 15-year sentence at the age of 66. It shattered this old man. His sentence, in this sense, was not lighter than mine. For von Neurath death would have been more merciful had it come years sooner.

——*And yet Admiral Doenitz was not young. He served ten years, from the age of 55 to 65, and is still alive today.*

SPEER: I feel that proves my point. Admiral Doenitz was a wiry, salty, old sea-dog, an ex-U-Boat commander. What kept him going in Spandau was the knowledge that he would be out in ten years. In the human mind, ten years is not quite an eternity. It is psychologically measurable.

But now to answer the second part of your question, about Hermann Goering. I certainly was not advocating that this major malefactor ever be let loose again, ever, on the body politic. However, I believe a ten-year jail sentence, followed by exile to some remote island, where he could have been joined by his family had they so wished, would have served the historic purpose.

I have often said, and written, that I regarded the Nuremberg Trials as a necessary step in the process of re-civilisation. I stand on that, despite the sometimes bitter criticism it has evoked from certain nationally-minded Germans. But, I never said that I regarded the Nuremberg proceedings as the ultimate in justice. . . .

What interests me more today than the hypothetical question of the fate of Goering is the actual fate, the present wretched situation of Rudolf Hess. This 82-year-old man, now almost a wraith, is a skeleton of his former self. He has been in confinement since May 1941, from the day he landed in Scotland on that truly madcap flight. The Russians suspect, rightly I believe, that Hess's driving motive was to propose peace to the British so that Hitler would be free to attack the Soviet Union. Hitler I am sure did *not* know about the flight. But he would indeed have welcomed such an unlikely turn of events as Hess had in mind. Hence the intransigence of the Russians.

Hess sees himself as a martyr, the last man in Spandau and the one true "Keeper of the Flame." He lives in the past, hopelessly. Still, it might be an act of wise policy to release this pathetic ghost of a man to his family for the very few years of life he may have left.

I would welcome his release not because I regard him as a martyr in the lost cause, but for a contrary reason. To end the Spandau story without a single death in Spandau, that would be psychologically wise. Young people in Germany could not help but compare it with what they know of how Hitler treated his political opponents in his jails and concentration camps. Clemency is not a sign of weakness.

Bonapartism & Hitlerism

THE GERMAN PHILOSOPHER Hegel, commenting on the saying that no man is a hero to his valet, went on to add "This does not prove there are no heroes in history . . . it only proves valets will be valets." For Hegel, his contemporary Napoleon was the great man personified, "history on horseback." Another German contemporary of Napoleon, the poet Goethe, also came, if more slowly, to admire the French conqueror. Whereas Beethoven, although he originally dedicated his Third, "Eroica", symphony to Bonaparte as First Consul, later tore up his dedication when Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor. The contemporary verdict on Napoleon, as reflected in Germany, was decidedly mixed.

Speer often brooded on the accolade Goethe gave to Napoleon, and cast a sceptical eye on the "great man theory of history." This theme recurs throughout the diary. In one entry (26 March 1947), he recalls an event that had taken place five years previously, in the summer of 1942. Speer, new in his job as Minister of War-Production, had just flown a group of some 14 leading German industrialists to the Fuehrer's field headquarters. Because of the rapidity of the German advances in southern Russia that summer, Hitler was no longer in his usual concrete bunker in Rastenburg, which was in East Prussia. He was already 600 miles farther south-east in Vinnitsa in the Ukraine, in the middle of a pine forest.

The German Fuehrer, as Speer describes him, was sitting alone that summer evening at a bare wooden bench, under a lone shade tree in front of a bungalow which served as his private quarters. A modest, almost Spartan setting, a Ukrainian idyll. But now Hitler began to talk in the language of Hegel, and the industrialists sat before him in awed silence:

> "Napoleon wanted to conquer the world *via* Egypt and Russia. He would have reached his goal, had he not made great blunders. I shall avoid these. You can count on me. . . . Within two years at most, we shall be at the borders of India. Twenty, possibly thirty, élite German divisions should suffice for the breakthrough. . . ."

——*As Hitler spoke, did any of his audience press him for more details? Just what were the blunders of Napoleon that Hitler felt he had circumvented? It's the kind of question that might pop into the mind of any rational man.*

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SPEER: No, in the general euphoria of that balmy evening, no one was in the mood to pose indiscreet questions. It was not proper etiquette, in the Hitler court, to interrupt a Fuehrer monologue. The answer to your question is that this was a very warm Russian summer—then the winter came.

——Don't you feel some of your readers, not only the French, may resent these several comparisons you make between Hitler and Napoleon? Napoleon comes off rather badly, at least by inference, in your book. Put another way, how much of this was Spandau brooding, your legitimate fear of a future Hitler legend? How do you feel on the same subject today? After all, Napoleon had statesmanlike qualities not to be despised. Compare, for example, the Code Napoléon, *a highly civilised legal charter, with Hitler's truly infamous Nuremberg Laws.*

SPEER: Of course. I would be the first to concede that. The great Frenchman had qualities as statesman, and administrator and generalship far surpassing Hitler's. Hitler only thought of Napoleon as military conqueror—and at times as the great builder.

——The problem still remains. In your portrait of Hitler, as we now have it full-length in two books, you show him, in the years of triumph at least, as a dynamic leader, a man of truly tremendous willpower, uncanny political instincts, a demagogue but also somehow a charismatic figure, a secular messiah. The young Albert Speer, and millions of his German generation, was captivated. It took you long years—far too long, in retrospect—to discover Hitler was a charlatan, "building to destroy, not destroying to build." You were, after all, an architect and not a politician, which is probably really why the man Hitler became your destiny. Now, all this does not prove that there have been no great men in world history, but simply that Adolf Hitler was not of the company.

SPEER: Fair enough. If I have really proved that, I am content. I suppose the truly great man in history, the unique man, does what comes naturally. He is not a *poseur*, an imitator. Better a Napoleon than a Hitler surely, if that is the choice. Better still, neither. You are not going to convert me, at my age, to Bonapartism.

What worried me in Spandau—my worries are somewhat less today—was simply the possibility of the birth of a Hitler *legend*, paralleling the Napoleonic legend. In 1815, Napoleon was finished at Waterloo, a bankrupt military conqueror, his nation exhausted, all Europe in arms against him. You would concede, surely, that the birth of the Napoleonic legend, less than a generation later, was somehow pernicious. The blood, the crimes, the Plutarchian posing, the sycophant court, all these flaws in Napoleon were forgotten, papered over. The myth was born.

Hermann Goering, in the Nuremberg jail, had convinced himself, and did his best to convince the others, that history would one day so deal with Adolf Hitler. One of the reasons I deal so harshly with Goering in my memoirs is that I do not want a Hitler myth, or a Goering myth, or a Nuremberg myth.

When I talk to the young people of Germany, starting with my own family, I believe this is one political battle, late in life, in which I am the winner. Still, vigilance is in order here. There are a few new Hitler books on the market—the so-called "revisionist" school—which I deplore. Not because they attack me, which was to be expected, but because they paint an idealised, mendacious picture of Adolf Hitler. This is how myth-makers always begin.

Hitler had no true sense of history, in the deeper sense. His interest in this field, as in most others, betrayed the dilettante. When he compared himself to Pericles, it was the great-builder image. All of Roman history, to Hitler, was a dreary procession of military roads, aqueducts and bridges, triumphal arches. The great figures of the German Middle Ages—Charlemagne, the Hohenstaufen Emperors, Henry the Lion—were shadowy in his mind. They left him cold. The same is true of the Renaissance except, once again, for architecture. Hitler regarded himself as a modern man, modern in the very worst sense of that word. He could refer to Napoleon and "Old Shatterhand"[5] in the same breath.

It was only in 1940 that the Napoleon image began to excite Hitler's mind. With his troops on the English Channel, with the coming invasion of Russia already looming in his imagination, the historical parallel was obvious. I was with Hitler that memorable day when he visited Paris as conqueror in the early morning hours—26 June 1940. Later that same day, back in his secret headquarters in Bruly-le-Pêche, a village near Sedan, I overheard Hitler say to Marshal Keitel: "Keitel, after this great victory here in France, Russia will be a sand-box exercise (*Sandkastenspiel*)."

It is the old Greek story, vaulting *hubris* revenged by the goddess Nemesis. The origin of the shattering German defeats which came later

[5] "Old Shatterhand" was a kind of James Fenimore Cooper character in the Wild West novels of Karl May. Hitler once told Speer that as a boy he had read all 45 of Karl May's popular adventure books.

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lay in the ridiculous ease of the lightning victories at the beginning. These convinced Hitler he was invincible. . . .

Chaplinesquerie

WHEN I FIRST INTERVIEWED Speer in Heidelberg, in 1969, he had not, at that time, yet seen the Chaplin film classic *The Great Dictator* (1940). What had prompted my question, as I had once learned from Charlie Chaplin himself, was my knowledge that the Hitler satire had emerged from an earlier Chaplin plan to do a film on Napoleon. This idea Chaplin had nursed for almost two decades. In 1938, with Hitler looming as a world menace, Chaplin did an inspired "switch." The little fellow simply substituted Hitler for Napoleon. In both film-scripts, the key on which the plot turns is the *Doppelgänger* or double-role, both roles to be played by Chaplin.

——*In 1972, in a local Heidelberg cinema, you finally got to see "The Great Dictator."*

SPEER: I must say, for a man who knew Adolf Hitler as well as I did, the film is astonishing. Chaplin the artist must have made a profound study of the personality of Hitler, as well as the poses, the exact gestures, the stance. Perhaps it was the great actor in Chaplin who saw through the Hitler pose, its basically histrionic nature. It is impossible to satirise Hitler—as a subject he is simply not funny—but Chaplin has come closer than any other artist in getting to the reality, the bone beneath the skin.

This film also embarrassed me. When Chaplin as Dictator Hynkel does that ballet in his chancellery, it ends with a superb bit of pantomime. I refer to the moment when Chaplin spins the blue balloon-atlas balanced on his fingertip—until the great globe itself blows up in his face. Chaplin must have been working on his film in Hollywood at about the same time—1938—that I was busy building the New Reich Chancellery in Berlin for Hitler. Now, the globe I chose for Hitler's private study had a diameter at least 30 centimetres in excess of the Chaplin atlas-balloon. As I was saying, megalomania is difficult to satirise—Hitler's, or my own. . . .

Snow, Jews, & Russia

OF SPEER'S LONG WALK, alone with Hitler, in the snow on the Obersalzberg above Berchtesgaden, there is a familiar, much-reproduced picture. The two men, backs to the camera, are trudging through a snowdrift toward the Bavarian winter sunset. This was the most striking of the photographs illustrating the first volume of the Speer memoirs. A misleading caption gave the year as 1944, obviously to associate it with a time when Hitler's own sun was setting.

To my surprise, Speer told me that in fact this picture had been snapped much earlier; only some three months after that late summer conference in the Ukrainian forest with leading Ruhr industrialists. There, before his log cabin, Hitler was still convinced that he had outgeneraled Napoleon. The time of this Hitler-Speer walk was late November 1942. This was just after the American landings in North Africa, and when the German 6th Army under Marshal von Paulus was already beginning to be encircled in Stalingrad.

——*Did Hitler have a premonition that this could be the strategic turning-point of the Second World War (as, in fact, it was)?*

SPEER: Hitler never talked about defeat, as such, but rather about what he called "the elusiveness of victory." On this wintry day, in the glaring snow, he was in a black mood. What had begun as a serious talk about vital war production matters soon lapsed into a grim Fuehrer monologue. This I now believe is why he took me off alone, asking Bormann and others not to follow. First he ranted and raged about the snow, then the Jews, finally the Russians. This, he said, was the combination that had robbed German arms of the victory which only last summer, after the successful summer campaign in Southern Russia, had been there for the taking.

——*I get the logical, perhaps psychological connection between the snow and Russia. But the Jews?*

SPEER: This was Hitler giving free, utterly irrational rein to his obsessions. Snow, for example, had always made him moody and irascible. As long as I knew him, he hated the very sight of snow. He liked it far away on the mountaintops, but nowhere else—a strange tic in an Austrian. . . .

The logical jump from snow to Russia one could also follow, for snow was very much on all our minds. Napoleon and Hitler, with their European armies, could march vast distances in Russia, but only after the late-spring thaws and before the first heavy snowfall, six months campaigning at best. With Hitler, one obsession could often trigger another. Soon he was hammering away at his old *Mein Kampf* thesis that the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia in 1917 and the abortive November 1918 Revolution in

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Germany were both a Jewish conspiracy, part of a Marxist plot to conquer the world.

——*Surely Hitler had been informed that, after the demise of Leon Trotsky, Jewish influence in the Kremlin was minimal, and anti-Semitic purges frequent. Hitler knew that Stalin was a blatant anti-Semite, and often praised him for this. The firing of Maxim Litvinov in 1938, the last prominent Jew in the Soviet leadership, was the signal that set the stage for the Hitler-Stalin Pact.*

SPEER: Yes, he knew all this, but he chose to forget it. When Hitler was seized with one of these black moods, his hatreds flashing, fed by baleful self-pity, one simply waited and hoped he would calm down.

——*The mass extermination of the Jews, as we now know, had begun earlier in the same year, 1942. Was there, is there, a possible connection?*

SPEER: Possibly, although I now believe that Hitler's determination to murder the Jews lurked deep in his psyche. The homicidal intent was there from early youth. Now, under Wartime conditions, win or lose, he had his murderous opportunity, for he held millions of Jews in his grasp, and they were utterly helpless.

——*But at this time, you were no longer Hitler's architect only, but also his Minister of War Production. And you have written:*

> "When, as a minister, I talked to Hitler about manpower, I could propose using Polish, Ukrainian or Russian slave-labour in German factories, as a necessary war measure. He went along with that. But not one of us ever dared mention the Jews in this connection, which would have been the only possible salvation for them. This, too, would have been a crime, but not, at least, the crime of genocide."

——*There is a mind-boggling implication here. Can one conclude that Hitler's paranoiac hatred of the Jews, his Herod-like determination to kill them,* **took precedence over his desire to win his own war?** *That he was, in fact, a madman, in the clinical sense?*

SPEER: I would phrase it another way. Hitler certainly wanted to win his war, indeed long after any objective hope of military victory had vanished. But, in his subconscious, where he must have sensed defeat, he desired to wreak his vengeance on all of his enemies. He began his career preaching vitriolic hatred of the Jews. He ended it by despising the Germans. Toward the end, his misanthropy was total.

——*In this, too, then, the man differed from Napoleon?*

SPEER: Certainly.

Nuremberg—The Final Verdict

IS HISTORY always written by the victors? The historical process is by no means as simple as that. True, there has never been a Nuremberg Trial of victorious generals and ministers, probably never will be. Yet how often have we seen victors—in the very moment of triumph—set the stage for future disaster. Wouldn't a final verdict at Nuremberg, accepted only by the victors, have been disaster, a second Versailles?

I felt in that Nuremberg courtroom that this was the sword of Damocles suspended over the heads of the solemn black-robed Allied judges. There had to be a trial; none but hopeless idealists, or hopeless cynics, really disputed that. But it could go badly wrong. The lurking worry was just such a performer as *Reichsmarschall* Hermann Goering. Thinned down, dapper, self-possessed, intellectually shrewd, Goering appealed over the heads of the victors to a future German public opinion. He assumed a rebirth of nationalism in the bitter ashes of defeat. So it had been in 1918–1919, when as a famous flier he met the "unknown soldier" Adolf Hitler, and two political careers began in darkling beer-halls. In the memorable clashes I heard with the American Chief Prosecutor, Robert H. Jackson, Goering struck me sometimes as the winner on points.

And yet Goering was wrong. Surely a lost cause is only worth fighting for when it maintains the dignity of a lost cause? In 1945, the "lost cause" was no longer Adolf Hitler or National Socialism. It was the fate of the German nation itself; and it was Albert Speer who finally confronted Goering and cut him down to size. With the historical perspective that we now know it was Speer's lonely voice, speaking from the dock in Nuremberg, which gave the world one of the first positive German verdicts on the proceedings.

> "I believe this trial, whatever its shortcomings, was a necessary step in a process I would call re-civilisation. . . . I accept the jurisdiction of this international court, and I accept full responsibility for all of my actions, and the actions of my subordinates as a Minister of the *Reich*."

——*Isn't this worth noting again today?*

SPEER: What I meant by "re-civilisation" is obvious enough—the necessity for a return to a concept of law on both the national and international level. As a technocrat, I also had in the back of my mind the hope that, *via* reconciliation between victor and vanquished, the still tremendous potential of the German economy could be converted to laudable peacetime purposes. Which has, in fact, come to pass at least in West Germany.

Before it could come to pass, and this was my

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bitter quarrel with Hermann Goering, those of us who had served the Nazi régime in high places were not only answerable to the victors—rather obvious, since we were arrested and led handcuffed into court—but we also had a higher, ultimate responsibility to our own people, or to history if you will. That is what the title minister meant to me.

——*In short, you accepted the competence and verdict of the Nuremberg Tribunal, but not the doctrine of collective guilt?*

SPEER: Whether I was thinking that lucidly at the time, or that politically, I rather doubt. What was clear to me was that guilt and responsibility, to have meaning, must be individual. The trouble with the collective guilt concept, so loosely applied, is that by making everybody in the nation guilty, it waters down specific guilt. Reduced *ad absurdum*, it makes a field marshal and his chauffeur both guilty of waging aggressive war. The German people, in their hour of deepest despair since the Thirty Years' War, still had a right to expect that those of us who had been Hitler's ministers now continue to act like ministers and not like chauffeurs. The truth about the Third Reich, the very ugly truth, had to be established, and guilty men punished, before other Germans could again take up the nation's business. In this sense, I think I served my country—at Nuremberg and perhaps even in Spandau.

WHAT OF THE PRESENT YOUNGER generation? All those who were either not born, or have no memory of 1945 and the immediate post-War years, and whom German booksellers call the "paperback generation." For them, the whole Nazi period is history, unpleasant history. It had either been ignored or served up in tiny capsules during their schooldays. It is not, understandably enough, their favourite reading-matter.

I pick at random three younger views, all in casual conversation, and interesting for the nuances which probably reflect conversations in the family. Two young people in Bonn, one in Munich.

A young man, 25, a computer technician who works in a factory near Cologne: "Frankly, the best biography of Hitler ever written, if done by an American, Englishman or Frenchman, would leave me sceptical. I only read Speer because I wanted a German view.... Now for the first time in my life I begin to understand my own father." My surmise here was that this young man, from a working-class family, had a father who may have been an *SS*-man, or almost certainly a soldier.

Quite different a middle-class girl studying archaeology at Bonn University: "Who are we to sit in judgment on our elders? So far, our generation has simply been luckier—unchallenged. A book like Speer's is worth reading because it shows how the challenge is likely to come. It is someone putting his hand on a young architect's shoulder and saying 'We could build such great buildings together, and opera houses, and triumphal arches....' "

A third, a TV journalist in Munich. He had called Speer's book an "anti-Pied Piper book." I asked him, "Does that mean you think there could, after all, be another Hitler?" And his answer was: "I don't know. Do you as an American think there could be another San Francisco earthquake?"

All three of these young Germans were not even born when Adolf Hitler died. Their answers reflect perhaps how remote he is; remote, but not forgotten, like the last Hitler entry in Speer's Spandau diary (13 February, 1966):

> "For a long time I have not thought of Hitler. How long really? Now he has caught up with me in my dreams. It is in the Reich Chancellery, the day the war began. I have come to say goodbye to him as he leaves for the front, and say 'I hope you will be able to sleep well.' He is surprised, looks at me in silence. Only then did I note that there was dried shaving cream on his face. As he stood there, it began to spread across his visage, covering his nose and forehead. In vain I tried to tell him. Now his whole face disappeared in lather as he gave me his hand and turned to the waiting generals."

——*What is its significance?*

SPEER: It was only a dream. The last one. I leave the interpretation to my readers....

As for the young: a good part of the mail I receive these days comes from the young, especially students. Perhaps the message of my books comes across to them because my first audience, my first readers, were in fact my own children. I wrote as a father trying to explain his own times and his own actions in those times. To explain, but not to explain away. To make the past believable, a writer must first make himself believable.

In my first book, some critics felt I lingered too long in my accounts of Hitler as he rose to the dazzling peak of his power. But these were the very years when I was closest to him, and knew him best. Or thought I did. In this second volume, there is far less about my thraldom, more on the darker aspects of character which were the true Hitler. On this subject I really have no more to say, or at least to write.

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——Somewhere in the Spandau diaries, you mention that you began, but did not finish, a book on "The History of the Window in Architecture."

SPEER: The subject still interests me, but I recommend it to someone younger in the field. I dropped the project in Spandau because it called for more research than I could handle. If I write another book, it will be nothing for the general reader. I might tackle a history of my War-time ministry, for some university press—a technical, academic work.

SINCE HIS GERMAN PUBLISHER (Ullstein) is in West Berlin (as well as his daughter Hilde)—he flies there fairly often. He has a curious affection for the city for which he was once chief planner, despite the harrowing memories of Armageddon 1945, the *Fuehrerbunker*, Spandau prison, or the sight of the ugly Berlin Wall. My last interview with him was conducted while we walked along Meinekestrasse in downtown West Berlin. No Berlin passers-by recognised him.

——There is one small item I missed in your memoirs. Hitler's personal pilot Hans Baur once told me that, after you left the Fuehrerbunker *for the last time, six days before the end, you and he had a quarrel near the Brandenburg Gate. Hitler had ordered Baur and his staff to chop down all the trees lining this emergency runway, and you tried to countermand the order. Baur told me: "Here was the whole Red Army moving in on us, and Minister Speer stood there in the middle of artillery bursts trying to spare a few hundred linden and plane trees. . . ."*

SPEER: Oh yes, and as soon as I took off in my *Fieseler Stork*, Baur and his people chopped them down. To what purpose? For the future of Berlin, those several hundred trees were more important than the whole mad show in the *Fuehrerbunker*. It has taken thirty years to grow replacements.

——But wasn't it all touched by madness before the last day? Of all the grandiose blueprints for buildings never built, the Kupferhalle *or Great Copper Dome would have been the centrepiece. Almost 1,000 feet high and 850 feet in diameter, this edifice would have been seven times as large as St Peter's in Rome, and thus, by far, the largest dome in the world. Here Hitler intended to hold indoor rallies before 150,000 standing listeners. . . .*

SPEER: You know, it was only in Spandau that it suddenly dawned on me what new problems this architectural megalomania was raising. Had I ever built the *Kupferhalle*—completion date was 1950—the chief technical problem would have been indoor cloud dispersal.

——Indoor clouds? In the middle of a speech by Adolf Hitler?

SPEER: Yes. The body moisture and exhalations rising from such a massed audience, indoors, would have slowly risen, as warm air always does. On a wintry day, up there underneath the cold copper of the cupola, this rising mass of warmed air would have met a layer of chilled air. This in turn would have led to small cloud formations and ultimately to precipitation. . . .

ALBERT SPEER'S CAREER as Adolf Hitler's master architect was already over before, in the quiet of his prison cell, he discovered the wisdom of Michelangelo's dictum "Man must be the measure of all things." On the giddy thought of the German Fuehrer being rained out by clouds formed from his own hot air, and the beery sweat and cheers of his followers, our last interview ended, in the city where it all could have happened.

Barometer

Emblems: plump aproned smiling dame
and an old man, angular in gloom,
buckled over his stick:
summer and winter, they mimic our fickle moods
in freshly painted lacquer outside their cottage.
Now in, now out, smiles and sighs alternate.
Why can they not coincide
and we walk together into the temperate air?

Christopher Levenson

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Ferdinand Mount

The Dilution of Fraternity

Brothers & Others in Utopia

WHY BROTHERHOOD? Why, out of all the images, metaphors, models, paradigms that might have been chosen to express community and goodwill between men, has the ideal of brotherhood taken such pre-eminent hold? Fraternalists have also used the flock, the phalanx, the tribe, the village, and the family as metaphors of community. But none of these has begun to take the place of brotherhood in the language of utopia. The theory that men are, or ought to be, or could be made to be brothers has reverberated so long and deep in the Western mind that to analyse its origins, nature and implications seems almost pedantic, like analysing a joke or a sunrise.

Fraternity permeates both the Christian and the Marxist hope, lends warmth to liberalism and dogma to the anarchist. The ideal is passionately invoked in religious, poetic, and political prescription and prophecy. Yet hardly ever do men ask themselves or anybody else exactly what it means to love as *brothers*. Wilson Carey McWilliams, for example, in his massive *The Idea of Fraternity in America* (Berkeley, 1973) can dredge up only a handful of previous discussions of the subject, and those mostly glancing, peripheral. He himself skimps analysis of the concept of fraternity and concentrates on its historical development. Even the formidable James Fitzjames Stephen tackled the subject somewhat timidly in *Liberty, Equality and Fraternity* (1873). He could understand men wanting justice and respect—but brotherly love? . . . Well, that was a little outside the brief of a criminal lawyer. Yet fraternity presents exactly the same ambiguity, the same awkward angles, as the other legs of the revolutionary triad. Are men in some absolute and enduring sense Free, or Equal, or Brothers? Or is it rather that they ought to be or could be made so? And what would that process of making entail? Is it possible to be both free and equal, free and fraternal, equal and fraternal—or all three at once?

The juxtaposition of these three ideals provokes such pressing and difficult questions that the neglect of the third leg is curious, even disturbing. It can hardly be accidental, in view of the prodigious quantity of time and thought expended on the other two.

E. J. HOBSBAWM, puzzled by "this remarkable gap in the literature", suggests three reasons ("Fraternity", *New Society*, 27 Nov. 1975): that the ideal of Fraternity is less conveniently translated into practice by the processes of law and politics than are Freedom and Equality; that "middle class liberal political thought" is essentially individualist and unfraternal; and that those "who have used and needed fraternity most in modern societies are least likely to write books about it" (namely, the poor and oppressed). I find these reasons unconvincing. After all, they would apply just as well, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Kingdom of Heaven, which has never lacked students and critics. There remains something oddly inaccessible about the ideal of fraternity, something which daunts enquiry.

Hobsbawm himself describes fraternity as "a type of social cooperation" which implies "a relationship between a group of equals for the utmost mutual help and aid, given both volun-

FERDINAND MOUNT'S *previous articles in* ENCOUNTER *include "The Literary Spirit in Politics" (January 1972), "The Sense of Dispossession" (December 1972) and "The Recovery of Civility" (July 1973). He is the author of "The Theatre of Politics", published in 1972 by Weidenfeld & Nicolson (London) and Schocken Books (New York). His new novel, "The Man Who Rode Ampersand", was published by Chatto & Windus last year.*

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tarily and as of right, but *not measured in terms of money or mechanical equality or reciprocal exchange*." He equates it with the ideal, common to R. H. Tawney and William Morris, of "fellowship" and asserts that it has "a built-in collectivist or communist tendency"—wherein lies the cause of its neglect. For it was too "passionate and imprecise" a concept to describe or bring to birth a socialist society. Hence "most socialists since Marx have no longer given it an important place in their theory", which is where we came in.

Fraternity is essentially a socialist ideal. Yet socialists, it seems, find it somehow unfruitful. It is easy enough to describe the practical implications of a fraternal relationship, as Hobsbawm does, but apparently not so easy to describe exactly what that relationship is like. Hobsbawm's string of synonyms would do well enough to describe almost any kind of friendly cooperation between equals. But they are no more adequate to describe what it is *to love as brothers* than the promised endowment of all my worldly goods is adequate to define marriage. Fraternity continues to elude us.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT how often the ideal is presented in terms which are negative. This quirk is striking in Shelley's famous description of the new man who will "make the earth one brotherhood":

> *"Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man*
> *Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,*
> *Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king*
> *Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man*
> *Passionless?—no, yet free from guilt or pain. . . ."*
> *Prometheus Unbound*, III, iv. 194–198

To be master of oneself has been the goal of all philosophers from the earliest times. "Just, gentle, wise"—that we should always be, utopia or no. But of the characteristically utopian qualities mentioned only freedom and equality stand out as positive virtues—and they are already separately blazoned on the revolutionary shield. It is *absence* (of pressures, constraints, obligations, loyalties) which is the common feature of the others. Above all, there is something very odd about Shelley's assertion that the new man will not be passionless. It is a defensive, lukewarm, sort of assertion; he leaves it hanging, a quizzical unsupported double negative in a cluster of plain negatives. Not exactly a passionate affirmation of man's continuing ability to love and feel intensely when released from his chains.

The same uneasy, lukewarm, negative tone runs through Edward Bond's vision of a new society:

> *"How do we make freedom?*
> *There is only one way:*
> *When no man uses another for profit*
> *He will not need force: he will make no enemies*
> *He can be guided by sense: not fear or advantage*
> *He can call all men brothers: for then love will not be made sentimental by fraud*
> *But passionate by reason. . . ."*
> "Scenes of Death and Money", *Bingo* (1974)

Again, the negative is strongly marked in St Paul's great universalist promise to the Galatians (3.28):

> "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

As soon as we do start thinking about the positive nature of fraternity, the case becomes more curious still. Brothers, after all, are not notorious for loving one another. Herzen said: "Most men interpret brotherhood in the spirit of Cain and Abel." He presumably intended a crack against the shortcomings of fellow revolutionaries. But the remark serves also as a reminder that our myths usually present brothers as *enemies*, riven by jealousy and greed, and ready to resort to theft, deceit, and murder to gain the upper hand, the family inheritance, the throne. If Cain and Abel were the first pair of brothers, the second great story of brotherhood is that of Esau and Jacob. In myths when men show "fraternal" affection to each other, they usually turn out to be not brothers, but cousins, father and son, uncle and nephew, or no kin at all. David and "Jonathan my brother" are no relation. Classical myth observes the same paradox. Damon and Pythias are no relation. Achilles and Patroclus are cousins. Eteocles and Polynices really are brothers, the sons of Oedipus, and the one kills the other in single combat. The tragedy of the house of Atreus begins and ends with fratricide. Castor and Pollux are exceptions to the rule, but twins may be held to represent a different principle, that of identity and fusion rather than of fraternity.

The Weakest Link

THIS MYTHICAL PRESENTATION of brotherhood in the Western tradition accords on the whole well enough with our own experience. Brothers *are* jealous of each other, do drift apart and lose touch, live on non-speaking terms for years, have at best stiff and short-lived reconciliations—and much more so than other immediate family relations. Even in families

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where the fraternal link is warm and enduring, the links between parents and children and between brother and sister are likely to be just as close, if not closer I know no family where *only* the brothers are close, the other relationships within the immediate family being marked by indifference or dislike. Of course there must be exceptions to these generalisations, but, I wager, not so many as to lead us to think of brotherhood as the family relationship which most typified affection and closeness.

But then why should the metaphor of community be plucked from the *family* anyway? After all, the fraternalist tradition is imbued with distaste for, or at best indifference towards, the family. The promoters of universal brotherhood have found it remarkably difficult to accommodate the family in their scheme of things. In Plato's *Republic*, for example, where all citizens are to be taught to regard one another as brothers (III. 414–5), the community of wives and children is said to be the source of the greatest good. It is the natural complement to the community of property. The guardians "will not tear the city in pieces by differing about 'mine' and 'not mine'; each man dragging any acquisition which he has made into a separate house of his own, where he has a separate wife and children and private pleasures and pains" (V. 464).

Jesus said "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (*Luke* 14 : 26). There is no shortage of exegetes to explain that these things do not mean what they appear to mean, that Jesus was talking only of those who have a missionary vocation and that the *Republic* is a literary hyperbole.

These objections are true as far as they go, but they cannot cover up the lack of countervailing examples. The promoters of universal brotherhood are disinclined to extol with comparable passion the virtue and holiness of family life; all the fervour is reserved for the missionary life. There is an inescapable parallel between Christ's injunction and Nechayev's insistence on the revolutionary's loyalty: "Those who join the organisation must give up every possession, occupation or family tie, because families and occupations might distract members from their activity. . . ."[1] The nearer we come to our own time, the more intense is the venom spewed out against the family as a selfish, secretive organism subversive of true affection and liberty. This venom is the reverse side of the sweetness of the vision of philadelphia. Dr Edmund Leach pleads that the celebrated assertion in his Reith Lecture—"Far from being the basis of the good society, the family, with its narrow privacy and tawdry secrets, is the source of all discontents"—is by no means original. He prays in aid *Luke* 14 : 26 and also the denunciations of the Ranters like Abiezer Coppe who instructed the over-pious Puritan householder to "give over thy stinking family duties . . . for under them lies snapping, snarling, biting, besides covetouseness, horrid hypocrisie, envy, malice, evill surmising" (*The Guardian*, 29 January 1968). Dr Leach could also have invoked as allies André Gide—"*familles, je vous hais!*"—or Engels' searing indictment of the hypocrisy and "moral contradictions" of bourgeois monogamy, "with its eternal attendants of hetaerism and adultery." The bourgeois wife

> "only differs from the ordinary courtesan in that she does not let out her body on piecework as a wage worker, but sells it once and for all into slavery. And of all marriages of convenience Fourier's words hold true: 'As in grammar two negatives make an affirmative, so in matrimonial morality two prostitutions pass for a virtue.'"[2]

Monogamy and male supremacy were established for the preservation and inheritance of property. The Roman *familia* meant just the household property, mainly *famuli*, the slaves; and the *paterfamilias* was merely the slaveholder. Revolutionary poets swell the ideologue's theme. What Engels hammers out in prose, Mayakovsky shrills in verse. His denunciations of philistine society have the family as their ultimate target. Mayakovsky gives "husband" and "wife" the same furious disgust with which a defender of traditional standards might spit out "pimp" and "whore." No, Dr Leach is certainly not original.

IF THE FAMILY is the most repulsive organism in the social universe and if brotherhood is the most frigid if not hostile relationship within that organism, why choose brothers as the image of community? It is no help to say that true brotherhood would be a transformed, purged version of the shoddy present reality. Of course it would. But what exactly would be *brotherly* about it? What are the advantages that

[1] Quoted in Franco Venturi, *The Roots of Revolution* (1959), Vol. I, p. 592.

[2] Friedrich Engels, *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State* (tr. West, London, 1972), pp. 134–5.

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brotherhood typically possesses that other family relationships do not? How do brothers differ from father-and-son or brother-and-sister or even grandparent-and-grandchild?

From Plato to Powell

THE MOST PROMINENT special characteristics of brotherhood are: *equality, non-responsibility,* and *dilution.*

Brothers are *equal.* Their relationship is reciprocal. *A* is *B*'s brother. *B* is *A*'s brother. Neither has any right to tell the other what to do. The answer to Cain's sullen rhetorical question "Am I my brother's keeper?" was, of course, *No.* Mr Enoch Powell rightly points out in his reply to the Rev Paul Oestreicher (the latest in a long line of clergymen to misinterpret this passage) that

> "if I am to be 'my brother's keeper', I must literally have my brother in charge. No one can be responsible for what he does not control. Therefore, if I am to be held responsible for my brother's welfare, safety, and standard of living, I must be given control over him, as a parent or guardian has control over a minor. The misconceived ordinance is thus a prescription for paternalist tyranny. . . ." *The Times,* 20 July 1973

A father is responsible for his son precisely because they are unequal. Of course, an eighteen-year-old boy taking his five-year-old brother for a walk is responsible for him, but his responsibility inevitably diminishes as the younger brother grows up. That is the consequence of the younger brother's freedom as an adult.

This adult freedom is the nub of John Locke's attack on Filmer's *Patriarcha* in his first *Treatise of Government.* In this polemic against the patriarchal tradition, Locke lays not only the essential ground of his own teaching but also the ground of the modern atomic political world. The temporary and limited nature of filial subjection may be "obvious" to us, as Peter Laslett claims in his edition of Locke's *Two Treatises of Government* (Cambridge, 1960), but that is because Locke has prevailed:

> "The power, then, that Parents have over their children, arises from that duty which is incumbent on them to take care of their offspring, during the imperfect state of Childhood." (II, 58)

After the son has come of age,

> "the Father and Son are equally free as much as Tutor and Pupil after Nonage; equally subjects of the same Law together, without any Dominion left in the Father over the Life, Liberty, or Estate of his Son . . . ." (II, 59)

> "Nay, this power so little belongs to the Father by any peculiar right of Nature, but only as he is Guardian of his Children, that when he quits his care of them, he loses his power over them, which goes along with their nourishment and education, to which it is inseparably annexed, and it belongs as much to the Foster-Father of an exposed Child, as to the Natural Father of another." (II, 65)

On Locke's view, the son's majority transforms the relation utterly: father and son become *brothers,* equals, neither responsible for the other, both free, *separate.* Their freedom is a freedom from responsibility. To have someone responsible for you is just as much a limitation on your freedom as to be responsible for someone else. Such responsibility is the defining characteristic of a family. A blood-family which does not acknowledge or exercise responsibility has ceased to be more than a family in name. Conversely, a group of persons not related by blood who do exercise such responsibilities can come to be described as a family.

The responsibilities implicit in fraternal relations are much less marked than in other relationships within the immediate family; they therefore tend to give rise to less tenacious affections. That is why brotherhood is the most *diluted* of immediate family relationships. It mimics most nearly the way of the outside world in which particular responsibilities are spread thinly across society and so transmuted into general civic duty. *Brotherhood has been selected as the image of perfection not because it represents the family at its best but because it is the family at its least familial.*

Blood is thicker than water. Blood is also stickier; it clots, coagulates, congeals. Water is thin, neutral, constant, ever-flowing; it leaves no stain. Aristotle was the first to criticise the kind of political brotherhood sketched in Plato's *Republic* as "watery." He argues:

> "As a little sweet wine mingled with a great deal of water is imperceptible in the mixture, so, in this sort of community, the idea of relationship which is based upon these names will be lost; there is no reason why the so-called father should care about the son, or the son about the father, or brothers about one another. Of the two qualities which chiefly inspire regard and affection—that a thing is your own and that you love it—neither can exist in such a state as this." *Politics,* II.4., tr. Jowett

This objection is often misunderstood (*e.g.* by Bertrand Russell and by Wilson McWilliams). Aristotle is saying not that Plato's ideal state could not generate any kind of affection (though he is sceptical about that too), but rather that such love as it does generate will be of a new,

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diluted kind and that Plato is being dishonest in giving it the old name. Dilution is not a contingent defect in the Platonic scheme; it is its essential purpose. In the interests of general political concord Plato aims to destroy the particular private attachments and affections which obtain within the family in order that the love so selfishly concentrated should be spread throughout the community. Shelley describes the intended process:

> *"Soon as the sound had ceased whose thunder filled*
> *The abysses of the sky and the wide earth,*
> *There was a change: the impalpable thin air*
> *And the all-circling sunlight were transformed,*
> *As if the sense of love dissolved in them*
> *Had folded itself round the spherèd world."*
> *Prometheus Unbound*, III, iv

Aristotle says that such a process could not happen, because family love is generated by the social reality of the family. If the family is destroyed, that kind of love ceases to be generated. Perhaps the ideal Republic will generate its own watery kind of affection, but we must not use the language of the family to describe it. It will be diluted beyond recognition. If you insist on *equality*, *freedom*, *separation*, you must accept the consequences, and recognise that you have created an entirely new world which cannot be kept warm by the old love.

WE ARE GETTING CLOSE HERE to the cause of the evasiveness which surrounds the idea of brotherhood. It is not that people are reluctant to discuss dilution. On the contrary, dilution is the commonplace of modern Western thought. It is familiar to us as a historical thesis, a therapy, and a political and social programme. But only rarely do its proponents have either the clarity of mind or the courage to accept the consequences.

Hammocks & Hang-ups

DILUTION is most generally put forward in the guise of a theory of history. In one form or another, that theory runs: in the old days —variously identified as the Middle Ages, Feudalism, pre-Industrial or pre-Capitalist society—society was a network of communities. Despite poverty, disease, oppression, man was essentially at ease with himself, reposing in a kind of hammock of kinship which both protected and defined his identity. This slumbrous security was disturbed by the incursion of a new and irresistible force—variously described as the Reformation, the Calvinist or Puritan ethic, Capitalism, Technological rationality, the Industrial Revolution. This dry, hard, calculating force destroyed the old sense of community. No longer was man to be defined as the sum of his connections to family, clan, guild and village. He became a naked, calculating, independent, rational, individual atom shorn of relationship. No longer could he find solace in the warmth and close mesh of his hammock and the protection it afforded him against the cold indifference of the outside world. All at once everywhere was outside him. He was alone, equally separate from all men.

This view is implicit or explicit in Marx, Weber, Tönnies, Tawney, Sombart and a hundred others. Disraeli wrote: "There is no community in England; there is aggregation, but aggregation under circumstances which make it rather a dissociating than a uniting principle." D. H. Lawrence echoes this in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

> "Even in him [Mellors] there was no fellowship left. It was dead. The fellowship was dead. There was only apartness and hopelessness." (Phoenix ed., p. 204)

Gemeinschaft gives way to *Gesellschaft*, community to association. In the words of the Mike Nichols-Elaine May sketch, there is "proximity but no relating."

Sir Henry Maine states the thesis with majestic precision. In primitive society, every tribe is perpetually at war with its neighbour. But within the tribe, there is amity, equality, fraternity.

> "The men who composed the primitive communities believed themselves to be kinsmen in the most literal sense of the word; and, surprising as it may seem, there are a multitude of indications that in one stage of thought they must have regarded themselves as equals."

But modern society has changed all that.

> "Just as the conceptions of human brotherhood and (in a less degree) of human equality appear to have passed beyond the limits of the primitive communities and to have spread themselves in a highly diluted form over the mass of mankind, so, on the other hand, competition in exchange seems to be the universal belligerency of the ancient world which has penetrated into the interior of the ancient groups of blood-relatives. It is the regulated private war of ancient society gradually broken up into indistinguishable atoms."[3]

By ceasing to cling to the company and prefer the interests of our own family, village, trade, class, race, religion, nation to those of others, we may make all men equally our brothers, but

[3] Sir Henry Maine, *Village Communities* (4th ed., London, 1881, pp. 226 and 228).

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we must make that restricted group whom we formerly called our brothers that much less so. We have diluted the quality of brotherhood. Or, as Benjamin Nelson incapsulates it,

> "all men have been becoming brothers by becoming equally others."[4]

This great change from tribal brotherhood to universal otherhood is usually said to be irreversible. To toy with the idea of returning to the warmth of clan and family is said to be escapist, utopian, reactionary, fascist, in bad faith—for tribal solidarity was based on a myth, on the illusion of blood. There can be no going back from rational atomism. And on balance, it is said, a good thing too. As Nelson says (p. 137):

> "Better the abhorred 'atomized individualism of bourgeois liberalism' than conflicting 'Brotherhoods of Blood and Soil'. Better still the Brotherhood of Man."

FOR PSYCHIATRISTS of the R. D. Laing school it is the obligations and oppressions of the family that set up inside us those terrible tensions which break out into neurosis, bitterness, and violence. Laing himself says melodramatically: "the initial act of brutality against the average child is the mother's first kiss. . . ." And, though he concedes that some families, including his own, provide happy and rewarding experiences, these benefits are accidental; they do not flow from the nature of the family as an institution. Even so-called happy families, where nobody has openly broken down, conceal terror and oppression. The family has an inherent tendency to turn people into things, into pieces of private property. The politics of the family are the dirtiest politics of all. Just as oppression in society at large is mirrored by oppression within the family, so repression within the family is mirrored by repression within the individual personality. Just as psychiatrists are ready to resort to recommendations in the interests of the patient which would have the effect of dissolving the patient's family, so some of them are now talking in terms of working towards a less "dense" personality. They set up as their ideal a less "imploded" psyche, a more neutral, open-ended, fluid kind of person—"watery" as Aristotle would have put it, or less knotted or twisted or hung-up, as common speech describes it.

[4] B. N. Nelson, *The Idea of Usury* (Princeton, 1949), p. 136.

OF COURSE, WE DON'T WANT to overdo this process of dilution; at the other extreme, there is a danger of the personality fading away altogether, a sort of *anorexia psychologica*. Those people who find life empty and pointless, have no friends, neither feel nor awaken love are often described as suffering from "a thinning of affect." Their personalities need density, contact, relationship. Such is the confused state of the art that some therapies, such as the "Encounter group", are attempting to rectify both extremes at the same time, not only breaking down tensions and simplifying complexes but also trying to build up relationships—to move at one jump from the blood-family to the universal family. The results are, not surprisingly, ambiguous.

THE ENCOUNTER GROUP, for example, often claims to be neutral in its attitude towards the blood-family. Some marriages and families, we are told, are worth keeping together and strengthening. In other cases, the therapist and the group are delighted when the subject develops the strength needed to break away. This sort of independence is often the criterion of "growing as a person." Carl R. Rogers (*Encounter Groups*, Penguin, 1973) speaks with just as much satisfaction of former patients who have since divorced as of those whose marriages are now more securely based as a result of his ministrations. This neutrality towards the blood-family is in reality a pose which is made possible only by the refusal of most Encounter group leaders to engage in debate on the presuppositions of their practice. The truth is that in essence the Encounter group is antagonistic to the blood-family. For the group concentrates exclusively on the here-and-now of feeling. The essence of the blood-family, on the other hand, is that it is historically continuous. The shared experience of its past engenders loyalties, obligations, and affections—hatreds and resentments too, for that matter. Its future demands planning, discussion, sacrifice. Encounter groups, consciously and unconsciously, try to shrug off the weight of this future no less than of this past, regarding both as forms of repression. For the group, authenticity is to be attained only in the free expression of passing emotion as it passes: "*Now* I feel this, *now* I feel that."

The new universal family has no future and no past. There is no necessity shaping its future development, no fetters imposed by its history. It is free because it is fluid, provisional, imper-

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manent. Permanence is fossilisation. In the new family there are no relationships of which permanence is a defining feature. Love, marriage, parenthood, friendship—all are contingent, open-ended. Nothing in the new family is *given*, by God, morality, or even biology—nothing except its fluidity.

The End of Love?

THE MARKS OF THE New Family are that you both join and leave it of your own free will and that all its members are equal. Engels says:

> "What will quite certainly disappear from monogamy are all the features stamped upon it through its origin in property relations; these are, in the first place, supremacy of the man and secondly, the indissolubility of marriage. The supremacy of the man in marriage is the simple consequence of his economic supremacy, and with the abolition of the latter will disappear of itself. The indissolubility is partly a consequence of the economic situation in which monogamy arose, partly tradition from the period when the connection between this economic situation and monogamy was not yet fully understood and was carried to extremes under a religious form."[5]

Women's liberation, divorce at will, marriage solely for love—all these follow naturally upon the abolition of capitalism and the property relations that go with it. But what exactly becomes of love? According to Engels, before the Middle Ages we cannot speak of "individual sex love." It is the invention and the glory of the bourgeois age. Of course, this new standard has fared no better in feudal or bourgeois practice than all the other standards of morality. It is ignored; but none the less, there it is. Monogamous marriage is a great step forward in the direction of civilisation and a truly human world, and despite the fact that it is also a step back in that it is founded upon the oppression of women, we must recognise the grandeur of the bourgeois achievement.

How was it done? Christopher Caudwell argues that

> "In their early stages bourgeois relations, by intensifying individualism, give a special heightening to sexual love. Before they crystallise out as relations to cash, bourgeois social relations simply seem to express man's demand for freedom from obsolete social bonds, and this demand for individuality is then a progressive force. Sexual love now takes on, as clearly seen in art, a special value as the expression *par excellence* of individuality. We have the emergence of that characteristic

[5] Friedrich Engels, *Origin of the Family*, p. 145.

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> achievement of bourgeois culture, passionate love, conceived as both romantic and sensual, whereas neither Greek nor mediaeval culture could conceive romantic and sensual love except as exclusive opposites. Passionate love contributes new overtones to feeling and conscious life. Moreover, this demand for individuality was also enriching other forms of love, as long as it was revolutionary and creative. It gave men a new tenderness towards each other, conceived as a tenderness of each other's liberty, of each other's personal worth. Thus bourgeois culture in its springtime gave birth to passionate sexual love, and a tenderness for the 'liberty'—the individual outline—of other members of society. Both these are genuine enrichments, which civilisation cannot now lose."[6]

That's good news, but wait a moment, a few lines later Caudwell tells us that "With the exhaustion of bourgeois social relations, bourgeois passionate love begins also to wither before the economic blast" (p. 155). If passionate love is rooted in bourgeois property relations and flowers with their flowering, how can it survive their decay and exhaustion? Why can't civilisation "lose" these enrichments? What the historical process gave, surely the historical process can take away or, at least, transform beyond recognition.

Well, says Caudwell, his robust crudity giving way to uncertainty and distinct evasiveness at this point, the "ugly possessive features of bourgeois social relations always gave bourgeois love a selfish jealous undertone."

> "Passionate bourgeois love really prepared its own death . . . . Today it is as if love and economic relations have gathered at two opposite poles. . . . This polar segregation is the source of a terrific tension, and will give rise to a vast transformation of bourgeois society. They must, in a revolutionary destruction and construction, return in on each other and fuse in a new synthesis. That is communism."

But what does this bewildering mixture of botanical, electrical, and chemical metaphors actually mean? Is communist love the same as bourgeois love minus the "selfish jealous undertone"? But Engels himself points out that "sexual love is by its nature exclusive." Engels, showing the cunning of the old campaigner, avoids going into the problem too deeply by the usual Marxist cop-out: we can't know what it will be like till we get there. He says (p. 145):

> "What we can now conjecture about the way in which sexual relations will be ordered after the impending overthrow of capitalist production is mainly of a negative character, limited for the most part to what will disappear. But what will there be new? That will be answered when a new generation has grown up."

But even Engels cannot really escape the dilemma. It is the essence of marriage that it is private and apart from the rest of society. Its "selfishness" or "exclusiveness" is not its undertone but its heart and soul. We cannot avoid the choice posed by Lawrence in *Apropos of Lady Chatterley's Lover* (though we may dispute its historical accuracy):

> "Christianity brought marriage into the world: marriage as we know it. Christianity established the little autonomy of the family within the greater rule of the State. Christianity made marriage in some respects inviolate, not to be violated by the State. It is marriage, perhaps, which had given man the best of his freedom, given him his little kingdom of his own within the big kingdom of the State. . . . It is a true freedom because it is a true fulfilment, for man, woman and children.
>
> "Do we then want to break marriage? If we do break it, it means we all fall to a far greater extent under the direct sway of the State. Do we want to fall under direct sway of the State, any State? For my part, I don't.
>
> "And the Church created marriage by making it a sacrament, a sacrament of man and woman united in the sex communion, and never to be separated, except by death. And even when separated by death, still not freed from the marriage. Marriage, as far as the individual went, eternal. Marriage, making one complete body out of two incomplete ones, and providing for the complex development of the man's soul and the woman's soul in unison, throughout a lifetime."[7]

WHETHER PASSIONATE LOVE is to be described as Christian or bourgeois, it remains unalterably a matter of concentration, of privacy, of exclusivity. Whatever kind of love a society based on cooperation and solidarity is likely to engender, it cannot be the same sort of love as bourgeois marriage. What sort of love will it be? The answer is unmistakable: in the new society passionate love can be directed only towards the collective abstraction, towards God or Big Brother, towards the State or Society. For your individual fellow-citizens, pair-bond-partners, and offspring, you are to feel a diluted emotion, best called "comradeship" or "fellowship." This is frankly recognised by Maoists and monks. It is their profession to root out attachments to particular persons with the same zeal as they try to root out the attachment to material goods. In the austerity of the enclosed order, there is no distinction drawn between the two. Both are of the world, worldly.

With endearing simplicity the Spanish anarchists resolved: "for the illness of love, which is a

[6] Christopher Caudwell, *Studies in a Dying Culture* (London, 1938), pp. 152–3.

[7] D. H. Lawrence, *Apropos of Lady Chatterley's Lover* (Phoenix ed.), pp 27-8.

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sickness that can become blind and obstinate, a change of commune will be recommended" (as noted by James Joll in *The Anarchists*, p. 253). Other commune-promoters have exacted more complicated punishments for any deviation from solidarity.

Forced to Fraternise

NOW, IN FACT, WE HAVE a fair idea of what this feeling of comradeship or fellowship is like. Most people have tasted the pleasures of solidarity at some time in their lives. The shared project of union, club, team, class, movement or regiment provides an adequate taste of that exhilaration and satisfaction which, it is hoped, the larger fraternity will engender. In a recent speech, Olof Palme, the Swedish Prime Minister, quoted with enthusiasm the lines of a Swedish poet:

> *"Solidarity is a wealth*
> *of untried possibilities.*
> *The future is adventure*
> *and there is freedom:*
> *to find release through fellowship."*[8]

But this is not really true. Solidarity is not an entirely new adventure. It is as old as mankind, and the essence of the genuine and satisfying feelings it engenders is that they are *subordinate*. The fellow-feeling arises from the project—which may be to express, realise, make concrete the love of God or of state or nation or humanity. The fellow-feeling is, therefore, subordinate to that project, whereas private sensual love between two persons has no purpose beyond itself. In so far as fellow-feeling grows out of its subordinate role, it threatens the project and thereby becomes the less fraternal. The officer who lets his affection for the men who compose his little platoon blind him to the needs of the whole army has failed in his duty. This threat of emotional *insubordination* is a constant anxiety to the promoters of fraternity. For example, St Paul warns us against "inordinate affection" (Colossians: 3.5). At least, that is the King James Version. The Revised has "passion"; J. B. Phillips has "uncontrolled passion"; the New English Bible has "lust"; the Greek is "*pathos*." This prohibition has always puzzled me, and I am relieved to see that it divides not only translators but commentators. Bloomfield (1841) says it is confined to unnatural lust. Alford (1871) says it just means the erotic passion generally, as in Plato (*Phaedrus*

[8] My quote is from *The Guardian*, 26 August 1974. (Perhaps it sounds better in Swedish.)

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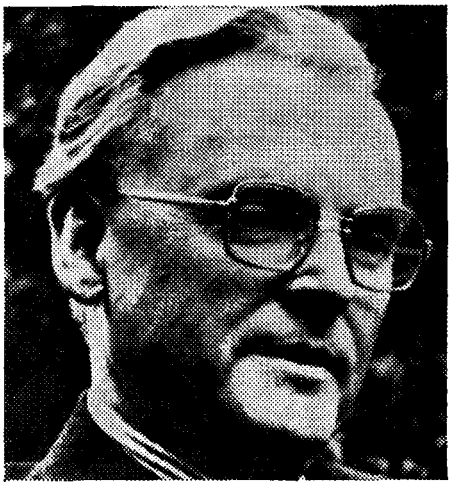

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265b). While the *NEB* translation may well be the best, there is no doubt that the Authorised Version is more revealing. Passion is to be avoided essentially not because lust is bestial, but because its insubordination may prevent us from loving God as we ought.

THE SUBORDINATE AND DILUTED NATURE of comradeship permeates all fraternities from the Boy Scouts to Red Chinese communes. In fact, the tepid exhortations of Chairman Mao's *Little Red Book* have struck resonant chords in many of those who still remember that rather superior literary work, Baden-Powell's *Scouting for Boys*. It lays exactly the same stress on practicality, toughness, and endurance, channelling the life of the heart into the single theme of self-sacrifice in the interests of the collective. Once the project—overriding, imperious, all-embracing, superb, terrible—has been adopted, the inter-relationships of those engaged upon it become merely instrumental. It matters not whether it is God or History or Conscience which has called us to this work. Once we have answered the call, we are committed, *engagé* like cogs in a gear. And yet there is surely something strange in committing ourselves to a project in the belief that our experience will thereby be enriched, illuminated, intensified—only to discover that this commitment asks of us first that we dilute what has been for us the most solid, innermost substance of experience. It is a distressing thought that solidarity might not itself be solid.

IN FACT THIS COMMITMENT is more than strange; it is a desolating demand. The call for a revolutionary to be "hard" in order that fraternal love may eventually triumph is one of the most paradoxical and searching demands that men have ever made upon themselves and one another. How does this demand come to be made? The Oxford Dictionary gives two meanings for the verb "to fraternise": *intransitive*, to associate or sympathise with as a brother or as brothers, and *transitive, now rare*, to bring into fraternal association or sympathy. How does the intransitive become transformed into the transitive? At what point do we cross that divide which separates the voluntary fraternisation from the forced fraternisation? The well-known German refrain put it with most brutal clarity:

"Willst du nicht mein Bruder sein,
dann schlag ich Dir dein Schädel ein. . . ."
(If you won't be my brother, I'll smash your skull in.)

Old-fashioned English slang includes an affable shortening of the verb, namely, "to frat", meaning to make friendly overtures, usually to persons or groups coming from a different class or nation. It is a far cry from this usage to the concept of class warfare elaborated by the most thorough-going fraternalist. Where and why does English fratting stop and Leninist fraternalism take over?

There is above all a difference in *tone* between the voluntary fraternisers on the one hand and the forced fraternisers on the other, between the apostles of spontaneity and the believers in revolutionary dictatorship, between Mensheviks (or revisionists or social democrats) and Bolsheviks. This difference in tone strikes one forcibly at the outset of the argument and lingers in the mind long after the ideological and tactical minutiae of the debate have faded. The true revolutionary is marked out by his ruthlessness, his sincere contempt for established law and morality, his lack of bourgeois scruple about violence or coercion. Only a person who has freed himself from the sentimental chains of existing society can really possess this hardness; he cannot achieve it without having first achieved an *intellectual* liberation. He must work through the fraternal argument to its logical conclusion.

Voluntary fraternity, it has to be argued, can never be more than partial. Because of the conflicts of economic interest which are bred by the existing social order, there will always remain enemies, strangers, backsliders, and traitors. Only in an utterly transformed social order is universal fraternity possible. The test of the true fraternalist is whether he is ready to start completely afresh, whether he has the strength of intellect and will to go through with the transformation process to the end.

The decisive moment in the making of a revolutionary occurs when he *breaks free* of the social assumptions into which he was born. This moment is lyrically celebrated in Marxist myth as the first moment of true freedom. At this point the consciousness slips its tether and hovers like a hawk over the surface of social reality, able at will both to map its true shape and to swoop down and participate in the process of changing it.

Now this may indeed be a freedom both to understand and to act but it is also a freedom *from* something which we may hesitantly describe as a shared creatureliness, a freedom from compassion in the robust sense of that word.

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Nothing is more remarkable on the individual level than the conscious striving for dryness of the "hard" revolutionary and the contrast this aridity makes with the sometimes overpoweringly generous characters of many great labour leaders and social democrats—generous both in the sense of moral nobility and in the sense of personal abundance (convivial, emotional, sensual). They are tethered to the earth, the voluntary fraternisers. Only the believers in imposed fraternisation want or manage to break away to that empyrean where the divine interpreter resides. If we are to hasten the dawn of a truly human history, we must, it seems, leave our own humanity behind.

Marriage & the Minstrel

OF COURSE IF WE DO NOT ACCEPT the Marxist or para-Marxist theory of history (or if we take a rather less Pauline view of Christianity), we need not land ourselves in this pickle. As it happens, the theory is more than usually sketchy in dealing with love and marriage. The assumptions and arguments are of the crudest, the materials on which they are based defective and unreliable. Engels' belief that passionate love was invented by the Troubadours of Provence is history on the level of *1066 and All That*. Fourier's ancient history and Kropotkin's anthropology are not much better. The thesis that the "nuclear family" is a capitalist aberration from the "extended family" does not stand up to even the preliminary forays of the Cambridge Group for the History of Population and Social Structure.[9]

Those who loyally persist in their faith in the famous transition from extended to nuclear family have a variety of starting points and models to choose from. When did the great change occur—in 1800, or 1650, or 1550, or 1400, or . . .? And was the nuclear family a product or a precondition of industrialisation or capitalism or modernisation (which is only a nice way of saying industrialisation without being tied down to anything as specific as the spinning jenny or the railways)? Scholars are now finding nuclear families all over the place, in 10th-century Florence, for example, and in Burgundy at about the same time. A bit early for even the first traces of modernisation surely. Christopher Lasch, in his informative survey of the recent and growing body of literature on the history of the family, comments somewhat testily:

> "However, as the origins of the nuclear family recede into the distant past, we lose sight of the connections between family history and the rest of history. If 'modernization' can be dated from the fifteenth century, or even earlier, the concept loses its historical specificity." *New York Review of Books*, 13 Nov., 1975, p.35, continued in 27 Nov. and 11 Dec. issues.

Just so. The natural conclusion to draw is that the theory of the extended-nuclear shift and its connection with industrialisation is at best non-proven. Lasch, however, perversely draws a different conclusion:

> "Even if we accept the finding that the nuclear family prevailed in many areas of Western Europe, long before the industrial revolution, it is still not clear what we should make of this information. It is not even clear that the information is of any importance. If the structure of the family persisted essentially unchanged, through centuries of economic and political upheaval, changes in family structure can no longer be regarded as an accurate reflection of other social changes."

In other words, if the experiment fails to prove your hypothesis, scrap the experiment not the thesis. The failure of demographic history to prove the required thesis is all the more embarrassing because changes in household size are clearly the most reliable form of evidence.

Yet if the historical evidence in the case of the family is partial and inconclusive, it is worth noting that the argument is presented in remarkably *unchanging* terms. If the family in its present form is a recent phenomenon thrown up by economic change, it is odd that both the attacks upon it and the vision of an alternative society should have altered so little in two millennia and more. The theologies and cosmologies of past ages may seem primitive and outdated to us; but the tussle between Family and Fraternity appears timeless.

For instance, in Godwin's rational society just as in Plato's Republic nobody is to know who is the father of any child. And now here comes Clem Gorman to advise us that

> "In a group family, if group marriage is also being practiced, it is not desirable to know which male member was the father of which child, as this might encourage distinctions and possessiveness."[8]

The chilly, abstract tone of the fraternal vision, its negative phrasing and its lack of intensity are

[9] See, for a start, Peter Laslett and Richard Wall, *Household and Family in Past Time* (Cambridge, 1972).
[8] *Making Communes* (Whole Earth Tools, Bottisham, Cambridge, 1972), p. 90.

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curiously unchanging too. The modern Counter-Culture's phrases of approval—"spaced out", "far out", "cool", "sent"—convey an almost platonic absence of passion, closeness and tension. Meanwhile, the family continues to be denounced as "up-tight", suffocating, inward-looking, oppressive, and selfish. Far from linking the family and the revolt against the family to stages in the rise and fall of bourgeois society, the surviving visionary and polemical literature of Western civilisation tends to suggest that the family and the fraternal ideal were social realities from the start. It also tends to suggest that the antinomies between passion and reason, between the social and the individual, between commitment and detachment are an enduring and unavoidable part of being human—and not to be easily resolved by the facile projection of philadelphia or by fabricating historical myths of a Golden Age.

DID THIS FAMOUS pre-capitalist sense of Community ever really exist—and if so, when? Certainly not in the hysterical later Middle Ages of Norman Cohn and Johan Huizinga. Did no man love his mistress, let alone his wife, before the strumming of the first minstrel? It seems unlikely. My aim, however, is not to assess the truth of the Brotherhood-Otherhood pattern of history (as B. N. Nelson has formulated it), but to point out its consequences.

No verbose and cloudy fusions of Eros and History, as attempted by Herbert Marcuse or anyone else, can hide the internal logic of the thesis. If the nuclear family is an historical aberration, then so is the passionate love which it generated. For we are not speaking here of some bourgeois invention or enrichment of thought which might survive the passing of the bourgeoisie. We are talking about the spiritual essence of the bourgeois age, the core of its social reality. Private love cannot survive the Revolution any more than private property. The destruction of privacy cannot perfect love; it can only diffuse it. To proclaim community is to condemn particularity. To seek fraternity is to flee from intimacy. Christopher Lasch says:

> "the same forces that reorganised family life around the basis of intimacy created new pressures on the family, which have made real intimacy more difficult than ever to attain.
>
> "Anyone who doubts these assertions should consult recent studies of American youth showing the extraordinary lengths to which young people go in order to avoid intimacy—not, as the propaganda of sexual liberation has it, to rejoice in their new freedom from puritanical restraints. Such studies—Kenneth Keniston's *The Uncommitted*, for example, and Herbert Hendin's *The Age of Sensation*, just published—make it clear that the flight from feeling is rooted in developments that have undermined intimacy and privacy in the family: most obviously, the absence of the father."

It is common ground, then, between the New Left and the old Right that the "psychic devastation" of which Lasch speaks appears to originate not (as Laing and Cooper claim) in the traditional structure of the family but in the collapse of that structure. The logic of historicism is that love, the great creation of the bourgeois world, cannot survive the destruction or decay of that world. You cannot extract that sweet essence without the pressures and repressions that secreted it as musk-deer secrete musk.

The fraternalist, of course, passionately denies that he is fleeing from intimacy. He dreams of managing to reconcile freedom and intimacy. The difficulty of achieving this is betrayed by the uneasy defensiveness which often characterises commune-dwellers. Outsiders, we are told, will not understand the pure and unconstrained nature of relations within the commune. Yet the ambivalence is often too painful to be entirely covered up.

In his trenchant study of communal child-rearing in an Israeli kibbutz,[11] Bruno Bettelheim records the agonisingly split attitude of kibbutz mothers towards their children. On the one hand, "the founding generation knew they had no wish to replicate the family as they knew it, and of this they were entirely conscious . . . part of the ghetto existence to which kibbutz founders reacted, and possibly over-reacted, was a closeness in family life that to them seemed devoid of freedom." Private emotions, no less than private dining arrangements or private property, threatened to destroy the comradeship of the group and to re-impose the ancient tyranny of the family. They wanted the best for their children but not if it cost them their freedom.

From the practical point of view, conveniently enough, their freedom and their children's freedom were interrelated. The children live in a separate children's house, looked after by trained nurses and teachers. The parents are not bothered by screaming babies in the middle of the night; at the same time, the children are

[11] Bruno Bettelheim, *The Children of the Dream* (1969, Paladin ed., 1971).

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free from the jealous interference and control of parental authority. Nor are the parents supplanted in their children's affections by anybody else. The turnover of nurses and teachers is rapid; and within the peer group of children, as within the peer group of adults, close friendships between two persons are severely discouraged "as something alien, as an effort to escape from the group." All this is part, an indispensable part, of any *conscious* plan to build a society whose emotional satisfactions are founded on solidarity alone.

The trouble is that in such a society, however highly praised intimacy may be in theory, in practice it has to be fearfully avoided. As Dr Bettelheim says:

> "Kibbutz founders hoped that by removing all external impediments to human relations they would flower most fully. What they did not recognise was that it was the shared worries about those impediments, and all the fighting in the ghetto family, that revealed its members to each other and eventually to themselves.
>
> "Intimacy thrived because people depended on each other, not only for security, but also for being the only ones on whom they could safely discharge their aggressions and frustrations. . . . Only inside the family—both the immediate, and the larger ghetto family—did their crying meet with empathy and compassion. Only there could one safely get rid of one's negative feelings without risking steadfast relations. . . .
>
> "What was overlooked [in the kibbutz system] was that one cannot really cry with some thirty people. One cannot fight with them and avoid getting badly bruised, because it is hard to make up with so many when the fighting is over, however close one's relationship with them. Two or three dozen people can sing and dance together, can laugh together, and this they did in early kibbutz days. But to satisfy the good feelings is not enough to bring about true intimacy. For that one must also feel free to vent one's anger and fear and disappointment without its having bad effects."

Yet to acknowledge this difficulty would be to undermine the whole basis of the kibbutz—for it would involve nothing less than the admission that a vast scheme of social engineering designed to promote freedom and openness in human relationships had in practice tended to develop new forms of constraint and repression. Any disappointment with the degree of emotional intensity experienced in kibbutz relations cannot be admitted, even to oneself. As a result, the fraternal community often throws up in diffused form all the familiar hypocrisies of bourgeois marriage.

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BETTELHEIM'S ARGUMENTS have been challenged (though supported in large measure by previous observers like Spiro); but his description of how the kibbutz dwellers mask the superficiality of their relationships by the heartiness of their greetings rings true enough. It corresponds strikingly with the only comparable experiences most of us have: in pubs, clubs, camps, institutions, and places of work. Friendships contracted in such places tend to remain superficial. They cannot be pushed too far within the limits of the group without a certain falsity.

It is in fact the sign of a genuinely growing friendship that it should tend to set the twosome or threesome apart from the rest of the group, to draw them into a private place, both geographically and emotionally. For the converse proposition is also true: to establish intimacy is to flee from fraternity.

Intimacy always entails personal authority. In a truly intimate relationship one person makes unique claims upon another, claims for services, affection, respect and attention which can be supplied only by that other person. This body of claims, when acknowledged both "voluntarily and as of right" (to borrow Hobsbawm's phrase), constitutes authority but not domination, because the authority is both partial and reciprocal, whereas domination is by definition one-sided. The claims of a child for care and love, even if unspoken by child or mother, are just as much a moral authority over his father as the father's claims for filial affection and/or obedience and respect. The fact that the claims may be different for the two sides of the relationship, "asymmetrical" in the modern jargon, does not alter the fact that there *are* two sides. Nor do more symmetrical relationships (those, let us say, of ancient friendship or modern marriage) exclude the element of authority. For authority in this sense does not depend upon inequality nor does it wither away under the beneficent rays of equality. It depends solely upon one person acknowledging another person's right to make claims on him in particular.

The authority of intimacy always has certain features from which it derives its strength. It is assumed to be personal, irreplaceable and permanent. Lacking these features, the authority is weakened just as the authority of a lame-duck President is weakened because we are already beginning to picture another man in his shoes and to make our dispositions accordingly.

In passionate love there can be no replacement envisaged. The Beloved is The One, The Only, forever. Intimacy is particular in every sense of the word. Fraternity is indifferent: fraternity makes no distinction of persons.

Dr Schweitzer v. Mrs Jellyby

THE SUGGESTION THAT belief in the brotherhood of humanity may hide a chilling indifference to people as individuals is a familiar one. It is the criticism that Burke made of Rousseau for prating of brotherhood while dumping his children in an orphanage: "a lover of his kind, but a hater of his kindred." It is unforgettably expressed in Dickens's picture of Mrs Jellyby absorbed with her "telescopic philanthropy" while completely neglecting her own undernourished and ill-clothed family. Experience confirms the justice of such portraits, but do they represent the *perversion* of the fraternal ideal or its *logical extension*?

Mrs Jellyby, it must be remembered, is genuinely devoted to her cause. She neglects her own appearance as well as her husband. And, after all, "the natives of Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger" must be a good deal worse off than even the Jellyby children. If "her handsome eyes had a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off as if . . . they could see nothing nearer than Africa", that is because Africa was the place where her help was most needed. Might some people not approve of her philanthropy—so long as it was effective—precisely because it was telescopic? To live among the natives, to become intimate with them, is always to run the risk of paternalism. There was a revulsion against Albert Schweitzer when it was alleged simultaneously that his leper hospital was insanitary and that he behaved as a rather bad-tempered and bossy father to the lepers. Was Schweitzer perhaps less of a Good Samaritan than Mrs Jellyby?

At first sight the question seems grotesque. After all, the Samaritan "had compassion" on the man who fell among thieves

> "and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." (*Luke* 10 : 33*ff*)

Surely that is just what Schweitzer did. Mrs Jellyby never left Holborn. But the matter is not quite so simple. The parable does not end there.

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> "And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

After the Samaritan had done his fraternal duty, having completed the formalities required by the cash nexus, he went on his way. His charity was above all effective and practical; it ceased as soon as his usefulness was at an end. And it is by the standards of the Samaritan that charitable acts are judged in the modern world.

Efficacity is the criterion. It is not the depth of feeling behind the act but its practical results which count. The scope of our duties accordingly expands with our wealth and technological resources. And the questions to be asked about any fraternal act are: will it work? And will it not only benefit the recipient but also leave him free of obligation and domination? By such standards Mrs Jellyby's project might well have been a model (assuming of course that it was economically viable and not some Victorian groundnuts scheme). The natives were to be taught to grow coffee and to fend for themselves; they were not to be subjected to the continued tyrannical and unhygienic proximity of an old white father, an awful brooding presence in the bush. The Good Samaritan is a parable of brotherhood. But it is also a parable of otherhood.

THERE IS IMPLICIT in the idea of Brotherhood both a moving towards and a moving away, like that of soldiers dressing their ranks. The distance between each person and the next must be kept exactly equal. To allow undue proximity is to risk the re-forming of old domination and ancient selfishness. Those elements of intensity, constancy, and concentration which characterise passionate love are the elements most harmful to solidarity. Conversely, tepidity, mutability and diffusion are the inescapable qualities of fraternal relations.

We need no longer wonder why even those who believe most strongly in fraternity are so reluctant to analyse it, preferring the outline of the idea to remain vague and misty. The ideas of Freedom and Equality are far more rewarding topics. For freedom and equality are rhetorically intensifiable. The orator can promise *more* of them, just as he can promise more guns or more butter, without losing any intensity in the quality of what is promised.

But to promise more fraternity in general is to

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promise a weaker link between each particular pair of brothers. It is a promise to dilute the wine rather than to turn the water into wine. And in the last analysis, that is not much of a marriage feast to offer.

Those who have lived by the ideal of fraternity have tasted the watered wine. Beyond all the practical drawbacks of the commune—the hostility of the outside world, the difficulty of finding suitable land, problems of health and diet, squabbles, free-loaders—there often lies, barely acknowledged, a still more bitter disappointment with the tepidity of communal life. Frank Musgrove says that one of the sharp lessons the Counter-Culture has had to learn in recent years is that

> "Instead of promoting meaningful relationships, communes can often survive only by keeping relationships shallow."[9]

To live an open, fluid, free-floating life without limit imposes its own limits. The commune offers liberation from conventional ties; but "shallowness" is the price to be paid for that liberation. To form deeper relationships is to re-impose the old ties; indeed it is just this idea of being tied or stuck to (or "stuck on") another person which we call love. The language of love is the language of bondage: attachment, affection, embrace. "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But the commune is sunder-land or it is nothing. It is a desolate place.

Old-fashioned moralists like to imagine communes as perpetually fragmented by conflict. Fragmented they may be, but more by drift than by explosion. People just move on. After all, there is nothing to keep them in one place rather than another, no compelling reason to continue loving one person rather than another. Shallowness hardens into indifference. In the last analysis nothing matters because everything is the same. It is the tragedy of the fraternal ideal that the longing for a fuller life should so often finish in emptiness and that what began in enthusiasm should end in apathy.

[9] See *Ecstasy and Holiness—Counter Culture and the Open Society* (Methuen, 1974).

Telling Them

Every twilight the old weaver came back
To his attic, worked till the sun rose
On medieval dew and hares.
Never having been told he was dying
He did not know he was dead,
And left always in the rhythm of returning.

His son, at first touched, later maddened,
Called for the parish priest, who brought
His bell, his book, his candle to the full house
Where he read and he lit and he rang
To tell the old man the truth, to *tell* him.
The weaver left finally. His son succeeded.

The hand-loom and the trappings
Make it seem like a quite enjoyable story.
But today it is no entertainment
Not to have told your father
That he had terminal cancer.
Night after night he innocently bounds
Into your dreams, confident as a dog
That he exists and is welcome.
You suffer and sweat and cry out. But at last
You suspect that he knew
All along, the old ghost.

Patricia Beer

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Joan Evans

An End to *An Adventure*

Solving the Mystery of the Trianon

AN ADVENTURE WAS PUBLISHED pseudonymously under the names of Elizabeth Morison and Frances Lamont by Macmillan in 1911; it was three times reprinted in that year. A second edition, with little change, except the appearance of the first accounts in an appendix, appeared from the same publishing house in 1911; a third, with an additional preface and an appendix, was published by Guy Chapman in 1924. In 1931 there was a fourth edition, with a preface by Edith Olivier and a note by J. W. Dunne. It was reprinted twice in 1934 and once in 1937, published by Faber & Faber. In this the preface was signed for the first time by the authors' true names: C. Anne E. Moberly and Eleanor F. Jourdain, though with touching modesty these names did not appear on the titlepage, spine or jacket.

The reasons for the previous pseudonymity had disappeared. Miss Jourdain had died, as Principal of St Hugh's College, in 1924; and Miss Moberly, her predecessor in that office, was no longer closely connected with the College: so an unusual and unacademic book could no longer be dangerous to the reputation of St Hugh's. Moreover, the identity of the authors was by this time widely known. A fifth edition, edited by myself, appeared from the same publishing house in 1955, and has since been reprinted.

Both were read by a number of French people, for the most part writers and critics with a taste for the oddities of English literature, but it was not published in translation until 1959, when the Editions du Rocher issued a version entitled *Les Fantômes de Trianon* by Juliette and Pierre Barrucaud, with an introduction by Robert Amadou and a preface by Jean Cocteau. I do not think that this edition has had to be reprinted, though the introduction is notably scholarly and dispassionate. There is nowhere, indeed, where the variation of the elements of the book in its different editions can be better studied, nor where the four narratives—the first and second of both ladies—are better shown synoptically.

An Adventure is extremely readable and, in spite of the fact that it was first published more than sixty years ago, is still to be found in libraries and still more spare bedrooms. There must be few English people of education and historical or psychical tastes who are over fifty who have not at least glanced at it. But since younger generations are less likely to have done so, I begin by epitomising the narrative. I shall confine myself to the "Adventure" in its strictest sense, that is, the shared experiences of the ladies at the Petit Trianon, for it is the double experience that has made them interesting to students of psychology. Miss Jourdain's solitary visits to the Petit Trianon, and her experiences there, and Miss Moberly's historical dreams and psychical experiences are of less significance; I leave it to others to interpret them.

A NARRATIVE NECESSARILY involves the narrators. I knew them both well.

Charlotte Anne Elizabeth Moberly was born in 1846, the tenth child of a family of fifteen. Her father, George Moberly, was successively Head Master of Winchester (at the time it was visited by a Commission) and Bishop of Salisbury at the time the Cathedral was being cruelly restored. Most people found him hard, sarcastic, unsympathetic and without taste; his daughter worshipped him. Her mother, a Scotswoman, brought up in Italy, was beautiful, unpractical, fastidious, painfully shy and not inconsiderably selfish; yet her daughters greatly admired her. Sometimes they were allowed to "sit in" when their brothers were being coached by a tutor. Miss Moberly was rather delicate as a young woman and spent much time on a sofa, but helped her father with his

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letters and proofs as she grew up. Like other women of her generation who were obscurely conscious that their intelligence was as good as their brothers', and that they could have profited by a more academic education, she had a curious and unconscious intellectual arrogance. She was totally untrained in the basis and methods of research, and had no notion of what constituted logical scientific proof. Like her father she was apt to find facts "unfruitful." Encouraged by her godmother, Charlotte Yonge, she learned to write English well: her delightful family history, *Dulce Domum*, is there to prove it. Her godfather was John Keble—another Hampshire neighbour—and it is easy to imagine that at Hursley Rectory she was confirmed in her unquestioning and unlearned Christian faith.

Eleanor Frances Jourdain was more academically educated but had had a less easy life. She too came of a large clerical family: her father, Francis Jourdain, Vicar of Ashbourne in Derbyshire, had ten children, of whom the two youngest were crippled. As the eldest, born in 1863, she was allowed to escape from a not very happy home to live with her mother's parents at Manchester and to attend a decent conventional school there. In 1883 she secured a scholarship to Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford, and read History, getting a Second in Schools in 1886. She had then to earn her living, and taught at Tottenham High School and Redland High School at Bristol until 1894, when she set up a private school at Watford with an ex-colleague from Redland. She was a good amateur musician and a good amateur painter in water-colours; the school was, of its kind, unusually civilised. But the constant effort of teaching against time tended to blunt her verbal style. She never had the opportunity to cultivate Miss Moberly's literary sensibility in a creative form, though she became a good critic. She was far quicker, far abler, far more sensitive, far more socially gifted than Miss Moberly. But she was a working woman, not a Bishop's daughter; and she never had quite enough time. She never wrote anything as distinguished as *Dulce Domum* and her best work, I think, outside her admirable tutorials, lay in her sketches.

In 1886 Miss Moberly's life was wholly changed. Her father had died the year before, and she was living rather aimlessly with her mother and three sisters, when Miss Wordsworth, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, invited her to become Principal of a Hall—one almost says a chapel of ease—that she was about to found (with a capital of £600, no endowment whatever and in a leasehold house) as a cheaper annexe to Lady Margaret Hall. It was to be called St Hugh's Hall; Miss Wordsworth's father had been Bishop of Lincoln.

To those who know the Principals of today—and to those who remember Miss Moberly—the choice must seem a fantastic one. But the two senior colleges for women at Oxford had only been founded in 1879, and seven years later their graduates would hardly have seemed senior enough for the post. Moreover, Miss Wordsworth, herself without academic training and a trifle scatter-brained, may well have thought that an impecunious Bishop's daughter would not only be eminently respectable for St Hugh's but also more easily kept in order than a possibly arrogant graduate. She was right; Miss Moberly was unpractical, unused to finance, interested only in a peculiar sort of theology and rather pedestrian music, and incapable of innovation. But she was completely a lady and completely Anglican, and therefore fitted to be warden of a house of residence for young women. She was even capable of delivering a theological address every Sunday evening of term, usually on the Prophets or the Book of Revelations, both of which she accepted as guides to the present and the future.

It soon became evident that she would need someone to help her. She was not capable of the rather impersonal kindness and good sense that the Head of a House needs. She could give no academic advice; she could not nurse the sick or balance the books. A painfully rapid succession of vice-principals followed; each after a short time left for unexceptionable reasons. Early in 1901 there was yet another vacancy. Miss Jourdain's sister Charlotte, a year or two younger than herself, had been the first student at St Hugh's and was still in touch with the Principal. She may well have suggested that her elder sister might well be contemplating a move from Watford. At Lady Margaret Hall, Eleanor Jourdain and Miss Wordsworth had not found each other congenial, but there was nothing against suitability. St Hugh's was gradually developing a governing body and tutors of its own, but there was nothing to prevent Miss Moberly from raising the question with Miss Jourdain, whom she hardly knew. The offer was tentatively accepted and it was agreed that they

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should spend a fortnight or so together at the little flat in Paris which Miss Jourdain had just taken on the Boulevard Raspail to accommodate a few older girls from her school to finish their studies under the care of a French friend of hers, while in the vacations it could give her a refuge of her own. Miss Moberly had never been in Paris before and Miss Jourdain did not know it well. The days passed pleasantly enough; in the afternoons they visited the sights, trying to see them in chronological order. Miss Moberly was the older and socially the more distinguished, but both shared a reticent and well-bred code of manners and a limited but cultivated range of intellectual interests.

On 10 August 1901, the two ladies went by train to Versailles. The great palace did not really have much to say to them. They had no understanding of the style of Louis XIV, and the historical memories of the place were rather beyond them, except for those of 1870 when Miss Moberly had been a girl. Miss Jourdain's history syllabus at Oxford had included little on later French history; Miss Moberly's knowledge of it came chiefly from historical novels read under Miss Yonge's inspiration a long time before. The palace having been rather summarily visited—and in any case in 1901 the public was admitted to fewer rooms than now—Miss Moberly suggested going on to the Petit Trianon, which in fact she confused with the Hameau.

Walking through the Past?

THE MAP IN BAEDEKER gave them a general idea of direction, though by a Britannic shyness about asking the way they went by the head of the Long Water and first reached the Grand Trianon, which was not then open to the public. There was no one about, and instead of going down the avenue, leading roughly east, which would have taken them straight to the entrance to the Petit Trianon, they bore north-west up another road, little more than a lane, which took them into the gardens of the house by the cottages, houses and farm buildings that had served it. Miss Moberly was a little surprised that Miss Jourdain did not ask the way from a woman who was shaking a white cloth out of the window of one of these, but was too polite to say so. (Miss Jourdain was prepared to talk French; Miss Moberly never was.) Their general impression was of neglect and decay. They looked into an open doorway and saw a staircase, but did not venture in.

Where the lane divided into three paths they took the centre one, for they saw two men ahead. At first they took them to be palace gardeners, but later Miss Moberly described them as "very dignified officials, dressed in long greyish green coats with small three-cornered hats." Miss Jourdain recalled "official dress, greenish in colour", and thought they had something in their hands which might have been a staff. They directed them "straight on."[1] Miss Jourdain thought they answered her question casually and mechanically, and repeated it, but got the same answer in the same manner. She noticed a detached cottage nearby, with a woman and a girl in curiously old-fashioned dress standing at the door. The woman leant slightly forward, holding a jug. It must have been a scene like that represented as a vignette on *toile de Jouy*; and Miss Jourdain was reminded of a *tableau vivant*.

Miss Moberly did not notice the group; she was beginning to be conscious of a sudden and inexplicable access of gloom. They reached a place where another path crossed their own, and the aura of oppression grew worse.

> "Everything suddenly looked unnatural, therefore unpleasant; even the trees behind the building seemed to become flat and lifeless, *like a wood worked in tapestry*. There were no effects of light and shade, and no wind stirred the trees."

Miss Jourdain, too, was conscious of loneliness, depression and a heavy dreaminess.

They soon entered the wood behind the cottage, and found within it a "light garden kiosk, circular and like a small bandstand"; Miss Jourdain describes it as "a building consisting of some columns roofed in, and set back in the trees." It must be confessed that at this point the topography becomes in both narratives a little vague. Anyone who has covered the ground at the Petit Trianon with *An Adventure* in hand will understand, for there is a whole complex of rather featureless paths that makes distances and directions difficult to calculate and hard to remember.

THERE WAS A MAN sitting close to the kiosk, wearing a cloak and a large shady hat, who turned to look at the ladies. Miss Moberly wrote: "I felt a moment of genuine alarm. The man's

[1] "*Tout droit*": Miss Moberly, whose French was far from idiomatic, though this meant "to the right."

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face was most repulsive—its expression odious. His complexion was very dark and rough." Miss Jourdain shared in her impression of "something uncanny and fear-inspiring" and writes:

> "The man slowly turned his face, which was marked by smallpox; his complexion was very dark. The expression was very evil and yet unseeing, and though I did not feel that he was looking particularly at us, I felt a repugnance to going past him."

Miss Moberly felt the same, and was thankful to hear someone running up, who suddenly appeared behind and to the left near a rock.

> "The second man", she wrote, "was distinctly a gentleman: he was tall, with large dark eyes, and had crisp, curling black hair under the same large sombrero hat. He was handsome and the effect of the hair was to make him look like an old picture.... He had on a dark cloak wrapped across him like a scarf, one end flying out in his prodigious hurry. He looked greatly excited as he called out to us, "*Mesdames, Mesdames*" (Madame pronounced more as the other), "*il ne faut* (pronounced "fout") *pas passer par là.*" He then waved his arm and said with great animation, "*par ici . . . cherchez la maison.*"

She adds in an honest footnote, "The man said a great deal more which we could not catch." Miss Jourdain's recollection was much the same; she remembered his florid complexion and long dark hair and noticed no detail of his dress except that it was dark and heavy, and that he wore buckled shoes.

Miss Jourdain thanked him. They both considered that he left them with a peculiar smile; he ran off and quickly passed from sight and hearing.

THEY FOLLOWED HIS GESTURE, bore to the right and crossed a small rustic bridge over a little ravine. Miss Moberly noticed a thread of water down the rock to their right, and had the impression that they were near other water, though she saw none. Miss Jourdain remembered "a very small overshadowed pool of water glimmering some way off."

A narrow path led them to the garden front of the Petit Trianon. Miss Jourdain's recollection was of a very short walk; Miss Moberly's was of a pathway by a narrow meadow of long grass, much overshadowed by trees.

Miss Moberly found the Petit Trianon—which she saw *à l'anglaise*, as "a square, solidly built small country house"—quite different from what she expected.

> "There was a terrace round the north and west sides of the house, and on the rough grass which grew quite up to the terrace and with her back to it, a lady was sitting, holding out a paper as though to look at it at arm's length. I supposed her to be sketching and to have brought her own camp stool. It seemed as though she must be making a study of trees, for they grew close in front of her, and there seemed to be nothing else to sketch. She saw us, and when we passed close by on her left hand, she turned and looked full at us. It was not a young face, and (though rather pretty) it did not attract me. She had on a shady white hat perched on a good deal of fair hair that fluffed round her forehead. Her light summer dress was arranged on her shoulders in handkerchief fashion, and there was a little line of either green or gold near the edge of the handkerchief, which showed me that it was *over*, not tucked into, her bodice, which was cut low. Her dress was long-waisted, with a good deal of fullness in the skirt, which seemed to be short. I thought she was a tourist, but that her dress was old-fashioned and rather unusual (though people were wearing fichu bodices that summer). I looked straight at her, but some indescribable feeling made me turn away annoyed at her being there."

Miss Jourdain did not see the lady, but as they approached the terrace remembered "drawing my skirt away with a feeling as though someone were near and I had to make room, and then wondering why I did it." A modern commentator has the duty of adding that in 1901 afternoon dresses often had short trains.

They went up the steps to the terrace. Miss Moberly was once more the victim of depression, but noticed when she saw the lady from behind that her fichu was pale green. They crossed the terrace to the south-west corner and looked over into the *cour d'honneur*; but seeing that one of the windows towards the terrace was unshuttered, were proposing to enter the house by it when they were interrupted. A young man, "with the jaunty manner of a footman but no livery", came out of a door on a terrace that prolonged the main terrace at right angles, and offered to show them the way to the entrance by the *cour d'honneur*. He led them by the French garden to an entrance into the main drive, surprisingly near the lane by which they had first entered. They went round the interior of the Petit Trianon with a cheerful bourgeois wedding party, and returned home richer by memories of the afternoon at the Petit Trianon with some inexplicable emotional overtones.

Research? Records?

A WEEK LATER Miss Moberly was writing an account of her stay in Paris to her sister Alice Moberly at Sydenham, and recaptured these odd intensities of feeling. She stopped writing and asked Miss Jourdain: "Do you think that the Petit Trianon is haunted?"

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She received an immediate reply: "Yes, I do." They compared notes, and found that their sensations of depression and anxiety had been worst when they had been near the two men, and that the men in the wood had had something "theatrical" in their appearance and demeanour. They did not speak of it again in Paris.

Three months later, in November 1901, they returned to the subject, and found with surprise that Miss Jourdain had not seen the lady near the house. They decided to write down independent accounts of what they had seen and heard. They began to relate their experiences to French history and discovered that 10 August 1792 was the day when the Tuileries were sacked and the Swiss Guard massacred, and the King and Queen brought before the Assembly.

Their willingness to accept their experiences as supernatural has brought much criticism from the rationalists; the rather fumbling (but quite honest) way in which they produced versions of their accounts has brought still more from the psychical researchers. The two ladies were both strongly opposed to spiritualism; they considered it dangerous to those who participated in *séances*, silly in its results, and basically un-Christian. Yet by temperament and training they were both essentially credulous, and would always prefer a picturesque and romantic explanation to one that was capable of scientific proof. Nothing in their intellectual experience had taught them that an exact scientific truth can have an austere beauty of its own.

They had had a share of those odd psychical experiences that come even to people more worldly and hard-headed than the ladies. Miss Moberly's vision of the birds that herald the death of a Bishop of Salisbury is a minor classic; and Miss Jourdain had her experiences too.

Neither lady had any experience (at all events at this time) in working from original documentary evidence, and it did not strike them how important an early record—as opposed to an amended one—might be. They began to tell a few people of their experiences. Miss Moberly told her brother Robert and her sister Edith (she had originally written to her sister Alice, who unfortunately did not keep the letter): and Miss Jourdain told the French friend who looked after the girls in the Boulevard Raspail, who agreed that there was a story that Marie Antoinette was to be seen on one day in August sitting outside the garden front of the Petit Trianon.

THE HUNT WAS UP, with Miss Moberly as a rather imperious Master and Miss Jourdain as huntsman, though in fact she was much the busier of the two and still at Watford, where there was no good library. (However, no one who ever saw Miss Moberly could imagine her working as an ordinary student in a library, even the Bodleian.) After Miss Jourdain took up residence at St Hugh's as Vice-Principal it was rather easier. Miss Jourdain began in the Christmas holidays of 1901–2 when she was at her flat in Paris. She went straight to the Petit Trianon on a cold wet day, but by some odd failure of nerve did not go to the part of the gardens they had visited before. She had some odd sensations, and heard strange music in the neighbourhood of the Hameau, and saw that the Temple de l'Amour was not the "kiosk", though she accepted the Belvédère (which she happened to see from a point where the lake was not visible) as the building they had seen in August. Subsequent visits with and without Miss Moberly and other friends[2] only produced the impression that it had all been much stranger and more solitary on their first visit than it ever was afterwards.

Enquiries were made as to any fêtes in the grounds of Versailles. There was one at the Hameau in June 1901, with people dressed in Louis XVI costume, but none in August. There had been no cinema filming; and the scattered elements of scenes which they saw could not indeed have formed material for a film. Every time Miss Jourdain went to Paris she worked in the various libraries to find out more.

Gardeners were interrogated about ploughs and suchlike; great researches were made into liveries of guards; the group by the cottage was explained in the light of the stories of Madame Julie Lavergne; the kiosk (which Miss Moberly refused to identify with the Belvédère) was chased through innumerable *projets* and maps. The man beside it was provisionally identified as the Comte de Vaudreuil, who was a Creole marked by smallpox; the dress of the lady was proved to be in the fashion of 1789; the running man was provisionally identified with the messenger who came to warn Marie Antoinette at Trianon; the bridge was declared *not* to be the existing Pont du Rocher; the lady was found to resemble Wertmüller's portrait of Marie Antoinette; the plan of the terrace was learnedly investigated; the "footman"

[2] My mother and I went with her in 1910 and at least once later.

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was thought to have come out of the door of the chapel, long since blocked; and it was agreed that they had not walked to the end of the Cour des Cuisines to reach the main drive, but had passed through a central entrance through the kitchen which had been blocked in the time of Louis Philippe and never reopened.

The ladies declared[3]:

> "The research had been undertaken with the idea of *disproving* the suggestion that anything unusual had happened, for we were resolved not to deceive ourselves or anyone else; if personal industry could prevent it."

Nonetheless it was to some extent through these researches that the story of *An Adventure* received its final shape, enlarged rather than diminished by them, and with something of the immediacy and form of the original narrative blurred in the process.

The ladies did not attempt any final explanation of what they had seen, but said with considerable perspicacity: "There is a incoherence about both the large and small incidents which seems to require combination within a single mind." In their view (p.88), this mind must have been Marie Antoinette's. This idea was elaborated in "A Rêverie" by Miss Moberly that forms the last chapter of the book.

THE EDITION OF 1924 contains a second preface, signed by both ladies and presumably written before Miss Jourdain's death in April, mentioning the amount of historical work that had been published since 1911, stressing the want of evidence of there having been any fête or filming in August 1901 (though there was in 1905 and 1910) and emphasising the difference between the gardens as they remembered them and as they were today, with special reference to Contant de la Motte's plan of 1783. It included a few extra notes, a new appendix on the uniform of the guards, and a further account of experiences at Versailles of three other English people[4], but omitted the "*Rêverie*" and the answers to questions that had appeared in the earlier editions.

When the edition of 1931 appeared Miss Jourdain was dead. Miss Moberly was eighty-five and no longer capable of work, and the documents were all deposited in the Bodleian Library. It was

[3] See *An Adventure*, 5th ed. (1934), p. 45. I refer throughout to the paging of this edition as it is that most accessible to the modern reader.

[4] This was reprinted in the edition of 1931 but omitted from the 5th edition.

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the first edition in which the authors' real names were given, and the survivor was not sorry to have support from other writers. Edith Olivier, a distant relative of Miss Moberly, a former student of St Hugh's, and one of those who had heard the story a few months after it happened, provided an additional preface. In it she notices how far the researches made since the first visit to the Petit Trianon have shifted the emphasis from the people to the setting. Mr J. W. Dunne contributes a note: a man better known then than now, whose *Experiment in Time* had lately set out a theory of serialism which, it was thought, helped to explain *An Adventure*. It did not ultimately seem to add much to the book, and I omitted it from the edition of 1955 when I came to edit it, though I restored the "*Rêverie*" to its place as a characteristic piece of writing.

Miss Moberly died in 1937, at a great age, and I felt free to include very brief biographical studies of both ladies in my preface, together with an even briefer summary of other people's commentaries on the book. This edition has been reprinted more than once, and has been issued in America; it is now out of print.

Critics & Theories

An Adventure was, by the modest standards of 1911, a best-seller; by July 1913 some 11,000 copies had been published, at a price of three shillings and sixpence. It did not receive unquestioned acceptance. The more serious reviews, *Athenaeum, Observer, Manchester Guardian* and *Daily Telegraph*, did not take it seriously. The greatest blow, however, came in a review by Mrs Henry Sidgwick, Principal of Newnham, in the *Journal of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* for 1911, which appeared in June of that year. This took the line that nothing supernormal had occurred at all, and ridiculed the idea that the ladies had entered within an act of Marie Antoinette's memory.

> "The persons and things seen were, we should judge, the real persons and things the seers supposed them to be at the time, probably decked out by tricks of memory and after the idea of haunting had occurred to them with some additional details of costume suitable to the times of Marie Antoinette."

A Monsieur Sage, living in Paris, visited the Petit Trianon at the request of the Society and replied not only with an unfavourable report but also with a map based on a modern official plan and showing (only too plausibly) the route he considered they had taken.

The review was the culmination of a long story of difficulties between the ladies and the S.P.R. Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain had both known some of the founding and later members of the Society, which had a considerable University membership, and had assumed in the early days that their personal reputations would ensure that their narratives were taken seriously. In the late autumn of 1902 Arthur Sidgwick, Mrs Henry Sidgwick's brother-in-law, and a friend of all concerned, suggested that the ladies' original narratives, written in November 1901 and as yet unpublished, should be submitted to the S.P.R. This was done, and the Society returned them as not justifying investigation.

The early Principals of the women's colleges were, as I have said, a remarkably varied collection. No one could have been more different from the ladies of St Hugh's than Mrs Henry Sidgwick. She was the sister of Arthur Balfour, habituated from birth to the great world, and naturally breathing an atmosphere of philosophic agnosticism. She probably felt wholly alien to the clerical world of Wordsworths and Moberlys; and she had met, and did not greatly appreciate, Miss Jourdain's sister Charlotte, who had been governess at a great house where the Balfours often stayed. Charlotte was gifted, enthusiastic and, in the language of the time "intense." She had finally to leave because her relations with the lady who employed her grew too emotional. Mrs Sidgwick must have heard all about it, and, unjustly and probably unconsciously, have judged one sister by the other.

The refusal in 1901 to consider the narratives was known to few; the review of 1911 was known to many, though the *Journal* circulated only among members of the S.P.R. It obviously coloured Sir William Barrett's derogatory reference to *An Adventure* in the first edition of his volume on *Psychical Research* in the Home University Library, which, at Miss Moberly's instance, was to some extent withdrawn later. Miss Moberly was extremely indignant that Mrs Sidgwick had not (as she thought) seen the original documents. In fact, I think she had, for it seems very likely that it was to Mrs Sidgwick that the narratives had been submitted in November 1901, and that it was she who had advised no further investigation.

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Andrew Lang was President of the S.P.R. in 1911. Someone—I believe it was my mother—provided an introduction to him and the next time he was in Oxford he came to St Hugh's and read the narratives in manuscript. He wrote afterwards that "they seem to me wholly inconsistent with the theory that they owe anything at all to information from tradition, records, books of costume, and so forth." In fact, he accepted the *bona fides* of the story without committing himself on its psychical importance.

THE FIRST BOOK to be devoted to the criticism of *An Adventure* was *The Mystery of Versailles, a Complete Solution*, published by Mr J. E. Sturge-Whiting in 1938,[5] after he had broadcast on the book. It is a sensible book, rather ill-written and not quite accurate in its summary of the narrative, that never had as much influence as it deserved. A further reason may be that, at least as far as the topography of *An Adventure* was concerned, he attempted (and in my view achieved) a perfectly rational explanation. Mr Sturge-Whiting had originally believed in the psychic authenticity of the story, but a study of the gardens of the Trianon in the S.P.R., while it left him completely convinced of the ladies' integrity, made him no less certain that they had travelled on existing paths, past buildings, by woods and meadows and lawns, that, when he visited them, were there with little but the normal changes of time. He was not at all happy about small discrepancies between the different versions of the story, especially in the "build-up" of the vague topography near the kiosk and the bridge; and he came down heavily on the side of the bridge having been the existing Rocher bridge and the kiosk having been the Belvédère. I think that most people who go over the ground dispassionately would agree with him. He reasonably mocks at the identifications of such people as the "footman", the guards, the man by the kiosk, the fuss made about the plough and various other details: and the kindly mockery culminates, naturally, in his examination of the sketching lady.

In 1942 G. N. M. Tyrrell, in his Myers Memorial Lecture, "Apparitions",[6] accepted the view that the story was a case of hallucination.[7] Mr Sturge-Whiting's conclusions were challenged in a book[8] by M. Landale Johnston, a retired judge of the Indian Civil Service, which appeared in 1945. Unfortunately the author's failing health and the impossibility of visiting Versailles while it was being written, make the book less significant than it might have been.

In 1952 M. Léon Rey discussed *An Adventure* in the *Revue de Paris*[9]; his article is particularly interesting as the first printed commentary (so far as I know) devoted to the book by a Frenchman. It follows much the same lines as Mr Sturge-Whiting. He deprecates all their identifications, but accepts their good faith. Oddly enough he finds their "kiosk" remarkably like the "Jeu de Bague" erected quite near the Petit Trianon in 1776 and demolished at the Revolution.

In the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* between 1953 and 1955[10] Mr Guy Lambert, who was to become President of the Society in 1956, proposed a wholly new theory. He identified the kiosk with a Chinese pavilion which, if it were ever erected, was demolished by Mique soon after 1775. He finds a marked resemblance between the paths which the ladies described themselves as following, and a design of Richard's dating from 1774, which was rejected and never instituted. He suggests, in fact, that instead of entering into the memory of the Queen, as Miss Moberly had supposed, they saw it all in trance, in some relation with the mind of Antoine Richard. Most of the personages they saw he dismisses as "Monitors" thrown up by their normal selves to guard them from the dangers of the actual world while they followed the path of their dream. The exception is the repulsive man at the kiosk, whom he tentatively interprets as a projection of Richard's memory of the death of his master, Louis XV, from confluent smallpox.

IN 1957 LUCILLE IREMONGER, who had been a student at St Hugh's in the days when Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain were no more than portraits on the wall, published a book entitled *The Ghosts of Versailles: Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain and their Adventure: A Critical*

[5] Rider & Co. Miss Moberly had lately died and never saw the book.
[6] S.P.R. 1943.
[7] The same view was taken by W. H. W. Sabine in *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, XLIV, 1950, p. 48.
[8] Arthur H. Stockwell, *The Trianon Case, A Review of the Evidence* (1945).
[9] "Une Promenade hors du Temps", in *Revue de Paris*, December 1952, p. 117.
[10] July–Oct., 1953, March–April 1954 and March 1955 under the title "Antoine Richard's Garden."

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Study.[11] It arose from the success of a broadcast she had given in 1954, based on the story of her ancestor the Comte de Vaudreuil, whom the ladies had identified with the pock-marked man, and an account of Miss Moberly that had recently appeared in Edith Olivier's *Four Victorian Ladies of Wiltshire*.

She planned her book largely on biographical lines, gleaning material from many friends and relatives of the ladies and old students of the College who still survived. The biographical element of her book does not need consideration here. At page 127 the *Adventure* itself is reached, and a synoptic account of it given. The two most valuable chapters follow. Mrs Iremonger was allowed access to the records of the S.P.R. and was permitted to quote from them and from the review published in the *Journal*, from which no one had earlier been allowed to quote. As a consequence she was able to give a good and clear account of the reception of the manuscript version of *An Adventure* by the Society and of the *mésentente* that arose between Miss Moberly and Miss Alice Johnson, the Secretary. This is followed by discussion of the relations between the original and revised versions of the story, and of the various editions.[12] She then divagates into an account of another curious experience by two women, commonly known as *The Dieppe Raid Case*[13], and goes on to consider the question of retrocognition of the past, mainly in the light of the work of W. H. W. Sabine and of his comments on *An Adventure*[14] which he interpreted, in the main, as a waking dream: "hallucinations involving precognition or clairvoyance of existing records." She continues with a short study of telepathy in the context of hallucinations, and concludes the section with a critique by Professor G. D. Broad of Mr J. W. Dunne's "Note" in the

[11] Faber & Faber. I think it right to say that in some respects the book is misleading; I think it is not always discreet and that it is less than generous to Miss Jourdain. I find that many readers are left thinking that she committed suicide; it would not have been hard to state the fact that she died from a coronary thrombosis.

[12] Mrs. Iremonger's suggestion that the 2nd edition was bought in has no basis in fact.

[13] One of them, I have been told by a common friend, had had previous psychic experiences; they had been reported to the S.P.R., who did not think they were well enough recorded for acceptance. She learned from the Society how best to record them: and as a consequence the Dieppe Raid Case is admirably recorded.

[14] In the *Journal of the American S.P.R.* (XLIV, April 1950), pp. 183–195, 206–207.

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4th edition, which he finds "confused and confusing."

The final section of Mrs Iremonger's book is entitled "The Sceptic": an expression of her own point of view, backed up by those of others, such as Tuckett and Podmore, not always writing specifically about *An Adventure*. It is followed by a very cogent list of "Sceptical Questions", to which all the suggested answers are unfavourable to the ladies. The conclusion that follows might have been more definitely damning but for the weight of evidence in the Dieppe Raid Case.

Mrs Iremonger's book roused the wrath of some personal friends of Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain and of more people who had been long-standing believers in the story. Three of the latter, Mr C. H. Ridge, F.S.A., and Mr and Mrs Arnold Gibbons, had of recent years done various work at the Petit Trianon and in the relevant archives on its topography and history. In 1958 a joint publication of their work, with further investigations by Mr Guy Lambert and a reprint of the first accounts by Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, was published under the title *The Trianon Adventure*.[15] All the papers included had this in common: that they too took the ladies' adventure seriously, and that they had complete faith in their integrity. The papers, especially the first one by Mr Gibbons, make a real contribution to the history of the house and estate of the Petit Trianon. A further contribution, by him and his wife, studies the topography in relation to the narratives, and studies for the first time the album of drawings of the Petit Trianon made for Marie Antoinette's brother, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, in 1786, which they discovered in the library at Modena—an interesting source unknown to Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain. They also found evidence that there had indeed been a musicians' parlour near where the ladies placed their kiosk, but in the time before 1776 when it was swept away. They make the point that the "footman" almost certainly did not come out of the chapel door but from the staff staircase next to it: and add that when they saw them the stairs had fallen through decay. They consider very thoroughly how he could have reached the ladies, as they said, "very quickly on the level." Mr and Mrs Gibbons sensibly dismiss the idea that the ladies passed through solid masonry to find a quicker way into the main drive.

"A Speculation" by Mr Gibbons—a man of

[15] Museum Press. I contributed a brief foreword.

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great theatrical experience as a producer—makes a tentative suggestion that the ladies "stumbled into some kind of out-of-date play" (not in any sense real) that some dead actor in it long before was "projecting" on that day; they were sensitives who could see and hear the personages of his dream, but remained themselves on "the terra firma and the solid masonry of 1901." He assents to Mr Lambert's hypothesis that the "agent" whose imaginations they beheld was Antoine Richard, who in various grades served as gardener at the Petit Trianon from 1753 until 1795. There follows a paper of further investigations by Mr Lambert, in which he clears up the authors' muddles and amateurish "researches" into the uniforms worn by the civilian staff, the military guards and the guests at the Petit Trianon. The main part of the book concludes with a brief study of the background of the story and its documents by Mr C. H. Ridge, and some recollections of the ladies by a former pupil.

The *Guardian* for 10 August 1951—the jubilee of *An Adventure*—has a fair but sceptical article by James Edward Holroyd to celebrate the event. *Blackwood's Magazine* for October 1961 includes an article entitled "Versailles Revisited" by the same author, which is in fact a further study of *An Adventure*: a very fair summary of the history of the story, with a pleasantly well-mannered attempt to show that nothing supernatural had happened.

MEANWHILE, INTEREST in the story was beginning to grow even in sceptical France. It had been expressed in print at least as early as 1924, when Pierre Devaux wrote in support of *An Adventure*.[16] This mention was followed by a few articles in popular magazines. More serious contributions were made by Léon Rey in the *Revue de Paris* and by Guillaume Hanoteau in *Paris Match* in 1953; its chief point, a "still" from a film by Sacha Guitry, loses its evidential value on grounds of date.

In 1959 the first complete French translation[17] of *An Adventure* appeared, with a preface by Jean Cocteau and an introduction by Robert Amadou. Jean Cocteau's preface is desultory; he is more interested in J. W. Dunne than in *An Adventure*. (As a good Frenchman, he writes of "*cette Grande Bretagne, où les histoires de fantômes abondent.*") Monsieur Amadou's introduction, entitled "*Le Cas de Trianon*", is a more serious composition; under his editorship, indeed, the book is scholarly and exact. He discovers—and finds rather odd—in both ladies "*le même mélange . . . de raison droit conduite et d'imagination vagabonde.*" He finds himself assured of the good faith of the ladies; he doubts the dating of the second versions of the narrative; he admits a certain measure of self-deception and of later elaboration of their memories, and arrives at a characteristically French version of the verdict: "Not proven."

The Solution

I CANNOT REMEMBER when I first heard the story narrated in *An Adventure*. In 1910 I went to the Trianon with Miss Jourdain and my mother to take photographs for "the researchers." My mother had heard the story after 1901, but had not told it to me while I was still a young child. She had known Miss Jourdain's sister when they were both students at Oxford in the 1890s. She married and came to live in Hertfordshire in 1892; and when Miss Jourdain set up her school at Watford two years later they became close friends and remained so for the rest of their lives. By the time I came into residence at St Hugh's in October 1914 I was slightly bored with the whole affair. I had the feeling that what had been an interesting and exciting story had been overwhelmed by a superstructure it was hardly strong enough to bear, and that the authors had in some measure lost their sense of perspective and proportion concerning it.

Naturally, I did not say so; naturally, I listened politely—and indeed with some interest—to the results of their enquiries into the by-ways of late 18th-century life at the Petit Trianon. I think Miss Jourdain realised that I was not an enthusiast; but she knew that I had faith in her own integrity and in that of Miss Moberly. For this reason (I imagine), and because I was not inexperienced in the practical side of literary work, when she died in 1924 she left me her half of the copyright, and when Miss Moberly died in 1937 I found she had done the same.

I interpreted these bequests as a charge to defend the *bona fides* of the authors (in which I

[16] *Aventure fantastique*, ed. Denoël, Paris 1942.

[17] By Juliette and Pierre Barrucaud, Editions du Rocher, Monaco. At the request of M. Amadou the translation was deliberately made literal rather than elegant. A brief account of the *Adventure* will be found in the *Guide de Versailles Mysterieux* (Les Guides Noirs, Ichon, Paris, 1966), p. 267, where it is considered to be a case of hallucination, and the "researches" are dismissed as *maladresses*.

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still completely believe) rather than as an obligation to continue their researches. As owner of the copyright I agreed to the book's remaining in print, up to 1966, and indeed was editor of the last edition, which originally appeared in 1951.

Now evidence has come to light, which in my view provides a rational explanation of the story, with no supernatural element remaining. At the same time the integrity of the ladies is completely vindicated, and the accuracy of their observations in great measure confirmed. The justification of maintaining the book in print was that it should be available to those interested in psychical research. In my view this reason is no longer valid, and I do not propose to authorise a reprint or fresh edition of *An Adventure*.

IN 1901 MISS MOBERLY KNEW NOTHING of Parisian society, and Miss Jourdain's knowledge was confined to a few tea-parties with eminently respectable French Protestant friends of her partner Mademoiselle Ménégoz. They were totally ignorant of the more decadent aspects of the aristocratic, plutocratic and artistic classes in *"la belle époque."* They had, I feel sure, never heard of Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezenzac. (I do not doubt that they were equally ignorant of the London world of Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley.)

Robert de Montesquiou was, indeed, one of those ambiguous personages of whom little is published until after their death. A member of one of the oldest of the great families of France, born in Paris in 1855, he lived an idle and aristocratic life. He was an aesthete with a passion for the past and a genius for social life. His story —at once brilliant and pathetic—has been told by himself,[18] by Marcel Proust in the character of Monsieur de Saint-Loup, and more recently by Philippe Jullian.[19] Neither book gives much in the way of exact dating.

In order to be elegant he came very near to being a scholar. He belonged to a family that had

[18] *Les Pas Effacés, mémoires*, (ed. P. L. Couchaud, 1923).

[19] *Robert de Montesquiou, un prince 1900* Librairie, Académique Perrin, Paris, 1965; *Robert de Montesquiou*, Secker & Warburg, London, 1967. Miss Jourdain read as much French as English, but I never remember her reading or mentioning Proust. His books were not in the college library in her time. Jullian's book was well publicised in England: it was reviewed in the *Times Literary Supplement* (15 February 1968) and in *The Times* (21 October 1967).

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long combined scholarship with military courage, and he found nothing incongruous, as an Englishman might have done, in a great gentleman's acquiring an almost learned knowledge of the history of France in the 18th century, and especially of the trifling yet significant details of styles and fashion, in order to give style and polish to his life.

The important time for us is round about 1901, the year of the Adventure. Montesquiou's passion for the 18th century had led him a few years before to go to live in a house in the Avenue de Paris at Versailles. Since he was a young man of twenty he had enjoyed wearing 18th-century dress, as did several of his friends. Madame d'Hervey de Saint Denis, for example, gave him her photograph "*en Marie Antoinette.*" It was indeed the age of *tableaux vivants* and fancy dress balls. With this house behind him he could feel at home in the galleries, parks and gardens of Versailles and could plan parties for his friends that could renew the splendours of the past. His house had a gate to the park and Pierre de Nolhac, the Conservateur, lent him a private key. In every way he enjoyed the *entrée.*

Some of the fancy dress parties at Versailles were quasi-public affairs, for charity, like that given by Montesquiou's friend and cousin, Madame de Greffulhe, at the *Laiterie.* Montesquiou himself played host at a great fête he organised in the gardens immediately surrounding the palace in 1894. It seems that he tired of such vast entertainments, and later preferred to organise smaller parties—always in 18th-century dress—for his intimates.

In all the organisation of these fêtes, large and small, he was helped by his "secretary", Gabriel Yturri, whom he had first encountered about 1885 as a salesman in a smart tie shop. He was dark and handsome, though not as handsome as his master. They usually dressed alike, with a touch of strangeness about their elegance.

M. Philippe Jullian has suggested that the two similarly dressed "officials" seen at the beginning of the Adventure were in fact Montesquiou and Yturri; and a photograph that he reproduces makes the identification not unlikely. They wore long overcoats, caped and dateless. In the photograph they wore fez-like caps, but nothing is more probable than that they owned small tricorne hats and wore them when they felt like it. One man, according to Miss Moberly, looked older than the other; Montesquiou was some ten years older than Yturri. Just by the men, to the right, Miss Jourdain saw a woman and a girl in unusual old-fashioned dress. "Both", she wrote, "seemed to pause for an instant as in a *tableau-vivant*; but we passed on, and I did not see the end."

HERE, I THINK, IS THE CLUE. They *were* rehearsing a *tableau-vivant*, under the eye of the producer; a scene for one of Montesquiou's fêtes to be held at Versailles though perhaps not in the gardens of the Petit Trianon. The ladies, when they were later engaged on "the researches" enquired very carefully if any fête was being held at Versailles that day, but forgot the possibility of a rehearsal (which in any case might not have been officially recorded). They perhaps hardly realised that 3.30 p.m. (or thereabouts) is not a likely moment for a French fancy dress fête in August.

Granted the hypothesis that they got rather lost in the little wood, that the "kiosk" was the Belvédère and the bridge the Pont du Rocher—accepting, in fact, Mr Sturge-Whiting's topography—everything explains itself.

I suspect that if they had arrived at the main entrance of the Petit Trianon, a well-tipped *gardien* would have expressed his regret that the gardens were that afternoon not open to the public; but they got in by the back way. The "officials" would have been Montesquiou and Yturri, the various men Montesquiou's friends trying out their clothes; the "running man', Monsieur Jullian suggests, was like Yturri. He suggests that the sketching lady was Madame de Greffuhle: she was not, for the Comtesse was that day staying with her daughter at the Carlton Hotel in London. It has been suggested that the personage was a transvestite; certainly the well-bred Miss Moberly thought she showed "a good deal of leg." Probably she was not sketching at all, but looking at some *projet* for the fête.

Miss Jourdain studied the Queen's recorded dresses carefully. The closest analogy to the lady's dress I know is an engraving of Madame Campan, the Queen's *lectrice*, which must have been well known in the Versailles of 1901. She wears no hat, but her dress and kerchief are exactly as Miss Moberly described them. The ladies' sense of distaste and discomfort with all these people is a credit to their morals and their breeding. They were being treated, through no fault of their own, as ill-bred and boring intruders, and not as the ladies they were: and their sense of disgust with

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the pock-marked man may well have arisen from the instinctive reaction of a decent woman to a pervert. The "chapel man" was probably a servant to prevent entry from the staff stairs. I think that why one saw the "sketching" lady and the other did not is easily explained by the fact that two people walking side by side and talking as they go tend to turn towards each other and therefore have a slightly but definitely different range of vision.

In the preface added to the edition of 1924 we read:

> "We record these things in order that they may be considered whenever the time shall come when a full explanation may become possible."

I have known the story of *An Adventure* for some sixty years; I knew both authors. Whether others will agree with me or not, I cannot say. But in my considered view "a full explanation" has at last been found.

Monkeys at Hardwar

One remembers the monkeys at Hardwar,
in the good old days when Bharat was India,
who snatched food from the hands of the unwary.
Being sacred, they plundered with impunity.
We were children then, on our way to Lahore
for the winter break. When we passed Hardwar
we anticipated the monkeys, who perched
in rows on the train-roof awaiting their chance.
We could not see them, but knew they were there
from experience, more sudden and dangerous
than those who chattered on the crowded platform.
There were temples too. Since then, in my mind,
monkeys and temples have been synonymous.

> The only monkeys one sees now
> are in the zoo, or at the end of a chain,
> but they are a poor lot compared
> to those bold, religious monkeys.

One also remembers, with a twinge of regret,
lone Englishmen in first-class carriages,
remote and godlike, and firmly entrenched
behind three-month old newspapers from Home.
They kept their teeth clenched on cold pipes
as they carried Empire to ungodly districts.
Even in the hottest weather their windows were shut;
they took no notice of the monkeys.
Whenever we wanted to appear superior
we imitated their Ur-doo, and secretly lusted
for the memsahibs who came to kiss them goodbye.
They were clean solid fellows in sola hats
who knew how to keep us out of their hair.

> The only sahibs one sees now
> are the back-slapping oil executives,
> or the sleazy christs from Europe
> who infest our zebra-crossings.

Taufiq Rafat

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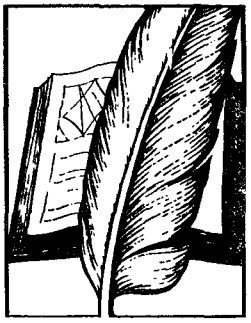

Column

"THE LONG NIGHT seemed reluctant to abandon the city. For a few hours each day a grey light of dawn or dusk filtered through the dirty white cloud ceiling and spread over things like the dim reflection of a distant glacier. Even the snow, which continued to fall, lacked brightness. This white, silent, weightless shroud stretched out to infinity in time and space. By three o'clock it was already necessary to light the lamps. Evening deepened the hues of ash, deep blue, and the stubborn gray of old stones on the snow. Night took over, inexorable and calm: unreal. In the darkness the delta resumed its geographical form. Dark cliffs of stone broken off at right angles lined the frozen canals. A sort of sombre phosphorescence emanated from the broad river of ice. . . .

"Not a single light in whole quarters. Prehistoric gloom.

"People slept in frozen dwellings where each habitable corner was like a corner in an animal's lair: the ancestral stench clung even to their fur-lined cloaks which were never taken off or which they put on to go into the next room, to pry up a few floorboards in order to keep the fire going—to get a book—or to empty the night's excretions at the end of the corridor on to piles of excrement likewise covered by the lovely frost whose every crystal was a marvel of purity. The cold entered freely through broken windowpanes."

THIS WAS LENINGRAD in 1919, the heroic, terrible and beautiful city, threatened by enemies from within and without, starving, workless, despairing, in which in that year the Bolshevik Revolution to which it had given birth trembled on the verge of defeat. It seemed as if its citizens were faced by a fate even worse than that of their peasant ancestors who had been transported by Peter the Great to build his new capital on the fringe of the Arctic Circle. In the end the city was saved for Bolshevism; today it would be difficult to say whether this was in fact preferable to the other horrors with which it was threatened. Some would say that it was not.

This Leningrad, so beautiful and so tragic, was also the *Conquered City* of Victor Serge's novel, first published in Paris in 1932, and now for the first time available in English in an excellent translation by Richard Greeman.[1] At the time of its original publication, the author, who was born of Russian émigré parents but had returned to Russia in 1919, was still living in Moscow, though in political disgrace, expelled from the Communist Party, and deprived of any means of making a living. He had become an unperson as a result of his political activities as a member of the Left (Trotskyist) Opposition; and it was as a Soviet unperson that he wrote the books, *The Year One of the Soviet Revolution, Men in Prison, Birth of Our Power,* and *Conquered City*, which, published in Paris, earned him an international literary reputation.

It was as well for him that they did, as when he was finally arrested in 1933, he was only saved from the fate of other victims of the Great Terror by the intervention on his behalf of French pro-Soviet and pro-Stalin intellectuals who included Romain Rolland, André Gide, and André Malraux. In 1936 he was released from prison and expelled from the Soviet Union. His arrival in Brussels, and later in Paris, was naturally and inevitably accompanied by a campaign of vilification in the Communist Press.

Serge was well aware that there were literary as well as all the other penalties involved in his existence as a Soviet unperson.

> "I knew that I would never have time to polish my works properly. Their value would not depend on that. Others, less involved in struggle, would perfect a style; but what I had to tell, *they* could not tell. To each his own task. I had to struggle bitterly for my family's daily bread in a society where all doors were closed to me, and where people were often afraid to shake my hand in the street. I asked myself every day, without any particular feeling, but engrossed by the problems of rent, my wife's health, my son's education, whether I would be arrested in the night. For my books I adopted an appropriate form. I had to construct them in detached fragments which could each be finished separately and sent abroad post-haste; which could, if absolutely necessary, be published as they were, incomplete; and it would be difficult for me to compose in any other form."

Conquered City exactly corresponds to the formula which Serge found for himself, and yet in the vividness of its total recall of a city devoured and devastated by revolution has an artistic unity which perhaps could not have been achieved in any other way.

He might therefore be regarded as a precursor of those Russian writers, like Solzhenitsyn, Daniel, Sinyavsky, Amalrik, who in recent years, by publishing their works, either in *samizdat* form or by smuggling their texts abroad, have done so much to open people's eyes (and minds) to the brutal realities of life in the Soviet Union. But over 40 years have passed since the

[1] *Conquered City*. By VICTOR SERGE. Translated by RICHARD GREEMAN. Gollancz, £3.95

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publication of *Conquered City*, and in that time the attitudes, assumptions, and fundamental beliefs of a writer like Serge have given way to quite other ones in those contemporary Russian writers whom one might reasonably regard as his successors. One might read into the change a whole world of difference between the image which the Soviet Union once presented to Western eyes and that which it presents today.

FOR SERGE, DESPITE his bitter experiences in the Soviet Union, never wavered in his faith in the value and necessity of revolution as such. In his eyes, what happened after the revolution in the Soviet Union was essentially the consequence of a departure from and a distortion of the virtues and ideals which alone had made the revolution possible. Serge retained this revolutionary faith all his life, and also the belief that the Bolshevik revolution of 1917 was a unique event in which, for a time, all the best hopes of mankind were realised. In his last exile in Mexico, before his death in 1947, he wrote in his diary after a meeting with Natalya Sedova, Trotsky's widow:

> "[We are] the sole survivors of the Russian Revolution here and perhaps anywhere in the world. . . . There is nobody left who knows what the Russian Revolution was really like, what the Bolsheviks were really like—and men judge without knowing, with bitterness and a basic rigidity."

Certainly there was never anything bitter or rigid in his view of the potentialities released by the Russian Revolution "as it really was." In 1943, living under great difficulties in Mexico, he wrote what is really a kind of brief *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, and the conclusion he drew from it:

> "I have undergone a little over ten years of various forms of captivity, agitated in seven countries, and written twenty books. I own nothing. On several occasions a press with a vast circulation has hurled filth at me because I spoke the truth. Behind us lies a victorious revolution gone astray, several abortive attempts at revolution, and massacres in so great number as to inspire a certain dizziness. And to think that it is not over yet. Let me be done with this digression; these were the only roads possible for us. I have more confidence in mankind and in the future than ever before."

There is something magnificent about such a declaration; and it is almost certain that none of Serge's successors, either within or without the Soviet Union, could end a review of their life's work on such a note of faith and hope. Far from seeing in the Soviet Union the image of what Trotsky called the Revolution Betrayed, they tend to see in the Revolution itself the power which released, as from a Pandora's box, the evil spirits which rule unchecked in the Soviet Union today, and to seek salvation, not by restoring the revolution to its original purity, but, rather, by a total reversal of all its fundamental values.

Perhaps this is because they have seen, as Serge did not, what another 20 years of Soviet rule could still achieve by way of stripping human beings of everything which contributes to their dignity and self-respect: "And to think", as Serge says, "that it is not over yet"; nor is there any sign that it ever will be in the foreseeable future. Perhaps also, contemplation of their own experience inspires in them, as in Serge himself, "a certain dizziness" at the thought of what may yet be to come. But there remains between him and them the fundamental difference that while their dizziness is coloured by a profound, and perhaps justifiable, fear of the future, in him it was combined with an unquenchable hope.

Would Serge have been able to write as he did if, like ourselves, he had witnessed the events of the last 20 years, both in the Soviet Union and elsewhere. Would he still have "more faith in mankind and in the future than ever before?" We can hardly be sure of the answer. What seems certain is that with Serge there disappeared a type of the revolutionary for which the contemporary scene has no place, and that it is the poorer because of it.

★

IN THE *Sunday Times* recently, Mr Ronald Butt has suggested that, after the years of British political crises, in which strikes, industrial disorder and debasement of the currency have all played their part, this country has now entered a period of comparative peace, or if not quite that, at least of armistice. Nor is this merely a temporary phenomenon; it may even have come to last.

> "There hangs over our domestic scene a kind of peace that seems exceptional. It is deeper than the seasonal lull in the political battle until the autumn; more than a contrast with an exceptionally noisy and angry Parliament. Something has happened to make it possible to ask without inviting ridicule, whether our social revolution is over; whether, perhaps, we have reached a new basis of stability."

Mr Butt's article is entitled *Is the Social Revolution Over?* and he is inclined to answer his own question in the affirmative on the ground that there has "(as in all social revolutions) been a constructive shift in the distribution of economic power and well-being to broader classes—creating a basis on which a new social stability could be built." One might complain that the epithet "constructive" very nearly turns this sentence into a tautology, and suggest that the real question is precisely whether "the distribution of power and well-being to broader classes" has been constructive or not; or whether,

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rather, it has not so cabined, cribbed and confined the country's productive forces as to make any form of stability unlikely for some time to come.

One should perhaps say that Mr Butt writes from a conservative point of view, in a basically conservative journal; and perhaps it is natural that, at the present time, Conservatives should anxiously seek to discover some basis in contemporary British society on which they can hope to continue to exist as an effective political party, rather than having to commit themselves to a reversal of all those forces which have made contemporary British society what it is. British conservatives are not, on the whole, reactionary, nor is Mr Butt. Their object in life, their *raison d'être*, is to preserve the *status quo*, if only they can find one. The notion that British society, having in the last ten years undergone a social revolution, has now reached a point of rest and balance is precisely designed to satisfy this deep-seated aspiration; and it is this kind of assurance which Mr Butt now offers his readers.

He may, of course, very well be right. He is, after all, a very experienced political observer and commentator, and his words are not to be taken lightly. Indeed, they would be significant even if we simply took them as an indication of how many Conservatives (and not only they) think and hope at the present time, and of how they are seeking to rebuild their self-confidence after the rude shocks they have received in recent years.

And yet one cannot help thinking that the reassurance Mr Butt offers is based on altogether too short a view of history (a fault to which conservatives should not be prone). If Britain has undergone a social revolution it is not simply as the result of the political and economic crises of the last ten years, but rather of processes which have been at work for the greater part of this century, and even longer. And if one could say that the revolution is now over, it is only in the sense that by now its consequences are irreversible, as one might say, when the final whistle blows, that a football match is over, because we now know the result.

Karl Marx, who was always less dogmatic and more open-minded than his followers, thought (for a variety of reasons which need not be enumerated here) that Britain might well provide an exception to the ineluctable laws of the dialectic, in that here the revolution might be achieved without violence or the forcible expropriation of one class by another. This has indeed been the belief and hope which have inspired the British Labour Party throughout its history, and if one wanted a guide to how they might be turned into reality one could not do better than look at the kind of programme and the kind of delaying tactics prescribed by the Webbs and the Fabians at the beginning of this century.

But even the most Fabian tactics must have an end sometime (unless of course they are defeated in the meanwhile): "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea. . . ." Is it not possible, even probable, that by now, the tactics of the Fabians have finally achieved the victory at which they were directed, the Socialist State established, the revolution accomplished. Perhaps indeed this is what Mr Butt really means when he says the revolution is over.

If this were truly the case, it would be a revolution which to most people in this country has come upon them by stealth, like a thief in the night, and most of them would say, if asked, "This is not what we meant at all!" And it would be a revolution which would be quite unique in history, achieved by a war of attrition that continued over a century, marked by few dramatic incidents, with no outstanding leaders, accompanied by little or no bloodshed. How different from the revolution which Serge watched in Leningrad. But then perhaps Marx was right in thinking that the British were unique; and in nothing more so than that they made a revolution, as they acquired an Empire, in a fit of absence of mind.

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Edward Lowbury

Antenuptial Fornication

A recording angel—or at least
Owner of the best hand for miles around,
A copybook calligraphy with which
He inscribed the Kirk Sessions
In a plump register; his name, John Innes.
Had he fallen dead, there'd have been no one else
Who could take over, no man who could flourish
A pen worthy to record for the scrutiny
Of man,—fit for the eye of the Almighty
Himself,—in perpetuity,
The sins of god-fearing men,—such
As stealing coals, forgetting
To pay debts, allowing
Brash offspring to defile the kirk yard
With ball games or fights or caterwaulings,
Coming home high and hitting wife or child,
Horse or cat; or even
Being missed from the congregation
On Sabbath. Compearing, and confessing
Such guilt, they were barred
Till duly repentant
From the Lord's house and all favours
Showered so plentifully on the virtuous.
Each sin was lovingly recorded,—the Sinner's name
With lavish flowing curves immortalised
In the script of Innes, the Recorder.

And then, "On the tenth of June
In the year of our Lord one thousand
Eight hundred and sixty three",
The minutes read, in the same flawless copperplate,
"Compeared John Innes
Confessing that he had been guilty
Of the detestable sin
Of antenuptial fornication,
For which offence he is suspended
From the privileges of our fellowship
Till he do prove himself duly repentant."
So the flawless hand recorded flaws
Of which, with such gay flourishes and turns,
It seemed to be as far from shame
As from contrition; rather proud, in fact!
For who'd expect
A farmer to take chances,
To let his seed fall upon stony ground?
A childless marriage might well mean starvation.
It might, perhaps, have been a better law
For man and wife to marry on the day
Their first-born was baptised; but, failing that,
It was a perk, of sorts,
To appear, with florid capitals. inscribed

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For all time in the Book of Sins, recorded
By his own hand, this tenth day of June . . . .

Who knows how many of the virtuous,
Chancing to feast their eyes on that confession,
Having dutifully clicked their tongues, would sigh
With envy, remembering in whose arms
The sinner earned his ghostly reprimand?

D. J. Enright

Anthropos feels his age

Anthropos has lived a long time
And many lives. Chieftain and pedant,
Merchant and peasant. Has borne children,
And arms, and filled long cemeteries.

Anthropos feels weary, though he can ride
In a car, a tractor will pull his plough,
And machines add up and take away.
They also multiply.

He has fewer things to hide from.
(The sabre-toothed tiger has left,
There are laws against drunken driving,
The Black Death has been abolished,
Religions are not supposed to burn him.)

But there are fewer places to hide.
Once there were torrents to cross,
Forests to explore, and the nature of God.
The objects that squat on his desk
Afford him no refuge.

Television shows him places to hide,
Where he cannot lose himself.
He is versed in the anatomy of man
And the biology of woman. The world
Is full of good intentions and dislike.

Anthropos looks at the moon:
It is pretty from a distance.
The sabre-toothed tiger is not found there.
Nor thrilling and dreadful women. Nor gods.
Machines love it.

Anthropos feels he has lived too long,
Or else not long enough.
He can turn petulant at any moment
And throw things about.
Then he will have to put them back.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Montenegro

A Walk with Milovan Djilas

"OVER THERE", he said, pointing to the lush pastures mounting from the Tara to a ridge planted with alders and firs, "*that's where I used to* play Cowboys and Indians when I was a boy." That was some time after the First World War. Djilas's father Nikola, a relatively well-to-do peasant and Montenegrin army officer who (in 1912) with a unit of volunteers expelled the last Turkish troops on the other side of the frontier valley, managed to rescue two "Swiss" cows from the wreckage of the Habsburg dual monarchy. In the tiny village of Podbisce these magnificent beasts caused a sensation at the time.

Today the new Belgrade-Bar railway line cuts across the former pasture land; and the house in which Tito's former deputy and chief ideologist was born serves as a neighbour's cowshed. Milovan Djilas, visiting his Montenegrin homeland, the stony wastes of "The Black Hills" and inaccessible valleys to which he erected an impressive literary memorial in *The Lawless Country*, the autobiography of his youth, noted this with amusement.

The former revolutionary, who had to pay with nine years' imprisonment for his rebellion against Tito and his advocacy of a democratic-pluralist Socialism, had come with two nephews from Belgrade where, as a shunned and avoided heretic, he lives a secluded life in a small rented flat not far from where the Federal Parliament meets. He had not been to Podbisce since February 1967, two months after his premature release from prison, when he had come to bury his mother. Since then, wishing to spare a certain unpleasantness both for himself and others, he had avoided coming here.

This time the police supervisory measures seemed relatively restrained. The treatment at the motel at Mojkovac was "correct." In the restaurant in the evening some of the local young men actually had the courage to demonstrate their respect for the prominent Communist heretic by offering a few rounds of slivovitz. I can testify that Djilas, though never an enthusiastic friend of hard liquor, kept his end up that evening, as well as during a strenuous series of visits next day. To the lean, white-haired man who celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday this year, escaping from his Belgrade isolation and returning to the haunts of his childhood was almost like a plunge into a fountain of youth.

On a cool summer's day we wandered through the blossoming mountain scenery round Podbisce, and met some peasants who, so far from shunning contact with "Djido" ("daredevil", as Tito used to call his "Crown Prince" with paternal affection), greeted him cordially and kissed him on the cheek. We climbed to what seemed the enchanted forest lake of Biograd, and visited the Grotulja cemetery, where Djilas's parents are buried under a huge Bosnian block of Jablanica granite. Here too are buried many partisans who died in the Jugoslav guerrilla war against Germans, Italians, Bulgarians and their Ustasha and Chetnik allies. The 250 inhabitants of Podisce paid dearly, with 42 dead, including 15 women, on the victorious Communist side; among them were Djilas's brother Aleksa and his sister Dobrana then pregnant, shot by Chetniks, and his brother Milivoje, tortured to death by Serbian police acting under Gestapo supervision.

His father survived the violent end of these three of his children only to be killed in 1943 by a bullet fired by an Albanian nationalist at Kossovo. His hope that at least one of his sons would follow him on to the land had been disappointed; one after another they left home and took to left-wing politics. As his sons "all became Communists", he resigned himself to the situation and sold the house and land shortly before the Second World War.

HIS YOUTHFUL revolutionary commitment as leader of the oppositional students in Belgrade brought Djilas into conflict with the government at the beginning of the 1930s, under the "royal dictatorship" of King Alexander. In what was still a predominantly peasant society the illegal Communist Party had only a few thousand members throughout the country; and it was chiefly in the university towns that its militants were to be found. These young intellectuals were motivated by the familiar combination of indignation, utopian idealism, a certain political adventurousness.[1]

In the spring of 1933 Djilas was arrested and

[1] See, in ENCOUNTER (June 1973), Milovan Djilas, "Political Prisoner, 1936."

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given a three-year sentence for taking part in the organisation of student strikes and riots. He served his term in the Sremska Mitrovica prison, the inside of which he was to see again twenty-four years later, when he was once more stigmatised as an "enemy of the State" after his break with Tito. Before his trial the 22-year-old student of literature had painful experience of the sadism of the dictatorships' thugs in the "torture attic" of the Belgrade police prison, and he made one suicide attempt. Completely in the heroic tradition of his Montenegrin homeland, whose people grimly defied their Turkish masters for centuries, he for a long time regarded physical resistance to torture as the highest form of courage. But in the first part of his recently published memoirs he has clearly changed his mind. He now regards "civil courage", defending what one stands for to the bitter end, as the most admirable form of courage, "at any rate the most human form here in a country where there is so much courage in the body and so much cowardice in the character."

DJILAS WAS the second most powerful man in post-War Jugoslavia; he was president of its Parliament and a partisan hero, and those words reflect the bitterness of his experiences with his former comrades in arms. With only a very few exceptions, his friends dropped him when he became a "renegade" and cut him when they met him in the street. Or, in the interests of their own party careers, they took part in the campaigns of defamation that sought to brand him as "a tool of imperialism" or an "agent of the CIA." As a *persona non grata* his name was expunged from the history books; historical photographs showing him had to be retouched; and all his writings were put on Tito's Index. In the crisis summer of 1968, after the Soviet intervention in Prague, the Belgrade government did not hesitate quickly to grant the outlawed "partisan of absolute democracy" (as Kardelj called him) a passport for a trip to the United States on the shrewd assumption that Djilas's appearance in the West might be useful to Jugoslav prestige. But subsequent applications for permission to travel abroad were consistently refused by the Belgrade officials. Since then Djilas has put all ideas of foreign travel out of his head. "I won't apply any more for a passport," he said to me, "such applications are simply humiliating. . . ."

We drove along the Tara ravine to the Devil's Rock: the road is a new one, but recent rains had led to landslips in some places. Deep below there roared one of the fine torrents in Jugoslavia, from which the passionate angler Djilas has already caught innumerable trout and Danubian salmon. In May 1942 there was nothing here but a dangerous donkey track. Djilas sent two battalions along it to relieve his friend Peko Dapcevic's partisans, surrounded by Chetniks. (Dapcevic, another Montenegrin, is now vice-president of the Belgrade Parliament, while his brother Vlado has been accused of heading a pro-Soviet "Cominformist" conspiracy.) During the War political fronts in Montenegro cut through villages and families; and even the Djilas clan, though predominantly on the side of the partisans, had its "black sheep"

"Now who are better, we or the Chetniks?" Milovan asked his aunt when he passed through her village with a thousand partisans on the way to the Durmitor mountains in the summer of 1942.

"Both of you are bad", she replied, without beating about the bush. "But perhaps you are a shade better because, unlike the Chetniks, you don't get your weapons from the Italians. . . ."

A CAVE IS VISIBLE high up in the rocks just beyond the village of Dobrilovina. In 1943 eight partisans, led by a teacher and his wife, were surrounded by Chetniks and held out there for weeks. When their ammunition and food ran out they were forced to surrender; the Chetniks put the teacher up against a wall, and his wife, whom they had intended to spare, insisted on being shot too. "I saw with my own eyes during our partisan struggle that women are braver in war than men", Djilas said, and added: "But what happened to them afterwards? They got married, became housewives, and vanished from the scene. . . ."

Would the new generation in Jugoslavia show the same stubborn will to resist, the same moral drive, as Tito's, and Kardelj's, and Djilas's partisans once did? Or, more specifically, would the multi-national Jugoslav state have not only the military but also the inner political strength to be able (say, after the passing of the 84-year-old Tito) successfully to meet Eastern pressure? Djilas hesitated a long time before answering. Then he said: "There will be problems. But we shall come through. I do not believe that a pro-Soviet trend can again acquire serious influence in Jugoslavia, even in chaotic times. Soviet Russia has lost the political battle for Jugoslavia. And it will think very hard before intervening militarily if it knows that we shall defend outselves. But in case of war Jugoslavia would hardly be able to manage alone without the aid of foreign weapons. . . ."

Jugoslavia has successfully defied the Soviet claims to hegemony once before. In the clash with Stalin in 1948–50, when everything was at stake for the Jugoslav party leadership, Djilas as Tito's

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chief propagandist was in the front line. In a number of violent arguments he had got to know Stalin better than any other Belgrade official and, revolted by the Soviet leader's despotism and brutality, had dropped his last illusions about the Bolshevik system. When Stalin anathematised the insubordinate Jugoslavs, had them excluded from the Cominform and denounced them as "murderers . . . spies . . . anti-Soviet Trotskyists . . . and imperialist agents", Tito and his men rose to the occasion. They refused to allow Jugoslavia to be turned into a Soviet puppet state, and insisted on the right of every Communist party to follow its "own road to Socialism."

During that phase Milovan Djilas was a decisive advocate of a National-Communist policy combined with a democratic renewal of Socialism. Together with Edward Kardelj and the economic leader Boris Kidric, he took up and further developed Marx's idea of "workers' self-administration" as an alternative to Moscow's state bureaucratic caste system. Subsequently he set out to give greater significance to the idea of "self-determination", not only in the economic field ("the factories to the workers"), but in the whole of the country's social and political life; and this led logically to questioning the Party's absolute monopoly of power. The high point of the struggle for greater liberty was the Sixth Party Congress at Zagreb in November 1952; it was also the peak of Milovan Djilas's political career.

Eighteen months later he had lost power completely. His "idealistic plans" had caused uncertainty, bewilderment, and resistance in the Party bureaucracy and had involuntarily encouraged certain anti-Communist forces here and there. Also the beginnings of a "relaxation of tension" with Moscow after Stalin's death induced Tito, who had supported the "liberalising" course only for pragmatical and tactical reasons, to apply the brake to democratic reforms. Djilas protested and rebelled, and denounced the privileged living conditions, hypocrisy and omnipotence of "the New Class." But he was defeated, and ended up again in the Sremska Mitrovica prison. His subsequent career has been familiar to all the world in newspaper headlines.

Djilas on

HISTORICAL AND *psychological features of the Russian mind have determined that Russian thinking does not depend on rational analysis, but proceeds from given* a priori *"truths."*

Russian writers, including even the greatest and most authentic of them, regard this manner of thinking—or rather of arriving at conclusions on the basis of mystical inspiration—as a mark of their superiority over the West. It is the source of their art's imaginative power in the sphere of the "human", but also of its messianism in the sphere of ideas and politics. It also accounts for the Russians' inability to perceive man and society in any sort of undogmatic, non-ideological terms of existence. The Russians, irrespective of manner, still speak to mankind instead of to the individual, still expend their energy on thinking up "true" and "healthy" ideologies, even at a time when the real problem is the very survival of the individual, Russia and mankind.

THE Soviet Union is in the process of transformation into a modern industrial society, but displays no genuine or vital tendencies towards democracy. Soviet plans and achievements are grandiose, but are overwhelmingly directed towards the accumulation of ever greater power—they seldom take account of everyday life or ordinary people. The Soviets go in for quantity, not quality. New initiatives and ideas for reform are smothered by the Party bureaucracy, which hides behind its organisational role in order to justify its privileges and its "necessity."

Neither technological modernisation nor technology itself have had any real influence on the character of the régime—it is a fallacy to suppose that changes in the level or methods of production in the Soviet Union will automatically change Soviet society or bring it closer to the West. Soviet society is stratified, the non-Russian nationalities are subordinate and are unanimous in regarding the system as a Russian creation. Communism, which was attractive to the mysticism in the Russian character, has been transformed into a series of rituals expressing conformism and sheer habit. And the most important and vital unifying factor in Soviet society is patriotism. In short, the Soviet Union is growing less and less communist and more and more Russian.

BUT WHAT SORT *of a people are these Russians nowadays? Has the Revolution changed them at all and what is it they are seeking at the present time?*

The Russians have remained the sort of people they were before the Revolution, just as the French have not changed since the days of the monarchy. But that does not mean that the Revolution changed nothing at all. On the contrary, the Revolution did away with private property, with the power of the autocracy and with the old ruling classes that depended on the autocratic system for their hold on the people. But "Soviet man" has not changed at all from what the old Russians were like.

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HIS BREACH WITH TITO and nine years in prison have not distorted his view of Josip Broz's successes. True, he had never liked the "authoritarian" trait in Tito or his need for a "personality cult", but he admitted in one long evening's conversation that Tito in his way had always been "honest and never a man of petty intrigues." In critical situations he had often shown himself to be "brilliant"; his victorious partisan struggle, his standing up to Moscow, had had "world-historic effects" and had assured him a place in history.

The rebel against Stalin and Tito sums up his present political position as follows: "I am a democratic Socialist—but not a Social Democrat —though in supporting democratic freedoms and human rights I have a great deal in common with German and Swedish Social Democrats. But on the property question I am much more radical. I believe, for instance, that large-scale industry and the major banks can work very well without private ownership. . . ."

Though he claims that there has been no fundamental change in his basic positions, I found it is notable that he has become more moderate in his criticisms of particular Jugoslav developments. "Yes, that is quite true", he said, "I have grown more moderate, and in fact I have never wanted to be negative or destructive." It could not be denied that there had been "progress", that broadly speaking the economic system was "working", though as before substantial changes were necessary to "strengthen private initiative." But the people were tired of political indoctrination and ideologising. In present conditions he only regards his proposal that *two* Socialist parties should be permitted as a long-term aim; and he readily admits a change of view on this point. "An important step would be first to democratise the Communist League", he says. "But too rapid steps would be dangerous, as Moscow watches us carefully. We cannot allow ourselves to be as disorganised or de-stabilised as Portugal. The army, the police, the state—all those things must go on functioning. . . ."

THERE WAS A FUSILADE of pistol shots outside the motel, and a wedding party, singing and making a huge racket, swarmed into the restaurant. A

Russia

I remember that when, as a Communist who believed in the possibility of creating a "new man", I visited the Soviet Union for the first time in 1944, what surprised me most was the identicality of Soviet Russians with the White Russian émigrés I knew and the Russians in Russian literature. I explained this to myself at the time—for as a Communist I was bound to convince myself over and over again of the truthfulness of our dogma—as demonstrating the need for a prolonged and total transformation of society. . . .

One day, Hedrick Smith, the author of "The Russians", tried to photograph a Soviet petrol station, but was prevented by the workman in charge. Remembering the way it had been forbidden to photograph the railway station where Tolstoy's coffin was resting in 1910, his wife Ann remarked: "So you see, it's nothing new. It was the same under the Tsars. They're the same people."

THE REVOLUTION TRANSFORMED *Russia from a system of Tsarist autocracy and feudal anarchy into a Party oligarchy with industrial "planning." In the process despotism became even more entrenched and anarchy spread further. The Russians remained in "a backwater of history" and in an "information vacuum." This is not because the Russians are particularly fond of despotism, but simply because despotism remains the vehicle of their surviving drive for ethnic homogeneity and imperial domination. Fear of the possible disintegration of the state and nation and of the anarchy within themselves has made this new despotism seem to them both stable and "rational", just like those centuries-long despotisms of the Tartars and the Tsars.*

The Russian soul is dichotomous: both sensitive and coarse, merciful and harsh. Russian thinking is also dichotomous: personal and intimate on the one hand, "state" and official on the other. The Russians' love of mankind in the abstract masks, at a deeper level of consciousness, a chauvinistic arrogance and contempt for certain, concrete peoples: they deplore the injustices suffered by American blacks yet revel in their troops' exploits in Czechoslovakia. Warm-hearted and hospitable, ready themselves to endure sacrifice and pain, the Russians are well aware of the horrors inflicted on them by the last war, yet they are totally oblivious of the sufferings inflicted on others by their own despotism.

They admire strength, the state and heavy industry and lull themselves insensible with sentimental art and vodka.

Russians should certainly be approached with love, but even more certainly with a critical spirit. For they are possessed by a powerful, irrational force that they are insufficiently conscious of, while they lack the institutions that might curb such a force. Those who wish to live in freedom and to pursue their own way of life would be ill-advised to abstain from criticism or to put aside their weapons. For détente is just a cover for new and more refined methods of repression and for a new and more overt attempt at expansion.

Milovan Djilas
in the *SUNDAY TIMES* (London)

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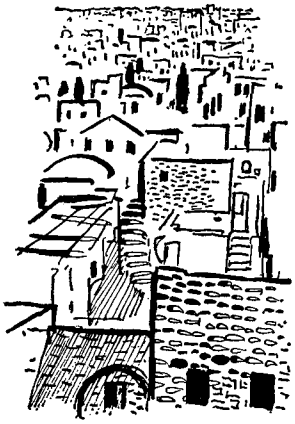
long Montenegrin night lay ahead. I quickly asked whether he still played with the idea of a political come-back, bearing in mind the passage in his *The Imperfect Society* in which he speaks of the "unforgettable, majestic and demonic pleasure of power" that poisoned everyone. The answer was accompanied by a smile that radiated a certain tranquillity and serenity. "No, only in a quite exceptional situation might I perhaps play a part. I hope it will not occur, because I can live my life very well without power. After all, I quite understood at the time what I was letting myself in for. But have I lost? Aren't my ideas still there?"

Olaf Ihlau

Letter from Ethiopia

By Peter Schmid

Addis Ababa



THE HOSPITAL, which seemed to me to be falling apart, was once called after the Duke of Harar and is now the "Black Lion." I found two Swiss and two Austrian doctors who were the last of the European medical aid project, and they had their hands full. The ward was crowded with patients who had stomach or leg wounds, following the violent events of the May days. The soldiers of "Revolutionary Ethiopia" who had shot at their proletarian brothers strolling on Revolution Square had not aimed over their heads but, as on several previous occasions, had fired straight at the crowd.

The fact that troops of a militant socialist régime had to make so heavy-handed a use of their weapons on Labour Day testifies to a deep-seated crisis, to a growing disillusionment, in fact to the people's unconcealed hatred for their shadowy military rulers of the Dergue. These infant prodigies of African revolutionism may have succeeded in destroying Ethiopia's old ossified order which they inherited but so far they have been quite unable to control the forces released thereby or direct them into new forms and institutions. The words of Marx, Lenin or Mao are constantly on their lips, but they have been unable or unwilling to unite theory and practice and so have contrived to make enemies not only of Ethiopia's conservative "bourgeoisie" but also of the radical Left headed by the students. The howls which punctuated the ceremonial speech by Brigadier Teferi Benti, leader of *Dergue*, came from both reactionary and ultra-revolutionary throats in unison. The banners carried past the governmental rostrum by the workers' columns may have called for "democratic rights for the masses" and immediate liberation of all political prisoners, but the most diverse opinions and instincts both from Right and Left united in a *single* common demand: *"Away with you!"*

Listening to Benti's speech any true socialist should have been overjoyed. What proud achievements had been registered since the fall of Haile Selassie's monarchy in September 1974! A land reform liberating the peasants from the great landowners; an expropriation decree which, for example, deprived the urban real-estate speculators of their apartment houses (apart from those required for their own use); the nationalisation of all banks, insurance companies, the few remaining industrial concerns, and a large part of all trade. What could the genuine revolutionary find to complain about when the commanding-general of the working class on its march towards the dictatorship of the proletariat called for "unity in the struggle against feudalism, imperialism and bureaucratic capitalism", for "a broad front" of the peasants, the lower middle-class and the proletariat itself under the banner of the Ethiopian National Democratic Revolution's new programme?

It all sounded like a series of extracts from everybody's handbook of Marxism-Leninism; even the formula of the "National Democratic Revolution" came direct from an old speech of Mao's in which he had been trying to make the necessity for tactical cooperation with Chiang Kai-shek palatable to his Communist cadres.

MANY OF THE CONTRADICTIONS in present-day Ethiopia can be explained by the divergence between the government's revolutionary rhetoric and its actions in practice. In this craggy mountain country, which has resembled a bagful of particularist traditions rather than a firmly-knit nation throughout its history, decrees undergo the most varied local transformations on their way from the ministry to the provinces, and the

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authoritarian severity of the centre basically only conceals desperate attempts at self-preservation born of impotence.

Take land reform as an example. In order to proclaim this most important of all revolutionary measures to its beneficiaries, the impoverished and illiterate peasants in roadless mountain valleys, the military government hit upon the brilliant idea of sending out students as "*Sematchas*", as ambassadors and executives of the revolution. The students were their friends and allies who had helped them to overthrow the *Ancien Régime;* they would be the teachers and midwives of development; by sending them out "to the people" the gulf between town and country would be bridged and political indoctrination would rouse the peasants from their hopeless fatalism; at the same time intellectuals steeped in theory would be confronted with the realities of their society (and would be out of the way at the centre).

THE GOVERNMENT was in such a hurry that this motley and somewhat unwilling land army was despatched forthwith into its exiles' camps before a programme had been worked out. The result of this improvised system was as varied and haphazard as the reception accorded by the peasants to these intellectual greenhorns.

In some cases the peasants were curious and willing to learn, in others they were openly hostile. The more sensible of the "*Sematchas*" dutifully taught the alphabet, hygiene, and simple agricultural improvements, but the more radical made their way into the political indoctrination teams and created a network of peasant groups as the first step towards collectivisation. The peasants nodded happily on hearing that they were now free of the burden of rent—and shook their heads crossly when the government introduced a land tax and income tax in its place. They proved stubbornly and conservatively opposed, however, to any form of socialised community work. They elected as presidents of their associations the richest men among them, sometimes even their revered old landowners, in any case men who certainly had no time for radical egalitarianism. Since the government in its prudent impotence kept its fingers out of local affairs, out in the country the revolutionary gallop was reduced to a staid trot. This realistic reticence on the part of government (and a plentiful rainfall) was responsible for the fact that, contrary to the pessimistic prophecies of the experts, this year's harvest was up to average. Something has gone wrong with supplies to the towns, however, and food prices have risen to the discontent of the wage-earners, indicating on the one hand that the present-day peasant is eating to his heart's content and, secondly, that internal trade is no longer functioning.

Naturally the ideologues are furious. The revolutionary propagandists among the students attempted to rouse their peasants against the supposedly indolent government, sometimes with (as might be expected) counterproductive results. The streets of Addis Ababa teem with innumerable youngsters whose hungry unkempt appearance marks them out as "*Sematchas*" who have run (or been chased) away, and one has only to chat with some of them in order to hear the most terrible horror stories. There is, for instance, the story of the 16 young Marxists in the northern village of Muna Mahara who were suddenly assaulted and murdered by drunken peasants, incited in fact by the army lieutenant who had been in charge; the remaining eighty were imprisoned in their own camp by the lieutenant, but they overpowered their guards, cut the "reactionary" officer's throat and managed to make their way home on foot in spite of some appalling hardships. Alternatively (as Heilé told me over a glass of beer, glancing dramatically over his shoulder), they went back to Addis Ababa where it was easiest to go underground.

Even if only half of these bloodthirsty accounts are true—the young Ethiopian "*Sematchas*" appear to be blessed with a vivid imagination—clashes between them and the "reactionary military fascists" are certainly not mere tales. Today over half of the 50,000 students who set out a year ago on their crusade of national fraternisation have deserted their posts, and the police have abandoned all attempts to catch them. Last month the initial pioneers were anyway due to be relieved by the year's fresh intake. Three years' study-time has already been lost through strikes and rural service, resulting in a shortage of intellectual cadres; and the universities have accordingly been planning two-month crash courses to bring the veteran students up to examination standard. The "*Sematchas*", however, are today regarded as incorrigible troublemakers, and are threatening the colleges with fresh disturbances. Observers of the *Dergue* régime doubt whether it has the courage to face any kind of bloody confrontation.

SHOULD the revolutionary pronouncements, the purges, and even arrests of senior and middle-rank officials in the past months be interpreted as an attempt to take the revolutionism out of an overheated Afro-Marxism? After prolonged withdrawal into anonymous obscurity Major Mengistu suddenly appeared on television at the end of April to announce in an unaccustomed solo speech a programme of the National Democratic Revolution based on Scientific Socialism. Under

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his guidance a "Provisional Popular Organisation" (Po-Po) visualises the formation of political parties. The opposition's demand for the transfer of power to civilian hands therefore seems, at least in principle, to be recognised.

The existence of a carefully compiled list of "class enemies" considered unworthy to participate in this expression of democracy will admittedly ensure that any such ostensible liberalisation will be kept strictly on the Marxist-Leninist tramlines. The military may also try to clip the wings of the Ethiopian Revolutionary Peoples Party (EPRP), now active in a barely concealed communist underground. They may try to keep control by transforming themselves into a Revolutionary Council on the early Portuguese model helped by a pro-military "Movement of the broad Masses."

Whether the government disintegrates in palace revolts, however, will be decided not so much in the Ethiopian capital as in Eritrea where another outburst of African revolutionism, yet another "war of liberation", smoulders on interminably despite all attempts at mediation.

Asmara

IT IS a lovely but deeply depressing town. With its palm-fringed avenues and church towers tinkling to call the faithful of differing religions it is Italo-Mediterranean rather than African. It shows hardly any outward marks of combat and yet, with its half-empty streets even during working hours, it gives the impression of a *rigor mortis*.

Only a few thousand of the previous 120,000-strong Italian colony still remain—little people, dispossessed and ruined but making herculean tax efforts to avoid having to leave; and lonely trembling old men sip their espresso in bleak coffee-houses.

The majority of the natives have also returned to their villages, for on the immediate edge of the town "No Man's Land" begins and that is dominated by the Eritrean rebels; they include the ELF, which tends more towards Islam, supported by Saudi Arabia, and cooperating more or less genuinely and closely with its Marxist rival of the Popular Liberation Front, the EPLF. Nothing moves between the garrison towns except mile-long convoys and even their progress is dangerous, time-consuming and inadequately protected. As a result many once-flourishing industries, those which survived the revolutionary mis-management, are at a standstill for lack of raw materials.

There is an abundance only of Ethiopian soldiers and police; their numbers were estimated to me at 40,000 in order to control 150,000 civilians. Jeeps with menacingly protruding machine-guns crawl slowly through the streets, the incarnation of repression.

A few months ago, Eritrean terrorists killed an Army colonel in a local restaurant. In revenge eight innocent civilians were snatched from their bar-stools and shot or strangled, and as a measure of intimidation they were laid out on the square outside. Was this done on orders, or was it a spontaneous atrocity? Discipline in Addis Ababa's security forces has given way to completely arbitrary action. Formal indictments and trials hardly take place at all, and even someone taken along as a witness generally disappears and is never seen again. Nowhere, except perhaps in Budapest in 1956, have I found a people so bitterly, silently, impotently, solidly and unitedly opposed to the tyrants. Every answer to questions I put had a double meaning testifying to a hatred which could not be expressed openly.

AT 7.30 P.M., WHEN it is still half light, curfew begins, and so by 7 p.m. everyone has already barricaded himself apprehensively within his four walls. "Don't show yourself at the window", I was advised, "sometimes they shoot at a shadow." Can there be any pleasures at all in this existence any more? Possibly one: since the state of siege was imposed, Asmara's birthrate has risen by leaps and bounds.

One burden at least has been lifted from the shoulders of my Italian friends. The *Cimici*, the "bedbugs", have begun to withdraw. This is the name given, with a certain scorn tinged with grim humour, to the peasant army concentrated by the *Dergue* revolutionary government in the approaches to the rebel province in recent months.

The men carry their rifles in highly irregular positions—slung with muzzle downwards or horizontal under the arm, the gaping muzzle pointing forward but covered with a hand. Others carry their weapon like a yoke over their shoulders with arms spread out along it as if they were being crucified. In these postures they parade in their thousands through the town squares on the approaches to Eritrea, through Adowa, through Axum, the old imperial city. They have been brought in lorries from far and wide, from every province of Ethiopia. They are just peasants, bearded, rugged brown faces topped with a turban, their bodies swathed in white, toga-like woollen garments. There is no trace of a standard military uniform; picturesque cartridge-belts snake round them above scanty shorts pieced together from rags (Rinaldo Rinaldini, Ethiopian-style). The weapons themselves come from ancient arsenals' lumber-rooms; most of them are semi-rusted muskets from the old Italian era; anyone who has managed to acquire a rifle left behind by the British wartime

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liberators struts about self-importantly as if he was a martial aristocrat.

IT IS, TO LOOK AT, *magnifique*, but none of the diplomats in Addis Ababa can understand what this army taken from the mothballs of history is supposed to do against fairly modern guerrillas. There is one factor pointing towards a double-cross: all these levies are men who had applied to the Ministry for Land Reform for an allotment of land. Are they therefore intended to move up behind the advancing troops, evacuate or liquidate the disloyal civil population, occupy the rebellious province (or at least part of it) and so, acting as armed settlers, bring it back under the thumb of the central government? But how does this tally with the peace proposals put forward almost simultaneously by Teferi Benti, the Ethiopian Head of State, to the "more progressive comrades" in the rebel camp—suggesting an autonomist solution within a federal state, a carrot which he has also held out to other disorderly provinces in Haile Selassie's old Empire? Are such trumpetings mere chicanery concealing preparation of a "final solution", genocide in other words? Or is the peasant army simply the stick to be brandished in order to force acceptance of the autonomist carrot? The deadly secrecy surrounding all the *Dergue's* mysterious decisions means that one can only speculate why the carefully prepared peasant offensive was suddenly called off despite the fact that negotiations with the rebels—if in fact there ever were any—had not advanced an inch. Anyone travelling through the insurrectionary area and looking at the situation on the spot inevitably tends to regard it simply as tacit capitulation on the part of the central government. No one can move forward from a jumping-off position already dominated by the guerrillas, certainly not peasants who, in the event of a setback, would prefer to use their muskets against their masters rather than their brothers on the other side.

BLOOD FLOWS easily, quickly. Out of the window of my bus in the square in Adowa I saw a shrouded bundle being carried past on a makeshift stretcher decked with boughs which were still green; from one end protruded an ashen-pale face. Small wonder—the romantic crags surrounding the historic town where Emperor Menelik once won his historic victory over the Italians have long been an ideal operational ground for the TPLF (the Tigre Popular Liberation Front) which works closely with the EPLF rebels in Eritrea. People tell the most fantastic stories of their deeds of heroism.

On one occasion, for instance, the guerrillas, being kindly comradely folk, suggested to an advanced camp of peasant recruits from Wollo province that they should simply withdraw; when the poor dolts could not make up their minds, the guerrillas spread panic among them by attacking at night with flaming rockets and setting their ammunition dump on fire. The fugitives who escaped were both surprised and downcast to hear female voices among the victors—girl students serving as the guerrilla amazons of the movement.

Most of the conscripted peasant heroes have no idea what lies ahead of them. With a student interpreter I sat around in the bars where they go, after a day's not too strenuous training, to turn their *per diem* pay into bitter corn beer and anticipate events by discharging their rifles into the air (or occasionally, in the absence of an enemy, at each other). The majority have only a very vague idea why they have been carted here northwards from their distant valleys with threats and enticements. They have been brain-washed with the story that Arab reactionaries allied to local counter-revolutionaries have invaded Eritrea in order to destroy the Empire of Ethiopia.

The clearer heads among these conscripts do in fact have some dim idea of what is in store for them. I asked a forty-year-old (he was wearing a western-style safari suit and presented himself as a partially dispossessed landowner) why he had not sent his more robust son into the field. He replied ambiguously that his old bones were still good enough for a "pilgrimage" like this but that, if the food continued to be so bad, he would not be able to drag himself much further.

How strange and distant these figures are, yet listen for a moment to their tales and how familiar and sympathetic they emerge. With my student-interpreter I joined a group standing open-mouthed round a young man who was making a long speech to a woman recognisable by her ornamental plaits as a native of Tigre ("his sister-in-law", my interpreter whispered to me). Her husband had been killed; and she had made the journey to persuade his brother to return home even though the government might threaten to burn down their house and snatch back the land allotted to them—better poor than dead. The young man reassured her, saying that nothing would really happen to him, and he fingered his rifle proudly; one could sense, however, that he was rather unsure of his future and was perhaps only trying to convince himself.

Whether politically motivated or not, a fort-night's basic training under an olive-drab combat-uniformed Army soldier does not turn peasants, however bellicose their gestures, into disciplined warriors capable of standing up to the guerrilla

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commandos, particularly the agile and mentally alert Marxist units. Hospitals along the lines of communication are already full of wounded. "In this place alone we operated on 300 serious cases in the last three weeks", a surgeon in Makelle hospital told me. Of the 120 civilian patients in this hospital 80 had been summarily despatched home to their villages. (A nurse explained to me: "But we recommend our established tuberculosis cases to sleep head-to-tail in the family bed to avoid infecting the others. . . .") "But this is only a fraction", the surgeon went on, "the less serious cases are dealt with in the forward stations. Casualties in killed are already estimated at 500. . . ."

In any case the real offensive has never properly begun, and the bloodiest fighting is taking place far to the south of the Eritrean frontier, in the province of Tigre, theoretically still under central government control. Here the guerrillas work by bold blitz-like strikes. Ever since they snatched a small fortune from a bank in Axum in this way, the Tigre treasuries have been turned into fortresses, and one approaches their forbidding-looking bank-tellers with some trepidation.

A host of "harmless peasants" recently infiltrated into Aby Ady, the provincial capital, took up positions by loitering at all strategic points and then, on a signal, produced their sub-machineguns. Even though, faithful to Mao's teaching, they do not continue to hold all the places they capture, the insecurity and nervousness which they spread is paralysing enough.

I can vouch from personal experience for Addis Ababa's lack of control over the country. Without any authorisation whatsoever I travelled through the "concentration area" by bus on strategic mountain roads where bridges have just been blown. Outside each major locality I was in fact frisked for weapons by soldiers. But I sat in cafes with young people who made no secret of their links with the guerrillas. Apart from a slight lull in conversation if a stranger passed near by, there were no complications. No "awkward questions" were ever asked. Does a secret service exist somewhere in this no-man's land of a revolution within a revolution? There is more surrealism here than was ever dreamt of in Régis Debray's philosophy.

An Interview with Raymond Aron

IN VIEW OF *the massive threats posed by totalitarian ideologies and régimes, what chances are there for the survival of the democratic system?*

RAYMOND ARON: I remember in Germany in the 1930s they used to say the democratic system was doomed because, while in the past it had been based on individualism, in Germany at that time no "individuals" were left. There were only parties, associations, groups, etc. Since all these organisations had become totalitarian—the Nazis, the Communists, and to a certain extent even the Social Democrats—how, they asked, could the state survive if the political struggle had developed into a struggle between totalities? The outcome was tragic enough: the totality of Nazism took over the totality of the state, the totality of absolute power—and we all know the historical result.

—Are you suggesting that the political situation is in any way comparable with that of Germany of the 'thirties?

RAYMOND ARON: No, I am not. True, there is a general economic recession, but not remotely of the magnitude of the slump of 1929–32. But one thing is clear. The democratic state is suffering from an obvious contradiction. On the one hand it undertakes extensive intervention in the economic and social structure; on the other, its authority is relatively small, because every organised group, every trade union, every party has at its disposal ways and means of paralysing

THIS INTERVIEW *with Professor* RAYMOND ARON *was conducted by* ADELBERT REIF *(of "Die Weltwoche", Zurich).*

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it. This enormous contradiction between the widespread nature of state action and the weakness of its authority exists in the USA as it does in France and West Germany; and it is much more acute in the United Kingdom. Britain has really been quite paralysed by the strength of the unions and the weakness of the state. That, to use Marxist terminology, is the "fundamental contradiction" of democratic society: the same people who protest against the state want everything from it. Of that it may certainly perish.

—The problem, then, presents itself rather differently in each country.

RAYMOND ARON: In the case of Italy the situation is very complicated, because a truly modern state has never been formed there. To that extent the present Italian crisis is the crisis of the failure to develop a real governmental structure. I would say that the unification of Italy in the 19th century was never effectively completed. Or, to put it differently, the present Italian crisis is the crisis of its actually having been unified without being given a really modern state apparatus.

France, however, is a functioning state structure; it has an excellent bureaucracy, one of the best civil services in the world. The reverse side of that is that "good bureaucracies" are always dangerous. And France suffers from a peculiar historical phenomenon, namely that its people are at the same time very united and very disunited. Looked at from the cultural point of view, the French people are perhaps more at one than any other. But, politically, they have been grievously divided since the Revolution of 1789, and perhaps even longer than that. So the forthcoming French crisis is in the last analysis a new expression of the old crisis. The Left-wing coalition of Socialists and Communists that is being discussed would not be so bad if the Socialists were not disunited and the Communists were not a totalitarian party. . . .

—Do you feel that in the United Kingdom the crisis is deeper and of a special kind?

RAYMOND ARON: The "English sickness" was caused by the breakdown of a system that, in the past, worked so admirably that it would have been almost inhuman to want to change it. But it is quite obvious that it works no longer. Whether the British will succeed in reorganising or changing their system I do not know. In times of crisis, of course, there are legions of salvation prophets. But the great danger is that these people practise what they think is sociology, and it is bad, politically motivated sociology; and in the process they forget history, probably because they do not know very much history. They forget that every national crisis must be considered in its historical aspects.

—What do you now suggest for the defence of West European democratic principles? Would you—rather on the lines of Arthur Koestler in the 1940s and '50s—advocate a radical Western anti-Communism in relation to the Soviet Union and the other Communist states?

RAYMOND ARON: If that were at all possible, many things in the West would be much simpler. Because one of the main difficulties of our present situation is that the West is indeed in great danger without being properly aware of it. In the '40s and '50s the simplest course was advocated and taken. We were told that the Soviet Union was a huge military power against which we must defend ourselves. The problem was presented purely militarily, with the result that the question of moral and political defence against the Stalinised East was over-simplified. Now, we can of course still say today that the Soviet Union has never been militarily so strong as it is at the present time. But most people in the West believe that it does not have the military strength necessary to over-run Western Europe; they believe that no one will engage in or can want a major war, because the risk of the use of nuclear weapons is too great; and they believe that the Soviet Union keeps stepping up its armaments only for the purpose of attaining parity with the Americans. To put it differently, no general public awareness of military danger exists in the West. People do not feel that the military power of the East, without being actually used, has a specific influence on diplomatic relations; many believe that diplomacy takes place, so to speak, in a void. But that is not the case at all.

Many of us—first the French, and then the Germans—have talked about détente. For there is a fact that we cannot alter, namely that the Soviet Union has become a military great power with which we have to live. So what can we do? Can we revive the fear that prevailed in a general way at the beginning of the 1950s? Hardly; even if it were practically possible, it would be politically wrong.[1] But there is also another difficulty. We live in societies controlled by economic interests in which it is very difficult to persuade people to sacrifice much, if not everything, to safeguard liberty. Democracy and prosperity are always identified with each other. Prosperity is, to be sure, a good thing, but it quite often

[1] See Raymond Aron's critique, "A Reply to Solzhenitsyn," in ENCOUNTER (September 1975).

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demands sacrifices too. The people of the Western democracies are not willing to make those sacrifices. That constitutes another striking moral contradiction of the democratic system. In sum, I would say it was indeed necessary to rouse a new moral awareness of the inherent value of democracy. Democracy is morally superior to despotism not because, say, its economic system is better or because it is more creative and generally productive, but because it comes up with better human beings.

—That all sounds very old-fashioned: do you nourish any great hopes about the creation of a new democratic consciousness?

RAYMOND ARON: Then let me add something else. In my opinion our politicians could ask much more of the people than they do today. People could and would understand and accept much more if the politicians decided to speak a different language. I am always very struck by the fact that on television our politicians try to create the impression that they could never make a mistake. If in a television discussion a leading politician were suddenly to say: "I made a mistake", or "I made a wrong forecast", it would be an astonishing success for him in the eyes of public opinion. But our politicians believe they must present themselves to the public as some kind of supermen. They fail to see the harmfulness of that way of behaving; they do not realise they are using a technique that basically works against them. If they were more modest and more honest they would impress ordinary people much more and would be able to call for greater sacrifices from them.

—What of the agreements reached at the Helsinki conference on security and cooperation in Europe? Is it not a fact that on all really important questions —I am thinking above all of freedom of information, of the expression of opinion, and of movement— these agreements bind the East to nothing at all?

RAYMOND ARON: I entirely agree that the Helsinki agreements bound the East to nothing whatever of any importance. But they also bind the West to nothing whatever. What the West put its signature to at Helsinki was already a political fact beforehand. Personally I am not at all happy about the Helsinki agreements. Discussions with the Russians should have continued for at least two or three more years. With the Russians discussions can never be long enough. For as long as discussions with them are still going on they have something to look forward to, to expect; and that is always very useful. If the West had not yet signed the Helsinki agreements, Moscow would probably have refrained from certain recent actions—I am thinking of the intervention in Angola, for instance. In that sense I was convinced that the immediate result of the Helsinki agreements would be *greater* tension all over the world. But it would be foolish to exaggerate the concrete political effects on the future of Western Europe of this negative result.

—When we consider the military activities of the Soviet Union all over the world—I mention here only the military presence in Eastern Europe, the arms deliveries to Arab and African and also Asian countries, and finally Moscow's more and more obvious intention to put Northern Europe, and hence the Western alliance, in a position in which it will be possible to extort concessions from it by threats—in this situation could it not be said that the Soviet Union represents a renewed danger to world peace and security at the present time?

RAYMOND ARON: The answer is certainly yes. The facts you have quoted are perfectly correct. It is clear that the Soviet Union has never before been militarily so strong as it is today. The Soviet leaders believe that the United States is in a state of weakness, that it has lost its political will, and therefore they are prepared to take much greater risks. So far as Western Europe is concerned, it is in danger of being reduced, even without being attacked militarily, to a condition in which it will lose its moral freedom, its political autonomy, and—without direct military intervention from the East—will have to give in to Soviet military superiority. True, the threat is not immediate, but the whole trend is in that direction.

—How is it that our politicians and public opinion are so little aware of the danger?

RAYMOND ARON: Consider the fact that all the Western European governments grant large credits on extremely favourable terms to the Soviet Union and its satellites without any *quid pro quo* of any importance. The West exports its best technology to the East—while the Soviet Union produces more military weapons than ever before. By that I do not mean that Soviet Russia is strengthening its armaments in order to be able to fight a real war against the West, as Solzhenitsyn is trying to suggest. I think Solzhenitsyn is wrong on that point. But the Soviet leaders believe they can attain something by stepping up their armaments. What they have already attained is military near-parity with the USA and the ability to be present everywhere in the world—in Somalia, South Yemen, Aden, the Indian Ocean, and now in Angola and prob-

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ably Mozambique. Russia, *i.e.*, the Soviet Union, has become a real World Power for the first time, and she will naturally try to keep that position and further extend it. That again is something we can neither prevent nor avoid, but isn't it time we were aware of it?

—But you nevertheless regard a military confrontation between the great powers as improbable in the immediate future?

RAYMOND ARON: The term "military confrontation" is vague and ambiguous. It is a mere circumlocution for what in the past everyone simply called—war. A total war between the great powers, in my view, remains improbable. above all because of the incalculable risks of nuclear weapons. But if you look at the situation in the Near East, the unsettled Israeli-Arab conflict, a "lower level" military confrontation between the great powers looks like a perfectly plausible eventuality. That might have happened in the case of Angola if the Americans had been prepared to intervene. Well, they did nothing, and consequently there was no military confrontation. However, the Russians very quickly had Angola invaded by the Cubans and had a political movement friendly to them put in power. How that government will act in future is uncertain, but it looks, at all events for the time being, as if the Cuban, *i.e.*, Russian, invaders are in no hurry to leave the country again. What it all amounts to is that the African continent, which up to two or three years ago still lay outside the confrontation of the great powers, is now in the midst of it.

—How dangerous for the immediate future are South Africa and Rhodesia—in terms of a confrontation between black Africa and what remains of white Africa?

RAYMOND ARON: South Africa, of course, has a well equipped army and is prepared to fight. Rhodesia, however, has no chance of surviving, and South Africa is certainly not prepared to fight for it. The result is a tragic situation for the Western powers. On the one hand, the democratic West cannot accept the principle of Rhodesian *apartheid*; the rule of 300,000 whites in Rhodesia over six or seven million blacks. On the other, it is only too clear that the whites would have to leave the country if the black majority gained control of it. It is much too late to even try to establish a multi-racial community on a basis of equality. I do not believe that that was ever really possible, but now it is too late even for the attempt to be made. The difference between the two communities is no longer bridgeable. Though I believe in the principle of complete racial equality, as a sociologist and historian I am bound to say that the past of the black people of Africa and that of the whites in Africa took such different courses that a state with a black majority implies that those who were its former rulers must and should go. The whites will, of course, rebel against that; it is inevitable; but they will have to accept the new situation, even if it is tragic for them. Finally, we must not forget that the white community in Rhodesia is not an old one, is numerically small. There is enough room in the world for the members of a community that is unable to defend itself either politically or militarily.

To sum up, then, the Middle East, Rhodesia, and South Africa will be the chief danger-points in the next few years. In Europe a great deal depends on the French elections. If the Left-wing opposition wins, it will lead to profound tensions among the French themselves, in the European Community, and in the Atlantic Alliance. The consequences are not foreseeable. France would "enter history" again, though in this case it would gladly remain outside history.

What other piece of advice can I give to my friends than, in spite of the threatening (and, in most cases, unfortunately, already approaching crises), to keep calm. In this summer of our discontent, coolness is all.

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Sociology & Ideas

Dr Adorno's Bag of Tricks

By David Martin

"Our society distributes itself into Barbarians, Philistines and Populace."—MATTHEW ARNOLD

THOSE QUALIFIED to judge are inclined to regard T. W. Adorno's *Minima Moralia*[1] as the masterwork of the Frankfurt School. Certainly it illustrates one of that School's cardinal tenets: a rejection of over-arching system. An author who claims that "the whole is the untrue" probably represents his position best by collections of fragments. The *Minima Moralia* is fragmented in the way Pascal's *Pensées* is fragmented; and, as with Pascal, one suspects that a work which brought all the bits and pieces into a rounded system would result in distortion. Adorno's work is about multiple distortion, and you can only attack multiple distortion by continually criticising it from different angles and moving in from different starting points. If distortion of nature and man, science and culture is protean, then its negation must acquire a complementary variety of form. If the situation is as deeply distorting and pervasive as you claim, then any rounded system is both impossible and untrue to its object and objective. The rounded-off has no cutting edges to do the job it sets itself. "These fragments have I shored against my ruins."

The fragmented mode is related more precisely to his view of the role of the individual and of the concept of the individual within a context of deepening cultural and social twilight. After the Twilight of the Gods, the twilight of man. Horkheimer and Adorno, in a sense joint authors of the *Minima Moralia*, came to see the notion of the individual as containing resistances which the onward march of the collective in its right- and its left-wing formations made doubly precious. After all, in one's social philosophy and political allegiance it is not merely a question of what is right, but where to lay one's weight when the worst tendencies of one or other alternative seem to be dominant. The problem for Adorno was compounded, however, by his belief that the individual was ceasing to have any weight to lay, or for that matter to experience; but that hardly made him less precious. Indeed even such strength as lay in archaic forms of the individual should be salvaged for the unequal battle.

This is his very first point in his dedication to Max Horkheimer, and this the text that informs this work right up to the final reflections on redemption. It is worth quoting:

> "What the philosophers once knew as life has become the sphere of private existence and now of mere consumption, dragged along as an appendage of the process of material production, without autonomy or substance of its own."

So the plight of the intellectual is precisely how he may preach autonomy when the objective preconditions of the autonomous sermon are not genuinely present. No valid sermon can come from those who are representatives of what they condemn; and insofar as preachers are exempted from the general plight the exemption is almost too shameful to be exploited. Yet the paradox is that the exemption *must* be exploited, and all the historically outdated resources of the individual drawn upon in order to preserve a memory which can be carried forward into a new realisation of individuality whenever that may become possible.

TO KNOW THE ALIENATION of one's power and experience is to be less than totally alienated. (After all it has been the malign achievement of Marxist régimes to use a vocabulary—in which alienation is central—in order to repress consciousness of its existence.) It is, therefore,

[1] T. W. Adorno, *Minima Moralia: Reflections from Damaged Life*. Translated by E. F. N. Jephcott. New Left Books, £4.25.

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possible as well as necessary to protest against the domination of productive forces; against technicism; against the measurement of the incommensurate; against a psychoanalytic cure of souls eliminating the soul in an ideology of adjustment; against the conception of science as a mere accumulation of instrumentalities; and against the ubiquitous character of the exchange relationship. This last is crucial for Adorno. He has a nostalgia for *noblesse oblige* and a hatred of precisely those aspects of contemporary life which use a parody of *noblesse oblige* to hide the reality of exchange. His *obiter dicta* on American hotels and trains are minor outworkings of this point. So strong is this feeling that even degenerations associated with the onset of the bourgeois era appear in retrospect to retain a precious possibility. His remarks on the humane protection afforded by "distance" could have been written by Professor Mary Douglas, and his treatment of "tact" can be taken as a precise illustration of his essential concern. It is worth some consideration.

For Adorno, tact is based on a convention which remains intact yet has lost its binding force. Tact both expresses alienation and represents a saving accommodation between human beings. Though inseparable from renunciation and the loss of the possibility of total contact, tact protects because it discriminates between different persons and situations. Without convention there emerges a demand that each individual shall be met in precisely the manner which befits him, and this replaces the careful modulations of manners by naked power. To be direct "places" a man. The abolition of convention heralds the advent of domination. Freedom dissolves in rib-digging camaraderie.

But why does this last point follow? On the surface it might seem that rib-digging is simply a convention of a pseudo-egalitarian kind supplanting another older type of convention. The answer is found in a typical Adorno paradox. In his view egalitarianism unveils a latent brutality lying behind the façade of affability. This is because condescension and thinking oneself no better are two sides of the same coin. If you adapt to the weakness, style, language, even the music, of the oppressed, you consent to deprivation and so to what makes deprivation possible. And simultaneously you develop in yourself the coarseness and the violence required to be an oppressor. In the end it may be that only the egalitarian adaptation remains visible, and such an adaptation is the perfect mask for power. To share men's pleasures in such a fashion is to collude in their pains. All the intellectual can do under such circumstances is to demonstrate solidarity by remaining inviolable. Hence Adorno's "snobbery" can be reinterpreted as closer to revolutionary solidarity than self-conscious slumming and the inversion of taste.

The excursus on tact, like the fragmentary mode in general, does justice to his main point: the intimate substance is gnawed at by the logic of the productive process. But in dealing with the problem Adorno was faced by a further paradox. He confronted two possibilities. The first was to lay bare with the utmost brutality the ruthless penetration of even sublime relationships by material interests and exchange. The second was to recognise that to assist in the brutal destruction of even the chimeras which impotently point to better things is to collude yet again with barbarism.

It is in the face of all these quite genuine paradoxes that one sees how Adorno could be regarded as a defender, not only of the best in bourgeois culture, but even of those elements that had fallen away from the best. Basically this is

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because he knows that there is no "good end" mysteriously waiting to be born as the beast of time shuffles towards the last antithesis. He says so precisely. Marxists who are

> "cured of the Social Democratic belief in cultural progress and confronted by growing barbarism are under constant temptation to advocate the latter in the interests of the 'objective tendency' and in an act of desperation to await salvation from their mortal enemy, who, as the antithesis, is supposed in blind and mysterious fashion to help prepare the good end."

That should make everything clear. He does not believe in the long-term beneficence of the objective tendency or therefore in colluding with it to hasten the birthpangs of a better future. However, the passages on tact show that he *does* believe in an ideal of total contact and of pleasure in the thing itself which has never yet been realised except in constricted mediating forms like tact. As things are today, even the constricting mediations represent archaic sources of strength; and once this weak strength has ebbed away there is only naked confrontation and power. So here we have both his utopia and his nostalgia; and a man is known by his utopias and his nostalgias. What he does not quite admit is that an ancient partial good will never be reabsorbed in a surpassing future good, but that the partial and the constricting elements express certain ineluctable limits and conditions. His utopia is only realisable in love and music; hence perhaps his love of music. To use a phrase of Walter Benjamin, Adorno's angel "flew forward with face turned back."

THE IMPLICATIONS OF ALL THIS go beyond the posing of paradox against paradox and fragment over fragment. They need to be set in the context of Hegel (who stands behind the *Minima Moralia*) and especially in the context of Hegel and the individual. Hegel, says Adorno, argued against individual "being-for-itself"; and aphoristic fragments are directly drawn from individual selfhood. This tells against Adorno; but if the individual is vanishing, then the self can only fasten on the evanescent. Only by dwelling on what has almost ceased to be has it power to be. At precisely the moment of decay the experience of the individual contributes again to knowledge. What was once obscurantist in viewing itself as dominant now partakes in its weakness of the possibility of liberation. In Adorno's view, Hegel knew nothing of this because his conception of a whole harmonious throughout all its antagonisms assigned inferior status to individuation, whatever its importance as a dynamic force. Just as the social principle of individuation has concluded in

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the triumph of fatality so philosophy has hitched itself (understandably) to the triumphal car of objective tendencies. Yet in fact the whole is the untrue. Subjective experience, fragmented and without theoretical cohesion, has its contribution to make to truth.

THERE IS ONE FINAL REASON for fragmentation. What Adorno writes is neither philosophy nor sociology but belongs to a class of philosophical reflection on society and on social fact rejecting both reflection and fact conceived in themselves. Merely to reflect on the given is simply to reflect the given, just as merely to reflect (*i.e.* mirror) the given is to leave everything as it is and claims to be. Philosophy conceived as pure reflection may achieve a systematic, rounded exposition, and science as the mirror of the given may also achieve systematisation. But the complicated reflexives of the critical dialectic have to work backwards, forwards, and across themselves, making every partial truth less partially true in the light of its negation and in the further light of a negation of that negation. Adorno writes in the double or triple negative, and this prevents an elegant, rounded mode of writing. The light has to be dark enough to be light. Nothing is as it seems, and truth is paradoxically layered. You can only break through to truth by exposing the paradoxes and masquerades at each layer and setting them against other masquerades and paradoxes. The first act of unmasking is not enough. The cunning of social reality is to delude you with the pleasure of thinking that you have got somewhere with the first act of unmasking. Indeed, it may even be that the cunning of social reality is to delude you with the pleasure of unmasking right down to that last layer which looks like hiding the truth. It is of the nature of critical reflection always to be discontented, even with a philosophy which insists on the last layer being the true. Maybe there was a truth as well as a lie at each point in the process of unmasking. I do not mean that Adorno held such a view; but that the complexity and constant attempt at self-correction and renewed suspicion of the correction always forces him to move from layer to layer sceptically suspicious and yet also suspicious of mere scepticism.

THIS MAKES HIM VERY DIFFICULT to attack. When you advance on him you have to ask which corner he has just turned around. There are some thinkers who are basically committed to doing the same disappearing trick around the same corner. Once you spot the nature of the disappearing trick you have them by the coat-tails and can haul them over the coals. But Adorno's trick is to look as if disappearing around the first corner when he is really round corner three or corner five, and to go round the corner in such a way as to prevent you supposing that corners one, three, and five can really be categorised over against two, four, and six. He is very tricky, and tempts you to declare you have him in order to laugh triumphantly and say you are illustrating just the point he is making, though not of course realising it in the sense in which *he* realises it. He is a specialist in evasive affirmation and does so not only by covering himself at every point but by declaring his exposed parts more virtuous than obscene. The points at which he seems exposed *are* his virtues. For example, in a world where facts are disguises is it not virtue to be exposed to the charge of indifference to fact? There is a lower and higher form of indifference and to take the measure of the inordinate, incommensurable, is to defeat measurement even more truly than mere refusal to measure.

If one had to invent one of his own aphorisms one would say "the unmeasured is the true." He *is* unmeasured and, as he says of psychoanalysis, only the exaggerations are true. Certainly the exaggerations enable one to *see*. Not that even this is the whole truth: there must be another aphorism posed against that aphorism. The result, as Anthony Quinton has remarked,[2] resembles a highbrow party very late at night. The clever paradoxes cap each other tipping more and more tipsily towards complementary profundities until the final gross statement, made against all mundane commonsensical likelihood, appears as the only possible stand-in for the enigmatic truth. Be drunk enough on dialectic and the sibylline even becomes the obvious, and vice versa. If *you* see what I mean. It all depends on how much you have had. A simple man and proud of it can only find Adorno disgusting.

I WANT TO MOVE from approach and style to substance, which is a difficult move with a writer in whom the two are joined together. Basically I want to criticise his uncriticisability, and what bothers me at this juncture is that he evades criticism by never saying anything of substance. He certainly asserts and affirms, but he never says anything is "just so" because he rejects the category of the "just so." Paul Lazarsfeld parted from him both in anger and in admiration partly because he found that Adorno was indifferent to criteria of more or less "just so",

[2] Anthony Quinton, "Critical Theory", ENCOUNTER (October 1974).

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since if things are not so you cannot have more or less of them. Lazarsfeld found that Adorno's notions just could not be operationalised. I am not surprised. Adorno preferred accentuating the negative to accentuating the positive, and above all he disliked positive science. His own assertions were subject not to the criteria of positive science but interpretative criteria. They constitute a category of statement *between* the metaphysical and evaluative categories on the one hand and the category of positive science. They make empirical connections, but they are not subject to criteria of test or to falsifiability or verifiability.

It is the fact that Adorno works in this intermediate mode which uses facts but does not allow them to constitute the court of final appeal which makes him ultimately elusive. I want to illustrate this category from his analysis of astrology, because this is relatively well-developed and illustrates very well his style of analysis and the difficulty of subjecting it to tests which might carry much inter-subjective conviction. He is, in short, beyond the verifiability principle. Perhaps I might say, parenthetically, that I do not accept his view that positive science, by paying attention to the given, is thereby committed to defending the given. This is just not true. I am, however, interested in a class of interpretative statement which appears to be beyond the normal criteria of science. As a sociologist I ask myself how such statements are justified and how they may be integrated with that other class of statements which is subject to the normal scientific criteria of justification. How can you *use* sociology and not be in the sociological mode?

ADORNO'S WHOLE METHOD is exposed *in nuce* by his treatment of astrology. I chose astrology because it relates to Adorno's favourite theme of genuine individual subjectivity confronting technology, in that astrology is a pseudo-technology utilised for individual ends. You could regard astrology as the randy grandsire of positive science and as its contemporary parody. The persistence of superstition is necessarily an important issue because it challenges so many assumptions about the unique authority of the scientific world view precisely in those sectors of the population where that authority is supposed to be best established. For Adorno, however, the emphasis of criticism must lie on the notion of a social fate transferred to the individual level. Men are haunted by their own spirits dispossessed of a home in their own concrete existences. Deprived of the Holy Spirit they have lost the instinct for the unconditional set over against the conditional and have confused the two, treating spirit as a form of factuality. (The parody of positivism is here very

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clear.) At the same time Judicious Reason has become ensnared in the demise of the Spirit. Ratio has become implicated in the fall of Sophia. The fall is a premonition of social disaster. If I may rephrase Adorno: it is an omen, an augury of what lies veiled in the future. The horoscope corresponds to official directives, and number mysticism to the mystique of administrative statistics and cartel prices, the break in the life-line to terminal cancer in the body politic. Official progress mocks the blocked hope of human beings and forces the absent—experience—to make its presence felt elsewhere in phantasmagoria and dreams from which there seems no awakening. The actual content of the dream reflects social nullity. The secondary, projected reality runs parallel to the prosaic emptiness of the primary reality and reinforces it: the spirits have nothing much or interesting to say.

The spirits are also falsely spiritual. In Occultism the Spirit does not vivify matter as in the resurrection of the body but floats above it in permanent schizoid disjunction. Spirit cannot say "This is my body", demonstrating its reality, but becomes a thing "out there", demonstrating its unreality. The usual parody of "fact" is conjoined to the self-inflated pomposity of the experimental routine. After the positivist ritual of experiment expels the ghosts and materialisations they return to haunt the world with an appeal to experiment. By a parallel progression the idealist exaltation of Mind (rooted in and expressing the social supremacy of the mental over the manual) achieves reabsorption through Occultism in determinate, deterministic categories of Nature. It is the last bankruptcy of Hegel's original investment in the spirit.

I HOPE I HAVE NOT GIVEN Adorno's views a false Anglo-Saxon clarity, but in any case there are certain things anyone in an Anglo-Saxon tradition can and must say. The first concerns the status of such interpretations. Some of them are simply the working-out of this or that internal logic. What he says, for example, about the relation of body and spirit in Christianity is an exposition, and a correct one at the abstract level, of the inner logic of that religion. Again, the transformations he proposes, such as the "degenerating" shifts in the logic of idealism, are just logical possibilities. So far no difficulty. The trouble comes with such a notion as "correspondence." By what criteria can we show that there is a correspondence between the break in the life-line and the terminal illness of sick society? Adorno is not merely employing an illustrative image but asserting a link between the palmist practice and social praxis.

So far as I can see "correspondences" of this kind are partly in the hands of intelligent manipulators. There are always *some* phenomena at the level of everyday practice and *some* pathic elements in the body politic which permit the determined scryer to see the "correspondence" he wishes to see. The crystal ball is large enough. Fragments of evidence and degrees of similarity are not hard to come by, and even when the similarity is not clear one can always argue it is paradoxically imaged back to front in the mirror, or is "hidden", or has undergone a "significant" process of distortion. And so you simply manipulate certain notions and make them play crystal ball for your analysis. You determine what shall be *truly* significant and what not, where *real* accident begins and genuine essence ends, what is to count under the rubric "It is no accident that. . . ." It is no accident, implies Adorno, that one man said he believed in the Occult *because* he did not believe in God. The isolated empirical fragment fits neatly into the logic of part of Adorno's case, but it really remains a question how many empirical swallows are necessary to make a dialectician's summer.

THE ABOVE IS CONCERNED with the technique of picking out the single swallow to validate your hint of summer, but there are certain assertions of a different kind embedded in the dialectical framework. If you choose to take certain phenomena or statements and let the weight of your significance and of meta-interpretation rest on them, no man can say you nay. But if you declare that the secondary projected reality reinforces the primary reality and its conformism, you make what looks like a straight empirical statement. I have said that Lazarsfeld complained during his collaboration with Adorno that he could not derive testable empirical propositions out of his work, and one can indeed see the difficulty, just as one can also understand Adorno's violent rejection of the pomposities attached to the routine of experimental verification. Yet Adorno says something here about conformism which can be construed as an empirical statement about a linkage and about a state of affairs. (As a matter of fact, recent research, such as that of Patricia Hartmann, does indeed suggest the practitioners and devotees of the Occult are very conformist and conventional, which is consistent with Adorno's contention without precisely proving it.)

I mean it is relevant to Adorno's contention without constituting quite direct verification. But if the dialectical, critical mode permits of reference to relevant empirical material, by what criteria can it dismiss other material, or ignore the whole universe of comparative materials over time and social space? Researches also show,

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to give but one other instance, that Occultists are only marginally less believing in God than their age and status equals. Would this fact disrupt the analysis in terms of the posited transition from the Holy Spirit to the spirits? In other words does the statement of one possible logical transformation which probably exists in a few historical instances carry any weight in terms of an overall balanced interpretation of data? One can see why Adorno thought that in psychoanalysis only the exaggerations were true. I am not saying that all data have the same rights to significance, since there is I believe a class (or classes) of statement which are not open even in principle to empirical proof and yet which do assert empirical connections. At the same time such assertions are often open to some *limitation* on the ranges of interpretation which are consistent with the data. A clever dialectician may manipulate his framework to achieve an accommodation of the awkward and even make awkward empirical devils sing the dialectical Creator's praise. But the point is that he has to manipulate and can be seen to manipulate.

IN ADORNO'S CASE he does not manipulate because he is indifferent, and this is exactly the substance of Lazarsfeld's charge against him. Adorno defended a reference to the specificities of history; but by ignoring data as a control on his imagination, he easily converted his assertions into free-floating ahistorical abstract possibilities. He could have looked at the enormous increase for astrology coincident with the *rise* of the bourgeois world-view, and he could have shuffled his dialectical frame around until he accommodated the fatality of both early bourgeois society and of late bourgeois society. And today he might have looked at the manner in which, under Communism, superstition has in some ways shown more resilience even than religion. Anybody can play the dialectical game and accommodate a vast range of seemingly contradictory evidence. But the act of accommodation in essence acknowledges the existence of a problem: Adorno made no such acknowledgment. His pessimistic dialectics required nothing beyond incidental illustration, which is not to say, of course, that he was not often right. And, in addition, he had the priceless advantage of the pessimist: in the last analysis you are bound to appear right some time. Doomsters cannot in the nature of things be wrong *hic ubique et semper*. When you are borne out by events, you can then say that the real revelations are now emerging from the veiled. But even religious revelations can utilise that privilege. Men carrying placards announcing that the last day

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is at hand are only wrong about the date. Adorno saved himself by ignoring both dates and data.

I WANT NOW TO MOVE ON to another interesting analysis by Adorno because it illustrates another facet of his ability to do the disappearing trick. In this instance he not only makes doubtful connections but also refuses to acknowledge an ineluctable contradiction. The issue I select does not arise in the front arena of social debate, yet it presents a sociological and ethical problem of primary importance. It is the question of "first come, first served."

Adorno argues that, where the intimate affections are concerned, temporal priority excludes genuine preference; the accidental precludes freedom of choice. A man and a woman meet each other at a particular point in time and mutually offer the unrepeatable. Their possession of each other is the very antithesis of the idea of property. Once this process has occurred objective moral right lies with whoever arrived first: priority has priority. But this principle leads to the antagonism of siblings, to age sets, to exclusive rights in a given national inheritance, and to the persecution of minorities. In short, it leads to Fascism.

The crucial reason, says Adorno, lies in the exclusiveness of what comes first. Possession is meaningful in relation to loss, and the fear of loss converts a genuine possession into mere property. The claim "my own, my very own" contains an implicit forfeit of that claim. What is a possession becomes an object in the universe of exchangeable objects and thereby changes the unique into the general and abstract. Yet—he says —truly to love is to speak *specifically* to the other, and it involves attachment to beloved *features*, not to some "idol of personality" which merely reflects the notion of possession and abstraction. At this point Adorno has arrived at a happy reprieve from all his difficulties. What is specific, *i.e.* features and immediate experiences of affection, is by definition unrepeatable. Ergo, infidelity is impossible. The cheat here is that Adorno defines specific features and experiences as concrete, unique, and incapable of distortion into the abstract and exchangeable. Yet, in fact, reaction to features (as distinct from reaction to that unique constellation of features which is a person) precisely converts the specific into the abstract.

Features are repeatable commodities capable of being made up into innumerable supermarket packages. Being loyal to this-or-that feature or experience merely means being loyal when you feel like it. By fragmenting people into features and experiences, Adorno achieves a worse objectification than exists in the idea of exclusive possession. He sidesteps the ineluctable dilemmas of morality and experience by sleight-of-hand. And all the side-stepping by partial analogy through sibling rivalry to Fascism is to throw back on to a genuine dilemma of personal relations the irrelevant odium of Fascism. Loyalty, by virtue of logical tricks and contagious analogy, is somehow tangled up with Fascism and the doctrine of an all-white Australia. Adorno is the kind of intellectual cheat who knows how to look sympathetic and be irresponsibly clever and superior at the same time. It is a capacity few of us lack entirely, but he had it in highly developed form.

FINALLY, THERE ARE TWO TOPICS which can be used to back up the theme of what Adorno meant by the decomposition of the individual. One is his analysis of the Culture Industry, the other his negative assessment of Existentialist philosophy and theology. They can, and indeed should, be linked together.

The first is bound up with his critique of Positivism, the distortion of technology, social manipulation, technical and conformist concepts of health; and it is of a richness and complexity which summarisation is bound to misrepresent. Again, there is the relationship of exchange, and the façade behind which that relationship lies omnipresent. Both can be combined in his image of the Hotel Manager. He outdoes aristocrats with his glossy, hygienic, elegant façade, but he lives by the tip. The Culture Industry, in apparently waiting on the customer, argues that its victims are its judges. It anticipates the spectator's imitation of itself like a parent talking baby language. Even its bad conscience is carefully put on public view. It indulges in a form of knowing self-criticism intended only to quieten the consumer. It admits to the propagation of an ideology of escape, and justifies it by distinguishing escapism from social realism, which is itself a supremely practical distinction because the escapist's dream is no more subversive than a pale reflection of the ordinary and because it carries the message: flee from flight. In all this, the objective character of manipulation, rooted in economic calculation and technical criteria, requires no censorship. In the older folk art, the lament against domination still remained audible, whereas the voice of the Culture Industry is alienation posing as togetherness, human closeness proclaimed through loudspeakers and the psychology of advertising. The confidential touch on the shoulder of Everyman is the consummate act of betrayal. The manufactured

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immediacy is a mediation reducing men so completely to things that real humanity becomes unimaginable. Men are made objects: decomposed consequences of exchange.

TO LAMENT THIS DECAY of the individual in the Existential manner is merely to describe a condition and to blame the weakness of individuals on to individuals without paying attention to the social principle lying behind individuation. To see the problem as an individual one is to give way to the social reality in the very act of criticism. Similarly the individual's freedom *from* society deprives that freedom of any genuine strength. Indeed, direct absolute individuation, beyond the restraint exercised by specific interests, leads to a situation where the weakest individual goes to the wall. The naked individual is easily captured and put in a cage or else himself becomes a keeper. When nothing can be required of the naked individual in terms of content, then all that can be asked for is genuineness and authenticity. From this arises the jargon of authenticity both in a religious form and usurping the place of religion.[3]

Yet in fact the self is *not* an absolute but an imitative playful consequence, and without society just a void. The claim of the self to be absolute is itself the consequence of a particular social process and amounts to a glorification of the void. God is the only possible ontological root of selfhood, just as Society is the source of all its richness and content. In a society dominated by exchange and interchangeability the claim to be genuine and unique is the first primal lie. The theological version celebrates faith for its own sake, and thereby breeds a vocabulary of pure inwardness which lives by verbal inflation. Such verbal inflation may be either radical or conformist, since it has no specific content; but either way the tortured wrestling of Jacob always ends up with the self in the right position. It is, perhaps, though Adorno does not say so, the analogue within the intellectual stratum of the colourful original personality, Star of Stage and Screen.

SO MUCH ADORNO HAS TO SAY about pure individuality and the naked self. So far I agree with him. In general, however, I am bound to disagree. He generalises far beyond the evidence and even glories in the maltreatment of evidence. He ignores the critical potential in positive knowledge, and he makes a facile link between everything he dislikes and "Fascism."

[3] See my essay " The Naked Person", ENCOUNTER (June 1973).

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Social Anthropology and Medicine

edited by J. B. Loudon

University College of Swansea
Swansea, Wales

October/November 1976
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"Research in ethnomedicine is on the way to becoming a fashionable field of anthropological activity," as Professor Meyer Fortes writes in his foreword. This volume, the first major British collection of medical anthropological essays, is based on extensive first-hand investigations conducted in a wide range of different societies. It will be indispensable to University departments of anthropology, sociology, social medicine and development studies and should also prove stimulating reading to non-anthropologists.

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He mistakes the nostalgia of the *haut bourgeois* for the reality of general cultural decline. He constantly slides away from real ineluctable alternatives and those general limits on human possibility without which there is no potential at all. Total contact and pure pleasure cannot be socially embodied without disaster. Above all, he puts his criticism beyond criticism, and what is beyond criticism is often just not worth criticising.

Yet his text, fragmented and partial, is richly layered, imaginative, paradoxical. It represents an anti-holistic unity, an anti-individualistic defence of the individual, a critical Marxist attack on the *haute bourgeoisie* which could be an *apologia pro vita sua*, a non-believing affirmation that only theology is possible in the world as it now is and is likely to be.

> "The only philosophy which can be responsibly practised in face of despair is the attempt to contemplate all things as they would present themselves from the standpoint of redemption. Knowledge has no light but that shed on the world by redemption: all else is reconstruction, mere technique. Perspectives must be fashioned that displace and estrange the world, reveal it to be, with its rifts and crevices, as indigent and distorted as it will appear one day in the messianic light. To gain such perspectives without velleity or violence, entirely from felt contact with its objects—this alone is the task of thought. It is the simplest of all things, because the situation calls imperatively for such knowledge, indeed because consummate negativity, once squarely faced, delineates the mirror-image of its opposite. But it is also the utterly impossible thing, because it presupposes a stand-point removed, even though by a hair's breadth from the scope of existence, whereas we well know that any possible knowledge must not only be first wrested from what is, if it shall hold good, but is also marked, for this very reason, by the same distortion and indigence which it seeks to escape. The more passionately thought denies its conditionality for the sake of the unconditional, the more unconsciously, and so calamitously, it is delivered up to the world. Even its own impossibility it must at last comprehend for the sake of the possible. But beside the demand thus placed on thought, the question of the reality or unreality of redemption itself hardly matters."

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Four Cheers for Pragmatism

Thoughts on Sociology & Politics—By JULIUS GOULD

THERE CAN BE NO social science without attention to ideas—without a study of how men view and value the devices which hold them together, yet keep them apart. Indeed the *ideés maîtresses* of sociology, developed from Montesquieu to our own time, reflect the attempts to develop one such science: they are at once an abridgement and an enhancement of human interests and aspirations over 200 years. Christopher Bryant's *Sociology in Action*[1] ranges over a whole range of those ideas—from St Simon to Dahrendorf—and he does so for a clearly stated purpose:

> To ask a sociologist how he sees his role is to ask how he sees society, and to ask how a sociologist sees society, is to ask about the uses of sociology.

No one book can yield a final statement on such matters. Bryant would not claim to do so, nor would Donald Hansen who, from the United States, covers, in a more limited way, some of the same intellectual history.[2] But they are both optimistic—urging the need for "permanent rather than self-liquidating criticism" and the possibility of such criticism. Christopher Bryant —whose words these are—knows quite well that some currents of social thought have foreclosed this possibility. And neither he nor anyone else can describe what a society that rested on "permanent criticism" would look like or feel like: it would certainly not be any utopia comfortably free from social frictions. . . .

What he stresses—along with the various thinkers (such as Weber, C. Wright Mills and Ralf Dahrendorf) who attract him—is a sense of openness about the future which is one strand, among many, within the *idées maîtresses*. For there have been other voices, for example in the traditions of Comte or Marx, which have claimed that there is "one best way" as revealed by this or that set of scientific insights. This kind of certainty, combined with technocratic self-confidence, has, as Bryant shows, influenced the French supporters of "planification"—even though they were not committed to a brooding philosophy of history and its purported outcomes. Understandably Bryant prefers a Weberian position—one that demands that choices should be taken seriously: what he welcomes among the writers he favours is their own concern with purposes and with the values that help men to determine policy and, most important in the modern world, shifts and changes in policy.

OF THE ARGUMENT over the purpose of sociology, or the social role of the sociologist, there seem to be no end. All too often the self-conscious debates among sociologists on these matters have both amused and perplexed the would-be consumer of social research. I would agree that the argument has often been otiose or naïve—but, all the same, the issues are real enough and the sociologist who explores them deserves some credit—even if he (or she) does, on occasion, explore them to excess. It would do no harm if the other social sciences (including economics) were to show, even part-time, a similar measure of self-doubt. For, of course, the subject matter of sociology is not peculiar to that discipline: and all the sciences—or proto-sciences—of man confront similar problems over, for example, the nature and standing of the evidence they assemble: what is to constitute evidence: the impact of evidence on the situations described or analysed: the uses, and misuses of research findings by political agencies: the self-esteem and career prospects of the investigators: the responsibility of the investigators to their peers, to the public interest, and to those who, often from public funds, provide the cash for social research.

Many of these problems arise in the experience of the seven noted British researchers who have contributed to Marten Shipman's *The Organisation and Impact of Social Research*.[3] They produce a fascinating record of reflections upon how their research was conducted. They were all concerned with problems of "inequality", especially in education—a characteristically English preoccupation. Their pattern of work was, as Dr. Shipman observes:

[1] *Sociology in Action*. By CHRISTOPHER G. A. BRYANT. Allen & Unwin, £6.25.

[2] *An Invitation to Critical Sociology*. By DONALD A. HANSEN. The Free Press, $3.95, £2.65.

[3] *The Organisation and Impact of Social Research*. Edited by MARTEN SHIPMAN. Routledge Direct Editions, £3.25.

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> . . . not linear but cyclical, each successive stage producing insights that reflect back on the preceding stages and suggest possibilities for the future.

What of their influence? One study (devoted to the effects of comprehensive schooling) produced evidence that was to be moulded and mauled in all sorts of directions—so avid were the public and the media for any data on this absorbing subject. Other research discussed in the book may have been either too massive or too local to enter at once into any corpus of knowledge: but in general the effect is cumulative and long-term, perhaps in contexts undreamt of when the work was initiated. But where disagreement over goals (*e.g.*, how much inequality?) persists such findings cannot become raw material for immediate social engineering.

WHATEVER MAY BE THE intellectual ancestry of "sociotechnics"—the theme of an international conference in 1973 attended, interestingly, by a group of Polish scholars—there is no easy path to social engineering, to the scientific tailoring of means to ends, in an open or plural society. As Professor Stanislav Andreski says, in his chapter in *Sociotechnics*,[4] social engineering is "no panacea for mankind's ills." There is ample evidence for the contrary view—that, under certain régimes, such engineering, devoted to fulfilling the régime's purposes, will simply add to the quantum of human misery. On the other hand, where there *is* genuine agreement on important ends—not agreement cooked up by political élites for their own purposes—it would be perverse and obscurantist to dismiss research which showed how to reach the goal. Andreski indicates that "only the economists can make a claim of having done some good with their advice"—citing the contribution of Keynes to the discussion of full employment. Yet it is abundantly clear today (even if it was not in 1973 . . .) that economic advice on these matters is deeply influenced by political assumptions just as its range is limited by political decisions—matters over which no social scientist has any kind of ultimate control.

Even the goal of "full employment" over which in a formal sense there may be no disagreement—can in practice become contentious. Questions are bound to be raised—full employment at what price in economic distortion or social stagnation? full employment at what level of real wages? full employment of persons producing what can be marketed, or full employment of persons engaged, in good measure, in taking in their own unmarketable—bizarrely "price-less"—economic washing?

None of these questions is uncontentious. All manner of social groups are affected by the answers to them, or indeed by the rough and ready attempts to formulate the questions in an answerable form. And it would be a brave man who can record a consensus on what are the real, as distinct from the apparent, interests of such groups.

NOR IS THERE CONSENSUS over the narrower policy issues involved in the "welfare state." Two young writers, Vic George and Paul Wilding,[5] believe that "at its present stage of development the welfare state constitutes a form of capitalism." Their sympathies—diffused throughout their lively "radical" discussion of collectivist and anti-collectivist ideas—are clearly with the Marxist camp: "In brief the welfare state cannot solve the social problems of today without the abolition of the capitalist system." They do see some little difficulties here—not least because "a confused and contradictory value system" operates in this field. I am all for tidying up contradictions—but not at *any* price. Given recent trends (not least in countries where capitalism *has* been abolished) I find more genuine radicalism in Professor William A. Robson's conclusion, in *Welfare State and Welfare Society*[6]:

> Welfare resides not just in the output of government or the services which it delivers, but also in the processes by which government is carried on. Those who are most eager to reduce social and economic inequalities between classes and individuals are often those who are most anxious to concentrate power in the hands of ministers and the centralised bureaucracy, and thereby to increase the political and administrative inequality within the nation. This is not the way to build a welfare society. Welfare without freedom is as undesirable as freedom without welfare.

Surely we encounter here what Ralf Dahrendorf in his Reith Lectures dubbed the "alienation of enlightened reason"—the mode in which the pursuit of enlightened values can turn it upon itself, with a steady, paradoxical souring of outcomes. "Radical" social scientists, please note! And if they are not satisfied with this, they will be even less pleased with Mary Douglas's contribution to the admirable book of essays *Traditions of Social Policy*,[7] assembled in honour of Violet Butler, the distinguished Oxford pioneer in the teaching of social administration.

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[4] *Sociotechnics*. Edited by ALBERT CHERNS. Malaby Press, £13.50.

[5] *Ideology and Social Welfare*. By VIC GEORGE and PAUL WILDING. Radical Social Policy Series. Routledge, £4.25, paper £2.70

[6] *Welfare State and Welfare Society*. By WILLIAM A. ROBSON. Allen & Unwin, £5.50, paper £2.95.

[7] *Traditions of Social Policy*. Edited by A. H. HALSEY. Basil Blackwell, £6.50.

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Professor Douglas assesses, with her usual blend of wit and learning, the ambiguities in the concept of "relative poverty": and she unites moral concern with a genuine intellectual radicalism. She deliberately widens the debate over what constitutes poverty into a wider "anthropology of consumption"—one which argues that material goods are not simply material entities: "Goods are used in a system of communication." This approach is, as Professor Douglas would agree, only half-formed in its new application to modern society: but it has powerful consequences, and not just for our attitudes towards the deprived. Taking seriously the symbolic importance of material goods would involve, for example, a reappraisal of canting Puritan contempt for advertising—and a measure of caution in accepting the full rigour of the argument of anti-growth economists and environmentalists. Judgment upon this will be as much ideological as scientific. But it would be wrong to go on debating poverty and affluence as if her points had either not been made or were insubstantial. It will be of interest to see how long it will be before these are taken up, developed, or distorted by those who are actively involved in propaganda or policy-making about the perils of affluence—assuming, of course, that affluence reappears.

ALL THE DEBATES about "what should be done" are, of course, political, not technical, debates—and the social scientist has as much right to enter into them as any other citizen in a free society. (How he does so in those numerous societies which proscribe most forms of free intellectual activity is another and fascinating question.) In part, of course, what should be done depends upon what *can* be done: no one is under a moral or political obligation to perform the impossible. That is why *feasibility* is so important. If the social scientist is alert enough, and not snoozing under some ancient set of preconceptions, he will often ask very searching, independent questions about what *can* be done. He will need to move within the administrative ethos—to sympathise with it without being absorbed by it. He will need to know more about politics and public administration than about clear-cut paradigms. If you come to the fray armed, or hobbled, with stories that claim that all is foreordained, or that all "facts" are reflections of theory, or that everything in society is remorselessly connected with everything else (and here I caricature three well-known myths that certain circles find deeply satisfying), then you will ask the wrong questions both about ends and about means.

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The social role of the social scientist is clear and difficult. He will not acquire popularity by telling it as it is: his human capacity for error will expose him to jibes from those who rely on unsophisticated commonsense: he may promise too much—and when he fails to deliver, his hubris will lead to nemesis. The grant-givers and the sophisticated public will then snarl in disappointment. Examples of this nemesis—in the field of race relations and educational policy—abound in the USA. Yet there is a case for the pragmatic, sophisticated gadfly—even in the free societies, For even there politicians and—still more so—civil servants guard their bailiwicks with intemperate, often obstructionist zeal. They may speak of open government—but parts of government do not always talk frankly to each other, let alone to the world outside. They have occasional scandals in their closets (not least in the closets of local government)—but more often they proceed by bureaucratic infighting, narrowness and bungling: and they are in differing kinds of cahoots with organised sectional interests (for example, the famous "both sides of industry") which themselves mirror the infighting, the self-serving compromises with which the public service is so enmeshed. All these agencies some of the time (and some of them all of the time) have a rational interest in keeping things dark, in muddying the streams of information, and in pretending, as it suits them, that what is clear is really obscure or that what is complex is so frightfully simple . . . .

MOST OF THESE BOOKS STRESS this primacy of politics—but none do so as vividly as *Change, Choice and Conflict in Social Policy*.[8] Phoebe Hall *et al.* examined a number of interesting British policy changes—taking as case studies the introduction of family allowances, the creation of the Open University, of Health Centres and Detention Centres, the pressure for the Clean Air Act and for the abolition of National Assistance. Their book is a compelling analysis of all the swirling pressures that influence political, administrative and public opinion on issues like these. Each of the stories they have to tell is one of moves and countermoves—of the interplay between events and opinion, of the calculation of costs and benefits. And it becomes abundantly clear that the mix of such costs and benefits is hard to quantify—for it involves not only economic and social items but matters that are far less tangible, such as political costs and judgments both about what is administratively feasible and what is administratively cheap. This calls in some subtle, seldom formulated criteria. Phoebe Hall and her colleagues seek to bring the diversity within a tentative, unpretentious but useful frame of reference. They map the progress of "issues" in terms of their legitimacy as cases for government intervention; in terms of the feasibility of the remedies proposed for their solution; and in terms of the various layers of support (inside and outside the administrative machine) that exist or are mobilised.

NOW ALL OF THIS ARENA is a political arena—and to move within it requires a good deal of skill in the political arts: in political insight and shrewdness and in the business of persuasion and manipulation. I want to single out two of the many matters which are raised in this book. Firstly, the role of "facts." The authors acknowledge

> the widespread conviction amongst students of social policy that new facts have mattered . . . that they have enabled issues to be formulated in ways which demanded a response from government.

But they go on:

> However, it is plain that the exposition of the facts about an issue in no way guarantees it attention and that issues are guaranteed priority on only the flimsiest factual basis.

They then review the situations in which new "facts", especially when they can be verified, *may* have a chance of political employment, *e.g.*, "unless facts reinforce or confirm the priorities or choices of authorities their effect will depend upon the extent to which they are politicised (*i.e.*, put to use as instruments of influence)."

Now, in one way, this seems simple, old-fashioned and trite. But in the present context of sociology it stands forth as shining good sense. For we have here none of the recently fashionable solipsism—the authors are not anti-positivist hysterics who, when they hear the word "facts", reach for their revolvers. Obviously within their framework the deployment of "facts" will have to work against, or within, the constraints of what is deemed legitimate or feasible or supportable. All the same, the demonstration of the factual situation is often enough a necessary though not a sufficient condition for action. "Facts", anyhow, do not of themselves prescribe what should be done in concrete and changing circumstances—there are, for example, points in the different political, economic and ideological cycles when to have the "facts" in one's favour is at most one-quarter of a losing battle! Nor is a plethora of information, either of itself, or through the use

[8] *Change, Choice and Conflict in Social Policy*. By PHOEBE HALL, HILARY LAND, ROY PARKER, ADRIAN WEBB. Heinemann Educational, £7; paper £2.90.

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that is made of it, certain to produce a movement for change: it may simply reinforce caution and immobility.

Secondly, there is a point which many writers—though not the authors of *Change, Choice and Conflict in Social Policy*—ignore. Those who speak of comprehensive changes in social policy—and those who like Vic George and Paul Wilding are hostile to "piecemeal pragmatism"—are dissatisfied at the limited results of tackling issue by issue, of staying at the level of the specific and thus, it would be said, evading the general or fundamental issues. They would prefer an onslaught upon a range of amalgamated issues—especially when they overlap with or converge upon each other. It is clear, however, from *Change, Choice and Conflict in Social Policy* that an innovation like the Open University depended for its progress upon some quite neat "insulation" from the broader areas of policy on higher education. And it is also true—more generally—that "beyond a certain point an individual issue's chances will probably be reduced by amalgamation."

Keeping the Faiths

Religion & Society—By DONALD G. MACRAE

IN HIGH COUNTRIES with clear air and enormous skies people take on a different aspect. One is aware of them, of their actions and movements over great distances. People become emblematic, their lives symbolic of more than the everyday; but, equally, they do not remain people in the full sense—when humans are perceived as numinous they also are diminished as individuals even if they are magnified as centres of force, unknown purpose, and potentiality. One loses the sense of kinship with those one thus perceives and does not feel the link of common society—a link that may of course be one of enmity as well as of amity—which is the normality of urban life and domestic landscapes with their limited space. I suppose it is thus that I have perceived *ama-Ziyoni*, the Zulu Zionists.

The opening words of Bengt Sundkler's *Zulu Zion and Some Swazi Zionists*[1] brought them back vividly to my eyes.

> Wherever they live and move in Southern Africa, their white garments with the green or blue sash and the wooden crozier give them away as "the people of Zion." In South Africa and Rhodesia there are at least two million of them, and their numbers appear to be increasing all the time. . . . [They are] a *Black Zion*, a charismatic religious movement of Africans, the beginnings of which go back to the first years of this century.

It was at first the intuitions of distance, of something remote and yet emotionally moving, that I recalled. By the end of Sundkler's book I felt a restoration of some measure of consciousness of kinship, of understanding and sympathy; a sharp visual memory had become social, almost but not quite domestic.

Sundkler is in a way an anomalous writer. He is famous, justly, for his *Bantu Prophets in South Africa*, but the disjunction between the two editions of that book were remarkable and troubling. Organisation of a text is not his strong point—this is, alas, very evident in *Zulu Zion*. He is not a systematic sociologist or anthropologist. His field-work—the mystic touchstone of so many successful careers and bad books—has been long continued and yet very broken-up. His English is attractive, but not native. His Christianity is, it would appear, both simple and real. His great merits are candour, sympathy, and a gift for anecdote. The latter is often despised, but it is very rare and very valuable. It can deceive by urging on the reader a false sense of intimacy, but it can bridge the gaps of human relations and uniquely illuminate. With Sundkler it does these latter things. He is not a great ethnographer—who, in or out of Southern Africa, has been one since Isaac Schapera?—but in his way he is a very good one.

And he is on to very important matters. Projections, which are better than most, suggest that Africa will be 60% a Christian continent by the year 2000. And African Christianity is a ferment for which our vocabulary of syncretism, nativism, prophetism, charisma, glossolalia, is only partly adequate. The political desert of Africa is a seed-bed of faith. The intersections of the political and the sacred are in any long view among the most decisive battlegrounds of history, and the decisions are not always those which people who incline to Machiavelli's account of human affairs (which is politically my regretful

[1] *Zulu Zion and Some Swazi Zionists*. By BENGT SUNDKLER. Oxford University Press, £8.00, $18.50.

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inclination)—or to Marx's—confidently expect. The search for a genuine religious creativity which the West has pursued in the Orient since the time of the San Francisco Beats is better to be followed in Africa.

AND IT IS IN Central Africa that Bennetta Jules-Rosette, who teaches sociology at San Diego, has found her faith in the Church of John Maranke, presumably the first Harvard graduate to have done so. Her book, *African Apostles: Ritual and Conversion in the Church of John Maranke*,[2] is exceedingly odd, very ill-written, yet mostly very interesting. Jules-Rosette is, I think, often confusing and at times confused; still I am prepared to find that on reflection some of the confusion is perhaps my own, not hers. The trouble is that her book is at once ethnography, autobiography, and sociology. The ethnography is not systematic. The autobiography is insufficient: no one asks that she be St Augustine or Rousseau, but the "why" of her conversion is never clear, or as clear as such things can be. Yet what took her to the attempt to establish an African biblical utopian *Kerek* in Southern California must be of great interest, if only she would tell.

Some of the trouble is in the sociology. She is much influenced by "ethno-methodology", which at its best is a rhetoric in which clever people say interesting things very incompetently, and then make a virtue of that incompetence. She is not, as investigator or theorist, systematic. She is very learned, but her learning is distorted by desire and faith: for example, to an outsider there is more to be said for Sister Mary Aquina, as sociologist of religion of this sect, than shows here. But at times she is uniquely valuable and what she has to say is of interest beyond Zaire, Zambia, and California. Her analysis of how the categories of her experience of the world and society changed, as she progressed with her conversion, into a world of spirit healing, taboo, ritual and prophecy is unique and acute, a major contribution to sociological understanding. Her discussion, bound up with this transformation and transvaluation of the phenomenal world, of this methodology of the social scientist as believer, is moving and just—and to such faith scholarly justice must, I assume, come hard. What she demonstrates is that sincere participation confers unique advantage at the price of cognitive strains that must be very hard to bear.

[2] *African Apostles: Ritual and Conversion in the Church of John Maranke*. By BENNETTA JULES-ROSETTE. Cornell University Press, £12.30, $17.50.

BUT WHAT DOES ALL THIS MATTER? Do Zulu Zionists, Maranke Apostles, count in the outside world? And, after all, don't we have excellent studies of the Aladura in West Africa, of Kimbanguism in Central Africa, and of a myriad other sects, usually in uneasy relation to the new governments of Africa, just as they were in imperial times? Do these things matter, save as all extension of human sympathy matters?

I suggest they do, and not only for the reasons I gave when discussing Sundkler's book. The issues that emerge are truly universal in that they concern what is most fundamental in being human. I am not saying this to make some claim for Christianity or for any specific religion, far less out of the possibility that religion may be renewing itself in Africa to reproselytise the northern hemisphere. Rather I am attempting to understand what is involved in human sociability, in what makes man man, and I believe that the problems of this self-conscious endeavour—which is the heart and justification of any serious sociology—are illuminated by these studies, by the problems they bring.

Consider orthodox opinion on these Zionists and Apostles. It is that they represent a transient and only mildly perplexing set of phenomena. Old beliefs are gone; new ones emerge which bring the vocabulary of the West to a recombination of native elements with a religious rhetoric which promises a making whole of our world, ourselves, and our societies. Prophecy, millenarian utopianism, nativism, healing of body and soul are old illusions. With time, all this too will be swept into the lumber-room of history and the reign of positivistic secularism doubly reign. What Max Weber called the disenchantment of the world will be complete. Or, of course, scientific Communism will hold sway. "Farewell, rewards and fairies." Farewell the no doubt disturbed personalities who promised a healing of the old injuries of our condition through divine knowledge and observance.

FOR SOME TIME there has been going on in primarily British sociology of religion what is called "the secularisation debate." I have some responsibility for this, for a quarter-of-a-century ago I began to express doubts—and doubts they remain—in my lectures and tutorials about the twin concepts that the realm of the secular was expanding with the advance of science, industrialism, rationality, and so on; and that the decline of church membership and observance naturally and unambiguously indexed this process. In different forms belief in this double process has been common enough. What

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bothered me was the question of fact: was it all true?

Well, some of my students have gone one way, some the other; and both lots have raised the level of debate and, alas but unavoidably, its technicality. At the heart of the matter is a definitional problem which is not trivial: what phenomena are to be reckoned as religious by sociologists? Are, for example, nationalism, scientism, sociologism, astrology, friendship with the earth, communism, positivism (in any strict sense), etc., all religious phenomena? Does it make sense to talk of "secular religions"? (It is a bad usage, but perhaps an unavoidable one.) Is the dichotomy of Sacred/Profane equivalent to that of Religious/Secular—and are these exhaustive divisions? Or do we need a threefold split: natural/non-natural/supernatural?

One very frequent, powerful, and usually unexamined belief is that in "cognitive dissonance"—a phrase legitimated by the prestige of psychological science. Underlying it is a concept of the mind as a closed space in which any intruded item jostles with and perhaps forces out some previous one, and in which only logically compatible items can remain. This closed, small, exclusive conception seems powerful when unexamined. It is congruent with our experiences of personal time and space. But it is after all possible that Hamlet was right and, shut in a nutshell, the mind is really king of infinite, or at least of "unbounded", space. If we are honest and humble, do we not all find that we believe and act in terms of logically incomplete systems and incompatible views? I cannot prove it, but I think we do.

Another consideration also led me to scepticism, and leads me to the new books of Mircea Eliade and Bryan Wilson. For reasons not relevant here, I became convinced that the families of metaphors employed socially were, contrary to my expectations, rather few in number, and very long-lived. Few of them seem to die or even to lose their power to grasp and interpret the world; very few are born. It is this that makes the work of Mircea Eliade of interest to me. I have read a great deal by him in both French and English. He has written so much more that I sometimes recall, when thinking of him, the old Oxford joke about the impossibility of G. D. H. Cole ever having had the time to read all the books he had written. At the core of my reading of Eliade lies an assertion; the claim that the history of religions reveals to us, polymorphous but recognisable, a limited number of archaic themes descriptive of the cosmos and our relations to it. These themes are certainly, if not universal, recurrent in a diversity of times and places.

To say as much as that is not to commit oneself

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to any of three possible accounts of why the phenomena should be like that: it is to make no claim for Jung, for Lévi-Strauss, or for some version of sociological determinism. But they are demonstrable enough—and Eliade has with huge erudition been a principal figure in their demonstration—to be worrying. What is most important is that these themes reappear (or continue), not just in the metaphors and cosmologies of new and vigorous religious formations in Africa and America—not to mention the perversity of the Manson gang—but in the ideological and political formations of our age, formations many of which I would myself classify as religious in the sense in which Emile Durkheim, if not Max Weber, taught to anthropological and sociological usage. Eliade's work is a great lexicon of such matters.

He is not on the whole an acceptable writer to many sociologists of religion, and I find this regrettable. Of course, any man who writes so much performs unevenly; of course, the methodologies of this kind of scholarship are less formally definable than in some other areas (though *are* they less so than those of anthropological field-work?). But the achievement is most impressive. This little volume of essays[3] gives us a sampler of Eliade not quite at his best, yet fully extended over his field of subjects. The first essay is debunking about totemism and "fabulous camels", and also contains a genuinely new perspective on Lévi-Strauss as culture-hero. Others recur to central cosmological themes and metaphors. Witchcraft and semen conclude the book. Long ago Max Muller, a bad comparative religionist, called a volume of his *Chips from a German Workshop*. These are chips from Eliade's workshop, some of them chips of precious stone.

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VERY DIFFERENT IS Bryan Wilson. Both his small books are, as well of intrinsic merit, comely in form and order, a lucid pleasure to read; sociology at the other pole of exposition from, say, Bennetta Jules-Rosette. *The Noble Savages*[4] is written out of a sad charity expressed in its ending:

> There may never have been any noble savages, but the idea that there were . . . may have encouraged in ourselves a little of the nobility in which we were prepared to believe.

Wilson sees "charisma" as having had a historical trajectory, beginning in a thin form in less-individuated forms of society, working most strongly in those civilised types of societies which precede industrialism, waning in the disenchanted world of today. Here is a weaving together of analysis and data of genuinely magistral kind. Yet I doubt that the case is closed. To me it seems that the world of the 20th century has known more of charisma, strong and weak, genuine and spurious, than any other age. I might wish it otherwise. The fact that one can admire Dr Wilson's analysis and yet hesitate to accept it—remembering indeed some of his own charismatics!—is not a criticism of what he gives but a statement about the inconclusive state even now of our knowledge and understanding of these matters.

The problem is clarified somewhat by his *Contemporary Transformations of Religion*.[5] This is centred on secularisation, the decline of the orthodoxies, the rise of spiritism, Eastern cults, and the demand for religious *Gemeinschaft*—things that Wilson sees as, in a way, evidence of how our cultures have pushed the religious into the march lands of our social being, and as evidence of the triumph of the secularisation process, a process which yet may create its own antinomianism and destroy the minimal order of any social system.

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[3] *Occultism, Witchcraft, and Cultural Fashions*. By MIRCEA ELIADE. University of Chicago Press, £6.15, $8.95.

[4] *The Noble Savages: The Primitive Origins of Charisma and its Contemporary Survival*. By BRYAN WILSON. University of California Press, £3.95, $7.50.

[5] *Contemporary Transformations of Religion*. By BRYAN WILSON. Oxford University Press, £2.95, $7.00.

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In both books there is fascinating learning about Jesus freaks, and exotic prophets, and much continuing and consistent criticism of the relation of religion to social structure and of the terms on which the latter is possible. (In a way I suppose one could say that Bryan Wilson is a sceptical Weberian into whose awareness the preoccupations of Emile Durkheim always intrude.) Taken together, these two little volumes are by far the most impressive statement of the secularisation thesis in terms of contemporary knowledge that we have seen.

And yet . . . I do not feel fully convinced, perhaps because I find the question of what (in Edward Shils' terms) is central, and what peripheral, in society and culture a difficult one. The clear air that endistanced me from the wandering Zulu Zionists is not just physical; it is also the air of scholarship. The reversals of time, the elasticity of the mind and, above all, the demands of human association link themselves with my doubts about secularisation through an old piece of iconography wherein the image of time was shown as a eunuch to remind us that time makes nothing new and merely re-combines old things, among which are the recurrent metaphors and actions whereby the human cosmos is constantly recreated. I am of a Durkheimian inclination—who says "society" also says "religion"—and also one who believes that religion is capable of an infinity of disguise. But in that faith I am no dogmatist.

Theory & Practice

Sociology & Philosophy of Law—By D. D. Raphael

MANY INTELLECTUAL DISCIPLINES have arisen out of philosophy and gone their separate ways. It looks as if they might one day all be merged again in sociology. Philosophy and sociology are alike in that they can make almost anything their business, but philosophers nowadays are rather cautious in exercising this capacity. They are modest, perhaps even timid, about their ability to contribute in a relevant way to the discussion of issues that are not just academic. Sociologists have no such inhibitions.

Sociology is the bold young science that rushes in where oldsters fear to tread. We hear of the sociology of religion, the sociology of law, the sociology of art and literature, the sociology of science, even the sociology of sociology itself. Such a profession of omnicompetence is bound to throw up a lot of rubbish, but it has its benefits too, in exploring interrelationships between different branches of knowledge and different forms of human activity. This kind of inquiry, synthesis, used to be one of the chief functions of philosophy, and now that so many philosophers confine themselves to the other main task of philosophy, analysis, and shy away from synthesis, it is just as well that another group of investigators should do something about it. If philosophers are inclined to complain that sociologists make a hash of the job, they have only themselves to blame. They should try to do it better themselves.

But then comparisons, as they say, are odious, and this is because one rarely compares like with like. The sort of synthesis made by philosophy is different from that of sociology. Philosophy is a wholly theoretical study: when it looks at the relations between two or more intellectual disciplines or practical spheres of activity it does so entirely in terms of concepts or general ideas. Sociological theory does this too, and the synthesis produced by sociological theory is not all that different from the synthesis of social philosophy. But sociology, unlike philosophy, is also an empirical study and its investigation of interrelations is more often than not a synthesis of sets of facts rather than a synthesis of sets of ideas.

Take, for instance, the sociology of law, a fast-growing and fruitful branch of sociology. For the most part the sociology of law shows up relationships between the actual working of the legal system of a society and some other set of social facts, such as the distribution of wealth and poverty. By contrast the philosophy of law looks at the relations between the concepts of a legal system and those of some other system of ideas, such as ethics or politics. A sociologist of law may conduct a piece of empirical research to see whether the incidence and treatment of juvenile delinquency in a large English town shows some significant correlation with differences of family income. A philosopher of law may conduct a theoretical analysis of the idea of diminished responsibility, as used by the criminal law, and connect this with the idea of moral responsibility and arguments about the freedom of the will.

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In either case the inquiry can have both a theoretical interest and a practical aim.

The sociological research is likely to show in some detail that the unruly young among the poor run up against the criminal law and are dealt with, rather unsuccessfully, by remedial agencies of the state, while the unruly young of the rich are provided with harmless outlets for their energy or are guided away from anti-social behaviour by psychiatric treatment. Of course this is of theoretical interest to the investigator as a social scientist who wants to know and to show just how a modern society works. But it can also, he hopes, be of some practical use to politicians and administrators who would like to see equal opportunities for all citizens regardless of class or income group.

The philosopher of law who discusses the concept of diminished responsibility has little thought of practical use for the results of his inquiry and is generally quite content to be motivated by theoretical interest alone; but even he may at times hope to have some indirect practical influence. For instance, if a social scientist like Lady Wootton has advocated that the concept of criminal responsibility be abandoned altogether in the administration of the law, and if a legal philosopher like Professor H. L. A. Hart thinks that she has failed to see the chaotic remote consequences of her proposal, he naturally hopes that his exposition will help to dissuade legislators from taking up the proposal.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND LAW can interact at different levels. There is first of all the purely "bread-and-butter" level, where one side supplies basic practical information that will be of use to the other. A solicitor or a court can obviously be helped by the experience of a probation officer or other social worker in dealing with a particular individual or in improving their general understanding of social conditions relevant to the administration of law. By the same token social workers need to have a background knowledge of such law as bears closely upon the advice that they can give to their clients. For the latter purpose *Law and the Underprivileged*[1] is particularly useful. The title may seem a misnomer, for much of the law that is described in the book affects a far wider section of the community than the underprivileged—national insurance legislation, family allowances, the law on landlord and tenant. But it is of course especially important for the underprivileged to know about these things as well as the facilities for supplementary benefit, rent rebates, and legal aid. The book is a manual of such law and legal machinery as social workers need to know of in advising the poorer members of the community about their rights and liabilities. The book is written in plain language and is a mine of useful information.

This is straightforward factual assistance from one profession to another. But when we move on to a level at which the assessment of fact depends on theory, it is not so easy to get things straight. Lynn McDonald is a Canadian sociologist who believes that sociological findings can be distorted by unsound theory. She is a researcher of some experience in the sociology of law, and at the start of her new book[2] she tells us that she became suspicious of the general belief in almost all advanced societies that crime is on the increase and needs to be met by a strengthening of "law and order." This belief of officials and the public at large has been apparently confirmed by the researches of well qualified sociologists. Dr McDonald, however, thinks that these sociologists have been misled by presupposing a "consensus theory" of law and crime. The alternative is to adopt a "conflict theory." So Dr McDonald constructed a programme of research which would test these two types of theory by reference to various sets of relevant sociological data. The result was support for a form of conflict theory and disconfirmation of consensus theory. When the statistics of crime are re-examined in this context, it can be seen that the apparent increase in the crime rate greatly exaggerates any real increase. Dr McDonald concludes that the popular call for more "law and order" is misguided.

> The public as a whole suffers, for punishment and rehabilitation are often more expensive than crime. . . . More important, perhaps, the law and order issue serves to deflect public attention from more pressing issues, like death, destruction, war, torture and starvation.

Strong words. Unfortunately one's faith in Dr McDonald as a guide is rather shaken when one comes to some of the details of her argument.

Consider this example. After discussing the alleged increase in the crime rate for England and Wales, Dr McDonald questions whether crime in Britain is such a serious social problem as is commonly supposed. She concentrates on property offences, reasonably enough, since these "constitute the vast majority of offences for which people are sentenced." She tells us that in 1965 property offences in England and Wales meant a loss of £26 million to the owners. Then she averages this over the whole population as a

[1] *Law and the Underprivileged*. By CHRIS SMITH and DAVID C. HOATH. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £5.95, paper £2.95.

[2] *The Sociology of Law and Order*. By LYNN MCDONALD. Faber & Faber, £7.95.

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loss of "roughly half a pound per person per year" and says that "the sum seems trivial" when compared with losses of other kinds.

> Anyone losing so much as one day's work loses far more than the average loss due to crime in a year. . . . Women manual workers in Britain earned on average £10 per week less than men in 1964, or in any one week losing twenty times more than the average loss per year on account of property crimes.

The fallacies in these comparisons are obvious. Many people might agree with Dr McDonald that our social objectives should give higher priority to the reduction of unemployment than to the reduction of crimes against property. But it is irrational to ground this higher priority on the fact that a real individual who is unemployed loses more money than a non-existent individual who is deemed to share a tiny fraction of the losses caused by property crime. The *average* loss through property offences is a sheer fiction. If the loss from property offences were in fact evenly distributed throughout the population so that each person lost 50p per year, then of course nobody would think that crimes against property constituted a serious social problem. The reality of the situation is that no individual loses only 50p from property offences in a year. More accurately, no individual loses only 50p as the result of *recorded* crime against property; if an individual does find that a thief has stolen 50p and nothing more, he is unlikely to report the matter to the police. For any real individual, recorded crime against property means a loss of much more than 50p; and while the number of persons who suffer such loss in any one year is only a small proportion of the population, anxiety among the general public is not concerned with averaging the loss in so far as it is met by insurance and so by premiums spread over a wide section of the population. The anxiety is concerned with *security*, with the risk that future victims might be anyone.

As for the woman manual labourer who was paid less than a man, she might well resent being treated unfairly, but she would not say that she had "lost" what she never possessed, even though she might think that she ought to have possessed it. Here again Dr McDonald's advocacy of the cause of equal treatment for women and men is not helped by being founded on such a fallacious comparison with the losses due to crime.

Dr McDonald is at least as much interested in theoretical issues of methodology as in the more practical question of whether the incidence and alleged increase of crime form a serious social problem. Here too, however, her treatment leaves something to be desired. In the first part of her

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book she surveys the history of consensus and conflict theory. When I read what she says about individual theorists of whom I have some knowledge, I cannot help being uneasy about the reliability of her account of others. For instance, she thinks that Thomas Hobbes founded law on religion in *The Elements of Law*, while in *Leviathan* he changed his ground and founded law on social contract but without abandoning the religious view, "leaving a profound contradiction in the work." Again she says that Adam Smith in *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* explained criminal behaviour as being due to the lack of moral sentiments, which she later identifies with "the notion of the moral instinct, which was said to determine the morality or immorality of behaviour." I suppose it is possible to present a more distorted view of Hobbes and Adam Smith than that, but it would not be easy. Dr McDonald also says that Adam Smith was one of the very few consensus theorists who were not academics or practitioners, and that the *Moral Sentiments* was first published in 1774. It was in fact published in 1759 when he was a Professor of Moral Philosophy; in 1744 he was still a student at Oxford, aged 21.

I could give other examples of inaccuracy in the historical survey. The fact is that Dr McDonald is not well equipped to deal with the history of ideas. Her errors of interpretation here and the loose thinking in her polemic against the conventional wisdom about law and order lead me to feel it is a pity that she did not combine her training in sociology with some in philosophy. So far as I can judge, her empirical research is thorough and carefully monitored. She does seem to have a real case against the conventional view about the crime rate. It is unfortunate that she spoils it by unsound argument and information in the development of her position on more general issues of practical policy and of theory.

HERE THEN IS A SOCIOLOGIST whose work suffers from weakness in philosophy. I wonder if sociologists would say the same thing in reverse about David Miller's *Social Justice*.[3] In this book Dr Miller connects philosophy with sociology in a way that seems to me wholly admirable. As a philosophic analyst of the idea of social justice, he is quite first-rate, beautifully clear in expression, precise in argument, independent in thought, But unlike the majority of analytic philosophers, he is ready to pay attention also to the history of philosophy and to sociology.

[3] *Social Justice*. By DAVID MILLER. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £8.50.

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Some of the details of his sociological treatment raise questions in my mind, just as do some of the details in his philosophical and historical discussions, but in general the sociological part of the book, like the others, strikes me as enlightening and well conceived. I would recommend the work to sociologists as well as to philosophers. Both can learn a great deal from it; among other things, they can learn how to learn from each other.

In the first part of the book Dr Miller distinguishes three concepts of social justice, one that bases justice on established rights, a second that bases it on merit, and a third that bases it on need. Each plays a part in the notion of social justice that we use today, and Dr Miller explores the relations and the strains between them. In Part II he considers three thinkers of the past, each of whom has expounded a theory of justice highlighting, in a somewhat extreme form, one of the three concepts. David Hume, on Dr Miller's reading of him, had a rights theory of justice; Herbert Spencer a merit theory; and Kropotkin a needs theory. The individual character of each of their theories of justice depends on a particular conception of society. Hume thinks of a society which values stability above all; Spencer favours a society of competition; Kropotkin seeks a "solidarist" or fraternal society.

These three visions of society lead Dr Miller to the final part of his book, where he considers how his three concepts of social justice stand in relation to a tripartite typology of societies as shown up in the work of sociologists. Primitive or tribal society lays stress on the satisfaction of needs, but according to Dr Miller it does not thereby exhibit a needs concept of justice, for it thinks of need in terms of the survival of the whole society rather than as a claim of the individual. Hierarchical society has a rights concept of justice, and Dr Miller concentrates attention on one example, feudal society in medieval Europe. Since this form of hierarchical society was imbued with Christian doctrine, its concept of justice also took account of need, but the one concept that did not play a part in its idea of justice was merit. The notion of merit emerged into the forefront of ideas of social justice in market society, where success in a competitive race was the hallmark of just desert. Our present form of western society is, according to Miller, a development from this, "organized capitalism", and gives scope for the rights and the needs concepts as well.

There is plenty of room for criticism of this account. I think that Dr Miller's interpretation of Hume is incomplete, that in distinguishing social justice from legal he has neglected the influence of legal ideas on social justice too, and that the connection between the needs concept and the practice of primitive society should be made closer. But if Miller does make mistakes, they are never crude mistakes, and his own view is always stimulating and worthy of careful examination.

DR MILLER RELATES philosophy to sociology but not to law. The omission is well repaired in *Law and Morality*,[4] a book of readings, mostly modern but also including a number of choice items from the 18th century onwards. The extracts are arranged according to subject-matter. The different sections contain a splendid selection of pieces written by philosophers, lawyers, members of official committees, clerics, parliamentarians, sociologists, journalists, and laymen about the functions of the criminal law, capital punishment and punishment in general, the law in relation to sexual behaviour, abortion, euthanasia, and suicide, obscenity and pornography, sabbatarianism and blasphemy.

The only trouble is that the type is so small as to make the book hard to read with any comfort. No doubt the publishers will say that this was necessary for reasons of economy; but they are asking £12.50 for a work of 265 pages and even the paperback version costs just under £5. A strain on the eyes and a strain on the pocket. More's the pity because the contents are the real stuff of serious debate, often entertaining, always commanding respect. This is ground on which law, philosophy, and sociology can meet to some purpose.

[4] *Law and Morality*. Edited by LOUIS BLOM-COOPER and GAVIN DREWRY. Duckworth, £12.50, paper £4.95.

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LETTERS

"Europe: Politics—not Social Reform"

MY ARTICLE (ENCOUNTER, August 1976) was not a critique of Michael Shanks's wide-ranging analysis of the problems of Europe. I simply addressed myself to the question—What ought the European Community to do next?—and tried to explain why Shanks's idea of concentrating on a Europe-wide "blueprint" for social reform was a highly unpromising one. My purpose was furthermore, as I said, to show that this would be a risky diversion of Europe's political energies when the Community needs, as a matter of urgency, to develop further its capacity for joint political action to cope with what looks like being an increasingly turbulent international environment. Judging by the performance of the Community countries to date, albeit uneven, this is a more promising, as well as important, thing for them to do.

Shanks now says that I (wilfully) misunderstood what he meant by a social "blueprint" for Europe. What he has in mind is apparently something less ambitious than I supposed. But in his article he went out of his way to stress that his blueprint would be of a very special kind, different in weight and degree of commitment from all others, *except* the Treaty of Rome:

> "... none of the recent blueprints has involved the full-scale commitment of all the member-governments. None has had the status of the Treaty of Rome."
> And he goes on:
> "So I believe that we have to sit down again, with a new political commitment, to rechart the dimensions ... of the Europe we are prepared to pay for and to live with."

Those words still suggest to me that what he was talking about was what I called the construction of a "new European social order"—the implicit parallel with the developing countries' current demand for a new "international economic order" was intentional on my part. The point I wanted to make is a general one and relevant to both schemes. It is no use starting out with an attractive idea and then when it doesn't take—as Shanks's own interesting social programme for the European Community did not take when he was a Director General in Brussels—saying that it is just a matter of mobilising the necessary "political will" to push it through. The politics is not incidental but central to an analysis of what the Community should attempt to do.

I am much in favour of including some human figures in Shanks's European landscape. I did in fact suggest in my article certain social objectives which the European Community countries could usefully pursue in common—in the treatment of immigrant workers for example. But do let us be careful to avoid the illusion that a group of countries with such widely divergent economic performances as they show at present can readily converge on a great common social programme—"a Plan", as Shanks calls it. Unhappily a country like Britain has to recognise that it cannot do as well for its old people and for some other disadvantaged groups as Germany does.

Yes—there are certain social minima, as well as the problems of unemployment and inflation, on which it is worth while taking international action. But there are other bodies besides the European Community which have a function here—notably the OECD which brings together *all* the industrial countries—and for some tasks, *e.g.*, for tackling the international transmission of inflation, they may be the more appropriate instrument. We have to consider very carefully what the Community, given its present limitations, is most useful for. I think it is potentially useful as an instrument of international politics, not of social reform.

ANDREW SHONFIELD

London

Keynes, Johnson, Oxbridge

HARRY G. JOHNSON'S "How Good was Keynes' Cambridge?" (August) strikes me as a first-rate and valuable piece of documentation. As an explanation of how a complex organisation worked, and on the whole still does work, it will be of use to historians, and could profitably be looked up by novelists who want to set their action in Oxbridge and would like to get it right.

So this is in fact simply a thank-you letter. I am very glad that someone of Mr Johnson's intellectual clarity has set down this guide to the intricacies of a system that grew up partly as a result of deliberate blue-printing and partly by the accretion of historical circumstances. Even the fact that Mr Johnson obviously did not enjoy his time at Cambridge and feels a need to criticise it very harshly does not affect his objectivity. It is actually rather touching when towards the end of his article, his voice rises two or three tones and he begins to foam at the mouth ("the Colleges ... feudal institutions ... administered co-operatively by the Fellows collectively and specifically by a sub-group among them semi-self-selected by administrative interest and loosely controlled by a system of semi-egalitarian semi-gerontological personal-participation democracy, functioning to turn out qualified members of the élite or the establishment," etc., etc.). It establishes him as a man and a brother, which most economists are not.

The piece is so valuable that I feel a duty to supplement it a little, by correcting two slight mistakes that have escaped even Mr Johnson's fine net. The first occurs in the passage about the hierarchy: there were "very different age and generation differentials". Mr Johnson then gets into the topic of how people address each other by Christian names, or Misters, or whatever, and suddenly throws in:

> "... in Cambridge (and in the United Kingdom generally) one was careful to describe colleagues in front of non-colleagues as 'Doctor' or 'Professor', but only when they actually held the title."

This puzzles me. Are there places where it is usual to call people "Doctor" and "Professor" whether they

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hold these titles or not? That, however is not my point: which is that, whatever may be the case in "the United Kingdom generally," in the Oxford of my boyhood (roughly the same time as when Mr Johnson knew Cambridge) it was definitely a *gaffe* to call anyone Doctor or Professor. The cult of the gentleman-amateur, with its roots in the 18th century and beyond, was firmly in place. "Mr" was the highest title. To this day it is an effort to me to call anybody Doctor or Professor because the great teachers who formed my own mind, men like C. S. Lewis and Nevill Coghill, were Misters. I note that this habit survives in sour little ways; at present, for a five-year period, I hold a Chair, and I notice that when anybody calls me "Professor" in print they are winding up to say something insulting.

The second point is of slightly more consequence. Mr Johnson says (admittedly I am unpicking this from a detailed argument, but it is a self-contained though subordinate proposition) that

> "each succeeding year's crop of B.A.s made their subsequent careers and positions in British society on the basis of their relative competitive performance on [*sic*] that year's examinations."

Strange, how often the idea turns up that Oxford and Cambridge award degrees on a "competitive" basis! And even stranger to find it put about by one with experience of working the Oxbridge system! In theory, it would be perfectly possible for every single candidate to be placed in the first class, if by some act of God none but first-class candidates presented themselves. Of course this is an ideal and ideals are not realised in human life, but Oxbridge comes close to realising it and Mr Johnson was once one of those who helped to bring this about.

JOHN WAIN

Oxford

Détente & Lord Kitchener

LORD KITCHENER anticipated the meaning of *détente* as understood by the Russians. According to Sir Ronald Storrs (*Orientations*, Ch. VI, p. 112), Kitchener of Khartoum was "on one occasion . . . with difficulty restrained from employing 'détente' as the equivalent of 'disagreement'."

> "Why not? *Entente*—you agree. *Détente*—you don't. . . . I can't see it."

JOHN GILLARD WATSON

Oxford

David Holbrook replies

IT WOULD BE churlish of me to respond adversely to Peter Porter's generous review of my book on Gustav Mahler [ENCOUNTER, August]. It makes it clear to me at last that I am understood at the level of serious debate. I should, however, like to take up one patch in Mr Porter's review, and try to suggest that it reveals the unfairness to which I have been subjected in recent years:

> Holbrook's study belongs, with his poems, to the smaller and more human part of his polemical output. Those who have trembled at the thought of the Black Paper side of his writing, or all those letters-to-the-editor, may be assured that *Gustav Mahler—And the Courage to Be* is very different. It is sane, original and well-argued.

This could be taken to imply that I am a "reactionary" in education, and that my other writings are not original, well-argued, or sane.

First, I would like to say that I have never had anything to do with the Black Papers on education. I only read them recently, and found them very thin. I once protested to Professor G. H. Bantock, saying that I thought he should not lend himself to the politicisation of educational issues in that way. I should perhaps say that Bantock has always been most generous about my own work, welcoming my insistence that creativity was an exacting discipline. On my part, I have always believed that the answer to the problem of inequality in education is to make the syllabus more humanistic. The more children are exploring the nature of being human, and seeking values and meaning, the more they are united by a common spiritual quest; and differences between men appear less important.

I have been appalled by some of the pseudo-revolutions in education, and I wonder what the traditional grammar school teachers have made of comprehensive developments. My own *Education for the Rejected* revealed a world which required much thought and re-training, to enable teachers to cope with it. Under the political manipulations of the doctrinaire movement towards comprehensive schools, there has simply not been enough time to make a proper transformation of the syllabus, and everyone has suffered. But my latest book on education, *English in Australia Now*, was by no means a "reactionary" book—as will be clear to anyone who has read Roger Poole's review, "David Holbrook's Humanities" in *Books and Bookmen*, September 1973.

I confess to having used the correspondence columns too frequently and aggressively. But not everyone objects to that (in his *The Survival of English*, Ian Robinson says some of my letters have been "a welcome gleam of critical light"). However, a great deal of what I have written there has been out of frustration. I don't know what Mr Porter means by my "smaller output." In the last few years I have published a number of books, some of them quite long, all to do with the contrast between a culture based on love and one based on hate. As Abraham Maslow declared in his symposium, *New Knowledge in Human Values*, we do now have, in the empirical findings of psychoanalysis and other disciplines, sources of values which can save us from the atomic fire if we work hard enough. I have simply tried to apply these findings to education and culture.

I know, from the responses of serious and qualified people, that these books are well-argued and sane. Professor E. W. F. Tomlin, who used to review philosophy for *Scrutiny*, wrote to thank me for *Human Hope and the Death Instinct*, and has called it "successful" as a survey of post-Freudian theories. Peter Abbs reviewed *The Masks of Hate* well in *The Human World*, and Kathleen Nott said she went a long way with my argument in *Sex and Dehumanization* (in *New Society*). Roger Poole has written in a most

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complimentary way about my work, while the *Journal of Orgone Therapy* in America, the magazine for Reichian followers, said my symposium *The Case Against Pornography* was a "welcome weapon in the struggle against anti-life."

How, then, can someone like Peter Porter be so

European Notebook:

Munich

THE GERMAN press *is, of course, crowded with appreciations and re-evaluations of the life and work of Martin Heidegger (who died on 26 May at the age of 86). But I was especially struck by the obituaries in the London* Times *and the Paris* Monde. *One headline read:* "A MAJOR GERMAN PHILOSOPHER" *and the other had it:* "LE PLUS GRAND PHILOSOPHE DE NOS TEMPS." *In* The Times *it is one of several obits on page 18; in* Le Monde *there were three long articles beginning on the front page.*

In France the fascinated intellectual preoccupation with Heidegger's philosophy could be found among poets as well as thinkers and it was especially striking on the intellectual Left—where in Germany not a book of Heidegger was ever cracked (at least not since the young Herbert Marcuse was a Heideggerian). A goodly number of French studies link the names of Marx and Heidegger as if they comprised the two greatest thinkers of the modern world who conveniently complemented each other. Both the older generation (above all Jean-Paul Sartre) and the younger French intellectuals like Michel Foucault and Gilles Deleuze turned to him again and again over the years as "a key figure." It was enough for Sartre to have written in Les temps modernes *on the death of its co-founder, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, "We both had gone to see Husserl and Heidegger. . . ." It was a curious relationship, a strange trans-Rhine brotherhood.*

I saw the other night a German TV documentary glorifying Heidegger and his life work; in it a young French philosopher was interviewed and he even went so far as to praise the intellectuality of Heidegger's notorious speech in 1933 as Rector of the University of Freiburg which signalled his (short-lived) acceptance of the Nazi cause. At least there is no one in Germany today who could be found to go that far. German intellectuals today know better, and they have at hand Alexander Schwan's excellent critical book on Heidegger's political "engagement"; the French have neither translated nor discussed it.

Much about the "French Heidegger" is a puzzlement. To read Heidegger in his original German, with its recondite researches into outlandish etymological roots (almost a kind of philosophical punning) is to come away with a lesson in tortured semantics which is surely untranslatable. I have never ceased to be astonished, and I spent fifteen post-War years in Paris, at how powerfully Heidegger seems to have affected even those French intellectuals who couldn't read a word of German or make out the difference between an umlaut and a colon.

It is a most strange phenomenon of French-German cultural exchange, and it suggests the mutual fascination with what is foreign. For the German literary critics of today the most decisive commentary on their great poet Hölderlin is the work of the French writer Pierre Berteaux. But for the French, as a glance at the French edition of Hölderlin reveals, it is only the interpretation of Heidegger that counts. When M. Robert Minder produced his formidable critique of Heidegger's language and literary studies, it was treated in France (especially on the Left) as "irrelevant." Nor has anyone in Germany produced anything to stand beside the three-volume work on Heidegger by Jean Beaufret. Cultural exchange has many cunning passages, not the least of which being that the one German poet whom we know to have been in "Gedankenaustausch" with Heidegger—Paul Celan —lived in Paris.

Could it be that this amazing cross-cultural echo, this brotherly trans-Rhine resonance, was all based on deep misunderstandings? Dare one think that the whole of French Existentialism—which puzzled Heidegger and left him cold—proceeded from erratic eccentricities?

I am certain that Europe's intellectual history could never be that melodramatic. Still, there remains the question of what it was that the author of Sein und Zeit *(translated only decades after it was first published in 1927) offered the French spirit? I won't even attempt an answer. Let me merely say that I find the episode "Heidegger en France" one of the most exotic in contemporary cultural history. For it belongs not to the history of debate, argument and analysis, but to those private gardens of the European intelligentsia where confessions, cults, and fashions flower.*

Zurich

I HAD *the opportunity to spend a day here with Andrey Amalrik and his wife, Gyusel, both freshly arrived after their cliff-hanging ordeal in Moscow and not knowing until the last minute whether they would be "voluntarily released", involuntarily expelled, or delayed or detained once again. We chatted lightly in German which he speaks correctly, if slowly; but in the long and serious exchanges, in which the sculptor Ernst*

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mistaken? The answer, I fear, is that I have been subjected to a determined attempt by a certain London intellectual clique to suppress my work. None of the above books were reviewed by *The Times*, *New Statesman*, *Listener*, or even *Encounter* and only one in *New Society*. One assistant editor told Richard

Heidegger, Amalrik

Neizvestny also participated, there was alas a "translation screen"; and here, I have always felt, much gets lost in the effort to understand a writer from a different political and intellectual culture. One is always thrown back in such situations to the books and articles from which one can get a clear and, one supposes, a definitive impression.

And yet, after some seven hours of talk, one could not help come away with a sense of new and surprising aspects of the man. It does make a difference if one can put supplementary questions and even go on to discuss. At one point one Russian who was present (he happens to be living in Perugia) mentioned the problem of Italy on the eve of so-called Euro-Communism. I wasn't quite prepared for the temptation which some Western ideological heresies on the traditional totalitarian Left could still offer even those most radical of oppositionists to the Soviet system. As Amalrik said, "For us Palmiro Togliatti remains the first dissident. His political testament, which demanded a pluralism as against the Soviet domination of the Communist movement, gave us new perspectives. . . ."

How, then, does Amalrik see the change in the System (even if it should, as he now concedes, be able to survive beyond 1984)? Perhaps through a return to the original non-party Soviet councils; and out of a decentralised network of local councils a form of Parliament could develop. But, in the neo-pragmatic style of the new Russian intelligentsia (or, at least, some part of it), he quickly added that this could only be an "ideal model", more of a bench-mark than any kind of blue-print or prediction. In any event, for all his anti-Bolshevism, he would clearly reject any régime that would deal with the Communists the way they deal with other political parties when they have State power, namely, drive the opposition into illegality. In the event of free elections in Russia, he estimates that the Soviet Communists might well receive as much of an electoral percentage, as, say, the Portuguese C.P. did recently (12%). He made a point of not suggesting a "purification" of post-Communist society, but a genuinely liberal and tolerant pluralism.

THUS, AMONG THE VARIOUS *basic currents of anti-Soviet dissident thought—the religious-traditional; the liberal-libertarian; the back-to-Lenin revisionists—it seemed to me that Amalrik, always formulating carefully and undogmatically, belonged to the spirit of Sakharov, rather than Solzhenitsyn or Medvedev. At no point did he suggest, as I have heard it put from other Russian dissenters, that "the overwhelming majority of the Russian people" (90%, no less) felt precisely as he did. But after all, I chided him, he was an historian and surely that gave him perspective and a long view. "Historian?", he laughed, "with my interrupted schooling, two incomplete semesters, and no degree—you must be joking. . . ."*

Dissidence, then, was a patchwork-quilt of many colours. It stitched together everything in a huge land that was crying out to be seen, heard, felt. And that included extreme Russian nationalism; growing ethnic consciousness among the non-Russian minorities (read: majorities); diverse ideologies of bourgeois liberalism and social freedom; strange mixtures of authoritarian communism and national-socialism. Indeed these can be found not only among the oppositionists but even within the régime's representatives. Dissidence, accordingly, is not a single Movement at all; rather, a variegated expression of deep dissatisfactions and hopes throughout a hard-pressed unhappy social order. Don't ask what vision of the future it has, because it's not One but Many, not a colour but a spectrum. . . . As Amalrik put it to me, "Caught in a closed system one tries to get out somehow—moving forwards, or backwards, or sideways—indeed any which way. . . . For many Western observers, with simple notions of progress in history, this must be very difficult to understand. . . ."

Was Communism still a belief, a faith? No, it was almost exclusively an opportunistic adjustment to, and acceptance of, certain Established conditions; still, it had qualities of strength and resilience so long as there was no challenge from other ideas and beliefs. Not some spontaneous "wisdom of the People" emerging from the suffering masses. Rather, strong convictions held deeply and pronounced publicly by individuals who are quite ready to accept their intellectual and moral responsibilities. Some kind of break-through to "Freedom" without a proper prelude of an Enlightenment, a preparation in critical ideas, could only be dangerous. . . .

I WILL NOT judge here Amalrik's views, and only record that he tried to face every argument and counter-argument, concentrating and relaxing by turns. And what an impression of personal liberty and intellectual freedom one comes away with! Here is not a man with yet another Message, or an author who can only add to his published books by scribbling his name on the fly-leaf. One could not miss here the pathos (in one ancient sense of the word) of a man and a woman who, under the most trying and appalling of circumstances, managed to survive with honour.

François Bondy

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Cohen: "David Holbrook would be on a black list I would hand over to my successor." I could write at length on the whole disgusting attempt to make it seem I did not exist—cutting and distortion on television, refusal to publish serious interviews, smearing me in profiles, and labelling. (*The Daily Telegraph* allowed no reply to an accusation that I was a member of the "Festival of Light", while accusations of my association with Mrs Mary Whitehouse are common.) All this is nonsense. My objections to the destruction of meaning are humanistic, and based on the assumption that it is wrong to teach people to have contempt for others. A characteristic story: an article of mine, accepted by *The Times*, was later rejected by a new and nervous features editor, accepted by *P. E. N. Journal*, turned down later in favour of one entitled "In Defence of Filth"—mine was called "Have We Enough Common Decency?"—and is now to appear in *Contemporary Review*! Of course, publishers have been very reluctant to publish such an unpopular author, and the effects on my output and finances have been disastrous. (I am thus all the more grateful for Alan Moore at Vision Press who had the courage to publish the Mahler book.)

It is clear that many who prate about "freedom" in this area have no real regard for it. They simply want to keep their own egoistical nihilism beyond criticism. From my point of view they are betraying the achievements of those like Mahler who have overcome destructiveness and despair. They are contributing to the possibility that the world may again be overwhelmed by hate, and in all my work I try to expose and resist them; it is all of a piece.

DAVID HOLBROOK

Stapleford, Cambridge

I APOLOGISE to David Holbrook for referring to "the Black Paper side of his writing." I was thinking of the collection of articles edited by Peter Abbs and published in 1975 under the title *The Black Rainbow*, to which Mr Holbrook contributed a chapter. However, this was on Ted Hughes's *Crow*, and had nothing to do with education. My memory had mixed up the two sorts of "black."

PETER PORTER

London

Mishan's Road

E. J. MISHAN's article, "On the Road to Repression and Control", in your July issue argues that there is a relationship between economic growth and the secular growth of government and that this "rich vein of enquiry has been too long neglected." In fact, I devoted half of *How to Survive the Slump* (Penguin, 1975) to this very subject. My thesis is that rising affluence following the diffusion and development of the industrial revolution in technology and organisation has led, in democratic societies, to increased demands for freedom and security. This, in turn, has led to a massive extension in the role of the State and a parallel concentration of the private sector into larger and larger units of organisation, affecting employers through corporations and employees through trade unions. The whole process has been self-reinforcing, and is still continuing.

In his article, Mishan places main emphasis upon the relationship between Technological Innovation, which he (rightly, I think) says is the "chief component and characteristic feature of modern economic growth" and the growth of Government. My main emphasis is upon the self-reinforcing effect of the growth of Government itself and, in particular, upon the way that rising taxes—which inevitably accompany the growth of Government in a market economy—stimulate concentration in the private sector. The rise of the giant corporation, which is commonly attributed to the imperatives of technology, is, I believe, primarily the result of the fact that the tax system simply favours large-scale organisation. Taxation affects large and small firms in different ways because it encourages borrowing which is easier (and more acceptable) the larger the firm. The tax system also stimulates savings in insurance, pension funds, unit trusts and government securities, none of which channel funds into small organisations. Large organisations find the burden of government regulation easier to bear than small and at the same time are much easier to deal with by Government. The whole process, bound up as it is with inflation and the technological consequences that Mishan has pointed out in that article and elsewhere, seems depressingly unstoppable, at least until the market economy disappears into the orifice of the public sector.

There are, however, some encouraging signs that the process will not continue to that point, or at least a chance that it will not. One is that the increasing demand for "participation"—in work and in government—itself the product of affluence, is increasingly incompatible with ever-increasing centralisation of control, both in the public and the private sector. The rising cost of energy will itself encourage and make necessary a more decentralised organisation of production. It is, for example, becoming increasingly uneconomic to transport bread, beer, and bricks from one end of the country to another, and this is giving smaller organisations the chance to compete on more equal terms with the large.

It is not correct, I think, to attribute these problems to Technology itself. I see no reason why technological development should favour large-scale organisation, public or private. Behind every technical development lie people and organisations, and each development is a solution to a problem set by the rules and incentives they are working under. It is these rules and incentives which are wrong, not the exercise of technical skill. The fact is that the majority of all research and development is now carried out by very large organisations, public and private; and these organisations have an inherent bias towards large-scale

(Cont'd on p. 96)

INDEX TO VOLUME XLVI

THE INDEX to Volume XLVI (January–June 1976) is now available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS. Standing orders for future indexes can also be accepted.

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Life & Letters Today

London

CLICHÉ HUNTING: "How long can the stalemate in Rhodesia continue? It is time for Britain to act decisively. Britain has a better record than any other colonial power. This will be tarnished, and we will lose the moral leadership of the world if we do not intervene" (from a clergyman's letter in the *Daily Mail*).

The Moral Leadership of the World! I had thought this splendidly fatuous phrase, which I have not read (except in my own column [Peter Simple writes]) for many years, was lost and gone for ever! What memories it recalls of those convivial hours we spent in the old days at the Bar of World Opinion!

Perhaps even that favourite haunt of us big multiracial cliché-hunters is still open? It seems too much to hope for!

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

CHRISTIAN NAMES: *The annual analysis of Christian names is welcome.*

But your list is limited to the upper classes. What are the statistics for names like Tracy or Charlene? The top ten in each list were: James, Thomas, Nicholas, Alexander, Charles, Benjamin, Andrew, William, Richard, Edward; Sarah, Emma, Alexandra, Rebecca, Emily, Katherine, Lucy, Victoria, Elizabeth, Joanna. Andrew replaced Jonathan; among the girls. Anna, Charlotte, Helen and Sophie were displaced.

The choice of Christian names is astonishingly class distinctive, and I feel the present Government has slipped up badly here. It would be a simple matter to pass a Christian Name Discrimination Act which would make it illegal for parents to give their children any name which was not on an approved list drawn up by a committee of leading trade unionists, sociology experts, and Tribune MPs.

Such an Act would at a stroke deny parents the present dangerous freedom of choice, and put an end to a practice which is clearly socially divisive.

THE TIMES

Washington

LIBERTY BELL CENSORED: *One of Britain's chief Bicentennial gifts to the former American colonies is a newly-cast bell, made in the same London foundry that produced the famed Liberty Bell in 1753. But a demonstration of fundamentalist churchgoers and ministers voiced outrage that the new bell leaves off the Bible quotation engraved on the original Liberty Bell. That quotation is*

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto the inhabitants thereof" (Leviticus 25: 10).

Omission of that verse "deeply enshrined in the hearts of our God-fearing people," the Rev. Carl McIntire told the Queen in a letter, is "the worst thing you could do to us. We ask that the bell be withdrawn and returned."

Mr. McIntire told a reporter in a telephone interview, "We are going to secure a million signatures as soon as possible on a petition, and 13 clergymen from the original 13 American colonies will fly to London to present it at Buckingham Palace." The petition to the Queen says omission of the Leviticus verse is "a great affront."

It's all a misunderstanding, according to the British Embassy here.

"What about leaving off that Biblical inscription?" Diana Fortescue was asked. Miss Fortescue, the Embassy's Bicentennial officer, said, "We gave the matter of an inscription a lot of thought and finally came up with one that would mean a lot to all patriotic Americans, no matter what their race, creed or colour. . . . The possibility of putting a religious inscription was discussed, and it was decided to use an inscription that would appeal to all Americans." The huge bell, weighing just over 12,000 pounds, is inscribed

For the people of the United States of America from the people of Britain. 4 July 1976.
"LET FREEDOM RING"

Mr. McIntire said from his Collingswood, N.J., study that he had been told by a Washington clergyman that the British left off the words from Leviticus "because they feel the United States is no longer a Christian nation."

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

London

HELL'S ANGELS: I grieve to see that, in common with most of your colleagues, you continue to use the term "hierarchy", which means "rule by priests, or angels."

In your issue of March 3 you refer to the "Soviet Communist Hierarchy." I eagerly await your publication of a photograph of Mr Brezhnev wearing a cope and chasuble—or even wings.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

STRICTLY PERSONAL: *The sex relations industry is becoming a busy little world. On Monday, reporters followed Betty Lockwood, chairman of the Equal Opportunities Commission, from her inaugural London press conference to a grand reception in honour of equal pay at the Banqueting House in Whitehall. Suffragettes chained themselves to railings there, so the setting was historic.*

Many celebrated women attended, from Barbara Castle to Iris Murdoch and Jane McDonald, a jockey. Lord Longford was present as a guest of his wife. "Most guests will be accompanied by a person", the Department had said carefully.

THE TIMES

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solutions and solutions which are relatively insensitive to the environment outside the organisation.

GRAHAM BANNOCK

Iford, Lewes
Sussex

MY APOLOGIES to Graham Bannock for neglecting to read his Penguin, *How to Survive the Slump*, an omission I shall hasten to rectify. The reason is that I have been too busy trying to survive a growing avalanche of journal articles, one of the postwar products of economic growth. In my *Costs of Economic Growth* (also a Penguin), I quoted a statistic by John Wilkinson that, in 1962, the average scientific journal article was read by 1·3 readers. It will not be read by so many today.

Bannock's views in general coincide with my own, though I am less optimistic about the liberating effects of "participation." I agree particularly with his last paragraph. I have never sought to explain the rise of large-scale organisations primarily in terms of expensive technology. If my thesis is valid, it holds irrespective of the form or scale of industrial organisation.

E. J. MISHAN

London School of Economics

AUTHORS

Martin Amis is the author of two novels, *The Rachel Papers* and *Dead Babies* (Cape, 1975).

James Preston O'Donnell is an American journalist and author (born 1917, in Baltimore, Maryland). He covered the Nuremberg trials for *Newsweek*, having set up their Berlin bureau in 1945, and was for 15 years European correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*. His most recent book, *The Führerbunker*, will be published this winter by Houghton Mifflin.

Dame Joan Evans, DBE, was educated at Berkhamsted Girls School, St Hugh's College, Oxford (where she was College Librarian from 1917–22), and at University College, London. Her many distinguished publications in the fields of history, history of art, archaeology, and architecture include *English Jewellery* (1921), *Pattern: A Study of Ornament in Western Europe 1180–1900* (1931), *Nature in Design* (1934), *Chateaubriand* (1939), *Cluniac Art of the Romanesque Period* (1950), *Style in Ornament* (1950), *A History of Jewellery 1100–1870* (Faber, 1953, 1970), *Monastic Architecture in France, Monastic Iconography in France* (Cambridge University Press, 1964, 1970), *Prelude and Fugue* (autobiography, 1965), *Life in Mediaeval France* (Phaidon, 1969). She was President of the Royal Archaeological Institute from 1948–51, and President of the Society of Antiquaries from 1959–64. (As she says, "My grandfather was born in 1781, my father was born in 1823, and I was born in 1893—so it is not surprising that I should be interested in the past.") She is Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, and was created a Dame of the British Empire in 1976.

Raymond Aron is Professor at the Collège de France and the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes, and is a regular columnist for *Le Figaro*. His previous articles in ENCOUNTER include "A Reply to Solzhenitsyn" (September 1975), "An Interview" (December 1973), and "The Quest for Meaning" (September 1972). His latest book is *History and the Dialectic of Violence* (Blackwell, 1975).

Peter Schmid is an editor of *Die Weltwoche* (Zurich).

David Martin is Professor of Sociology at the London School of Economics. Among his books are *The Religious and the Secular* (Routledge, 1969; Schocken Books, 1976) and *Tract Against the Times* (Lutterworth, 1973). His inaugural lecture, "The Naked Person", appeared in the June 1973 issue of ENCOUNTER.

Donald G. MacRae is Professor of Sociology at the London School of Economics. His books include *Ideology and Society* (1960), *Ages and Stages* (Athlone Press, 1975), and *Weber* (Fontana, 1975).

Julius Gould is Professor of Sociology, University of Nottingham. His Comte Memorial Lecture, *The Rational Society*, was published by Athlone Press in 1972, and in 1975 he co-edited *Studies in Jewish Demography: Survey for 1969–1971*. His contributions to ENCOUNTER include "Last Trains to the Finland Station" (October 1975) and "Shapes of Things to Come" (May 1974).

D. D. Raphael is Professor of Philosophy in the University of London and Academic Director of Associated Studies at Imperial College, London. Among his books are *Moral Judgment* (1955), *Political Theory and the Rights of Man* (1967), and *Problems of Political Philosophy* (Pall Mall Press, 1970). He is co-editor of the recent reissue of Adam Smith's *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* (Oxford University Press, 1976).

Günter Grass's "Looking Back at *The Tin Drum*" (ENCOUNTER, July) was translated by Irene Leonard, the author of *Günter Grass* (Oliver & Boyd, 1974).

"A Conversation with George F. Kennan" (ENCOUNTER, September) is copyrighted © George F. Kennan and George Urban 1976.

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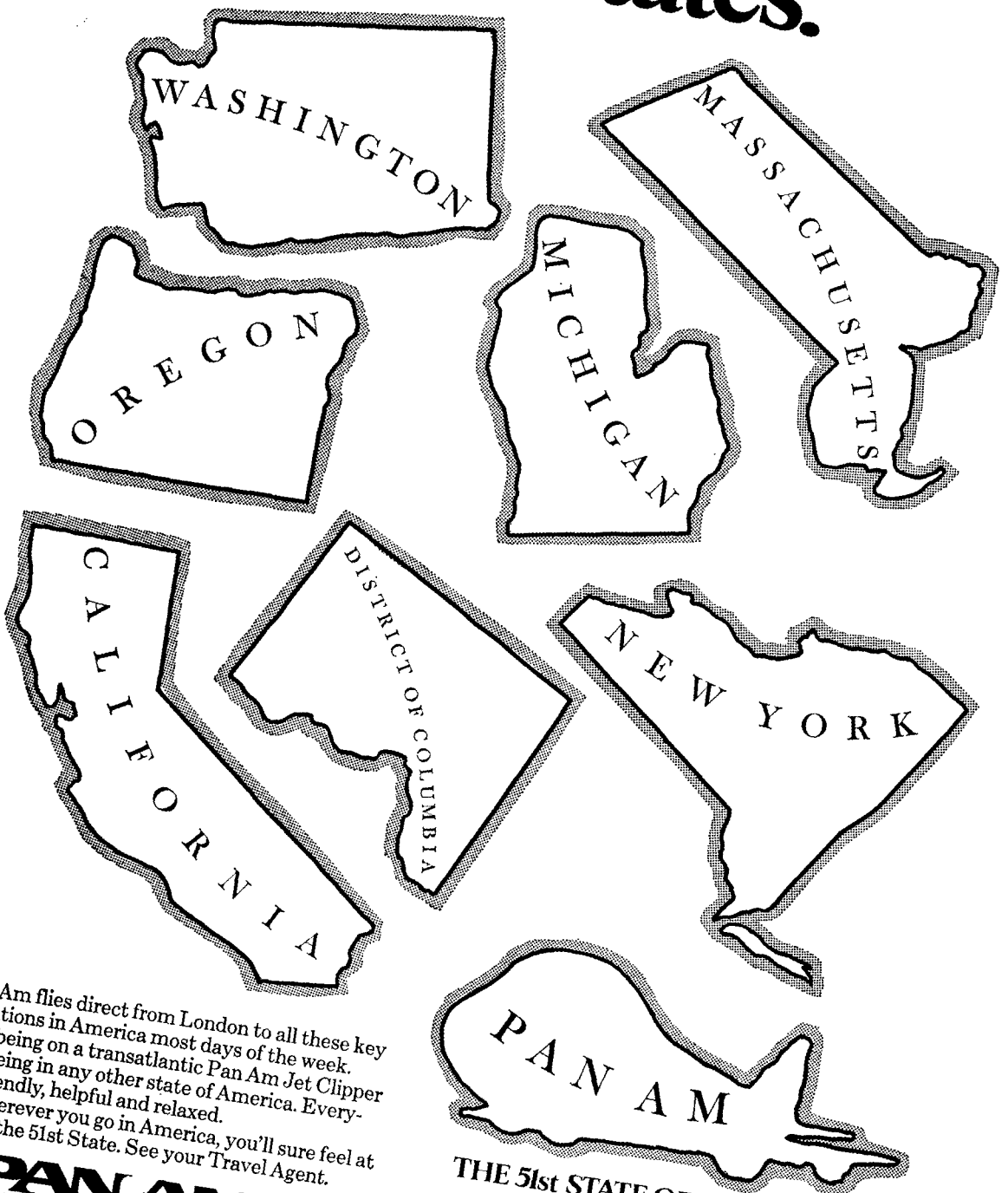

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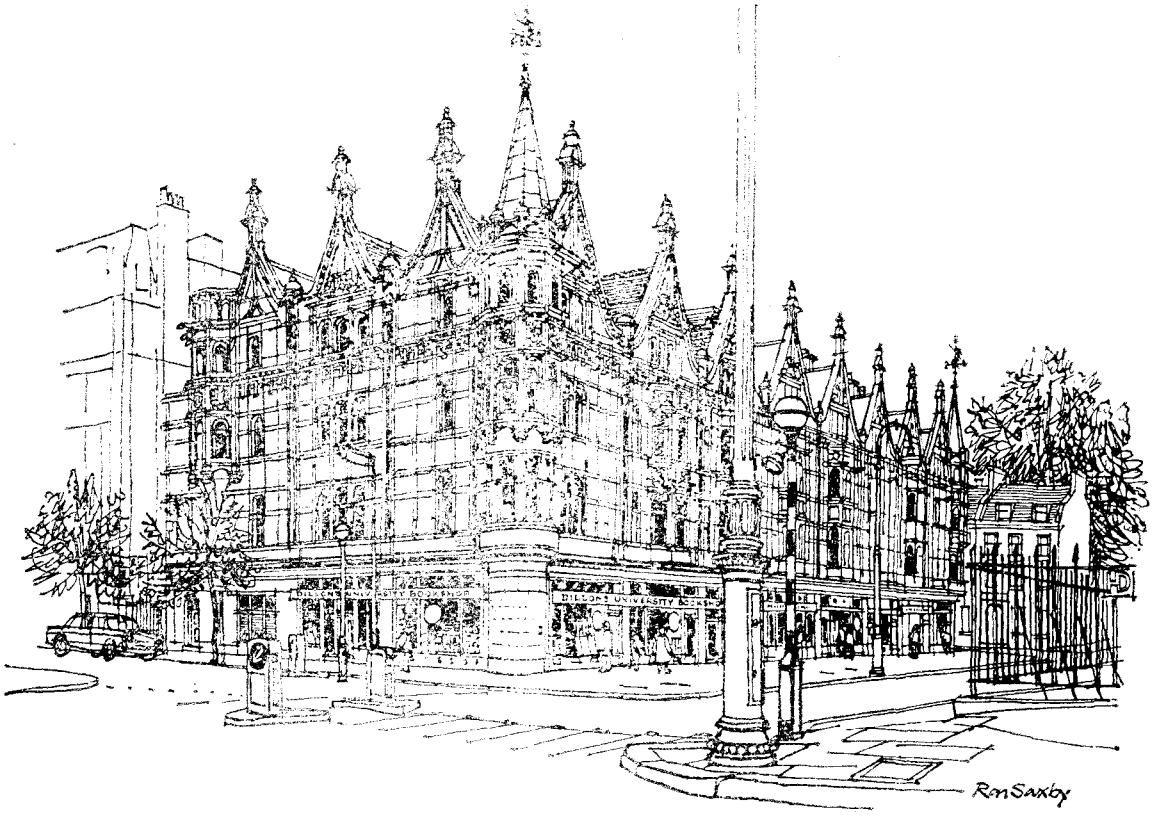

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